IN THE HEART OF GERMAN INTRIGUE

BY DEMETRA VAKA


GERMAN
INTRIGUE


THE ULTIMATE EFFORT
GERMAN INTRIGUE

ENSE PETIT PLACIDAM SUB LIBER
TATE QUIETEM
UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS BOSTON LIBRARY
Joseph P. Healey Library
UNIVERSITY OF MASSACHUSETTS
BOSTON

By Demetra Vaka

(Mrs. Kenneth-Brown)

IN THE HEART OF GERMAN INTRIGUE. Illustrated.
THE HEART OF THE BALKANS.
THE GRASP OF THE SULTAN. Illustrated.
A CHILD OF THE ORIENT.
IN THE SHADOW OF ISLAM. Illustrated.
HAREMLIK: Some pages from the Life of Turkish Women.
FINELLA IN FAIRYLAND

By Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth-Brown
THE DUKE'S PRICE

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
Boston and New York

IN THE HEART OF GERMAN INTRIGUE



ELEUTHERIOS VENIZELOS

IN THE HEART OF GERMAN INTRIGUE

By

DEMETRA VAKA Brown

(Mrs. Kenneth-Brown)

With Illustrations



BOSTON AND NEW YORK

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY

The Riverside Press Cambridge

500
B76
T6

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY DEMETRA KENNETH-BROWN

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

Published March 1918

UNIV. OF MASSACHUSETTS
AT BOSTON - LIBRARY

TO MRS. LOUIS BURR

AND

TO AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

Dear Little Family,

You have always helped us bear our disappointments, and rejoiced with us over our successes. You have speeded us off on all our journeys, and welcomed us to your home on our return. In memory of all this, accept these pages, which tell of the most adventurous year of our lives.

Affectionately,

DEMETRA KENNETH-BROWN

CONTENTS

I. In Pursuit of the Truth 1

II. Face to Face with King Constantine 54

III. A Royalist Tea 95

IV. A Militaristic Dreamer 137

V. Was Constantine a Coward? 192

VI. In Salonica with Mr. Venizelos . . 242

VII. The Cry of the Greek Soldiery . . 284

VIII. The Amazing Revelation 331

ILLUSTRATIONS

ELEUTHERIOS VENIZELOS *Frontispiece*

THE BACK OF MRS. KENNETH-BROWN'S PASSPORT 8

THE ITALIAN MINISTRY OF MARINE'S PERMIT TO MR. AND MRS. KENNETH-BROWN TO SAIL FROM TARANTO 14

CORFU: PONTEKONESE, OR RAT ISLAND, FROM WHICH THE FAMOUS PAINTING *The Island of the Dead* WAS PAINTED 18

THE ZAPPEION, WHERE ADMIRAL DARTIGE DU FOURNET AND HIS MARINES WERE TRAPPED BY THE GREEKS 32

HOUSE OF THE DIADOQUE, OR CROWN PRINCE . 40

HOUSE OF MR. VENIZELOS IN ATHENS 40

GARRETT DROPPERS, AMERICAN MINISTER TO GREECE 44

PRINCE NICHOLAS WITH ONE OF HIS DAUGHTERS. 48

PRINCESS NICHOLAS 48

FACSIMILE OF LETTER OF THE MARSHAL OF THE COURT MAKING THE APPOINTMENT FOR KING CONSTANTINE 52

KING CONSTANTINE AND QUEEN SOPHIE 56

DR. STREIT 74

N. POLITIS, MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS . . 78

ILLUSTRATIONS

Emanuel Repoulis, Minister of the Interior 78

Nikola P. Pachitch, Prime Minister of Serbia 82

A Meeting of Diplomats in the French Legation at Athens 86

Dr. Gounaris 120

General Victor Dousmanis 138

General Sarrail, Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Army in Macedonia 160

Alexander Zaïmis 176

Postcard Picture of Constantine and the Kaiser 212

The House of Mr. Venizelos in Salonica . . 248

Cretan Sentry at Entrance to the House of Mr. Venizelos 248

Admiral Coundouriotis 260

General Danglis 260

Mr. Markantonakis, Secretary to Mr. Venizelos 280

General Génin 284

General Sarrail, General Renaud, and Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth-Brown a few Miles behind the Firing Line in Salonica . . . 290

Mr. Venizelos and General Sarrail 294

Mrs. Kenneth-Brown at the Greek Headquarters behind the Firing Line 294

Greek Volunteers in Training 296

ILLUSTRATIONS

The Hundred Soldiers directly behind the Firing Line with whom the Author talked . 296

Colonel Zimbrakakis in the Garden of the House of Mr. Venizelos in Salonica . . . 298

One of Mr. Venizelos's Corrections for the Manuscript of this Book 316

Letter of the British Ambassador at Rome . 370

Letter making the Appointment for M. Painlevé, French Minister of War 372

Many of the illustrations including the design on the wrapper are reprinted by the kind permission of *Collier's Weekly* in which they first appeared.

IN THE HEART OF GERMAN INTRIGUE

Chapter I

IN PURSUIT OF THE TRUTH

This World War has taught great lessons to all of us, has dissipated some of our false creeds, and has revealed to us verities of which we were oblivious. The most significant lesson it has taught me is that the love of race is the deepest feeling rooted in our being.

I came to America almost a child; for what is a seventeen-year-old girl but a child? To America I came, not as many come, lured by the dream of making money and bettering myself in the world, but because America to me was a land where there was liberty of thought and liberty of action. Leaving aside the disappointments that follow the realization of all dreams, as time went on I gradually became an American in thought and in spirit as well as in speech. I did not care to go with people of my own race,

and my mother tongue grew rusty for want of use. Then I married an American, and began to have a career — one that I owed absolutely to my American husband, to American encouragement, and to the American public.

Years passed, and I considered myself more American even than those who were born here, since they owed their nationality to the mere accident of birth, while I had acquired mine by choice and principle. One thing only remained to me of my own accident of birth: an interest in all that pertained to the Balkan Peninsula. I had had unusual opportunities in my own home of learning much of the inside history of this most perplexing portion of the earth, and after coming to my new country there was published no book of importance about any of the Balkan countries which I knowingly neglected to read. I did this, however, not as a native, but as an American writer who happened to specialize on the Near East. The Greek wars of 1897 and of 1912 and 1913 I followed in the press with the same interest with which all enlightened people followed them, and I did not feel them any more strongly than did other American pro-Hellenists.

Then the devastating World War burst upon us, blowing to atoms ideas and ideals no less than more material evidences of our civilization. Austria attacked Serbia, and — for the greater safety of Serbia herself — Greece, her ally, declared she would remain neutral for the moment, lest Bulgaria treacherously fall on the flank and rear of both of them, and cut off their communication with Salonica, their base of supplies.

Again my interest in the attitude of Greece was not different from that manifested by my American friends. Only when the Liberal leader, Mr. Venizelos, fell in February, 1915, did a change take place in me which was disquieting to a person who loved analysis and psychology. Something moved within me with a force that ceased to be academic, and I no longer appraised the events in Greece coolly with my brain: my heart took the foremost place.

In May Mr. Venizelos was reëlected, and came back to power in August. Then in September, in answer to the challenge of Bulgaria's mobilization, Greece called her troops to the colors. This was as it should be, and my heart lost its disquieting leadership, to my considerable relief. I was glad to return to my normal American state

of mind, and to view things down there impersonally, as had been my wont. One does not like to have one's pet theories upset, and my favorite theory was that nationalism was the birthright of ignorance only. Those who *thought*, cared little where they were born: to them the important thing was where — after mature consideration — they chose to remain. Why should I take a paramount interest in Greek affairs merely because I happened to be born in a particular place? Complacently I had resumed my freedom from national prejudice when the following events of great importance took place:

Venizelos fell from power.

Bulgaria — up to the last moment professing neutrality — attacked Serbia.

And Greece refused to go to her aid.

At that moment all my previous conceptions of my real state of mind fell away from me, and I stood revealed to myself as a Greek and nothing but a Greek. A sense of shame overpowered me, as if I were personally responsible for this act of the race whose blood flowed in my veins. The degradation of this perfidy struck me with such force that, as time went on, I could not believe it to be true, and with a misguided senti-

ment of loyalty to my race I tried to find means of justifying it. In July of 1916, in speaking before the little club in Dublin, New Hampshire, I said that I believed it must all be a plan arranged between Venizelos, the King, and the Entente, to save Greece from the fate which had befallen the other small friends of the Allies. Realizing that they would be no more able to protect Greece than they had been to protect Belgium and Serbia, they had contrived this clever arrangement among themselves to save her from extermination.

Later events were too eloquent to permit of the retention of this theory; yet I desperately strove to find some other explanation than the one on the surface; and in November, speaking before the "Emery Bag" in Brookline, I argued that it was impossible the King was the traitor he seemed to be, since the people had not risen up and dragged him from his throne. He must be a patriot who believed that the sole salvation for his country lay in neutrality; he must be a king with so strong a love for his people that he clung to this neutrality even though by doing so he assumed the risk of appearing unfaithful to his plighted word.

The King had said that the treaty binding Greece to Serbia was a Balkan treaty only, and I believed him, especially since on this point no one seemed to be certain. Yet I must confess that, defend the King and believe in his policy as I might, I could not cease suffering at the attitude of Greece. To me she would have been infinitely greater had she been smashed and ruined in standing by her ally. The farther she sank in public estimation the more precious did her honor and reputation become to me. It was at this time that I resolved to go to Greece, and there on the spot to discover the truth. There must be much that was unknown behind the attitude of the King. If he were innocent, as I believed him to be, then he was the most pathetic figure in this terrible war, and behind him must lie one of its biggest stories. I would go to Greece, would go straight to him, and then would publish to the world what I learned.

This plan I communicated to my husband. Kenneth Brown has felt the tragedy of this war in his own way. Though his family has been American for three hundred years, his ancestry is purely English on both sides, and England is like a second country to him. From the first

days of the war he appreciated better than most the enormous work England had to do to prepare herself for her part in the struggle, and the magnificent way in which she has done her duty. And he not only felt but spoke. Had he been an Englishman instead of an American and in the pay of the English Government for propaganda work, he could have been neither more patriotic nor more earnest. In fact his English friends call him John Bull. From all this it may easily be deduced that he was against the King of Greece, since the King of Greece was not on the side of the Entente.

At my plan to go to Greece for the purpose of rehabilitating Constantine in the eyes of the world he looked dubious. He considered that Greece had shirked her responsibility. He had faith in Venizelos and in Venizelos's view of Greece's duty toward Serbia.

"But after all Venizelos is a politician," I argued, "and he may be serving his own ends. What makes you presume that he is more patriotic than the King? Or the Powers may be playing their own game, and using Venizelos as a pawn."

There were other objections to our journey

besides political ones. "It will be a hard journey, and you are not strong," he objected. "It will be an expensive one, and we cannot afford it."

But what cared I for the leagues or the submarines between us and our goal when there was the chance to put my country before the world in its true light?

Going from place to place in war-times is made as difficult, disagreeable, and expensive as possible, that all joy-traveling may be stopped. The details of the difficulties of our journey I shall not go into here. Merely obtaining permission to start was difficult, and even after we had our passports viséed by three foreign governments, we were warned by their representatives that: (1) We should never be allowed to land in England; (2) we should never be allowed to cross Italy; and (3) we should never be allowed to reach Greece.

Space will not permit me to tell how near each of these predictions came to being fulfilled.

Even getting into England we found to be no simple matter. In the course of the minute catechism which we underwent before being permitted to land I mentioned that we hoped to see Mr. Lloyd George before going on to Greece. At

Identity Book N° 193519
issued at Paris 03/4/17

N° 101
Good

AMERICAN CONSULAR SERVICE

Signature or photograph
Guaranteed
C. W. Carrigan

BUREAU DE CONTRÔLE

No. 36.

Italy, France, England

Chester Shute
Captain

5 May 17

CONTROLE OFFICER'S VISA CONFIRMED

Cyrus Hoff Woolbaker
Acting

ATHENS

Vale per la durata di quindici giorni. La titolare ha d'intenzione di partire con nave da guerra francese e quindi non è in grado di conoscere il porto di sbarco che probabilmente può essere Taranto o Gallipoli. Dal luogo di sbarco, si recherà Via Roma e Modane in Francia, Inghilterra e America.
331

Vis. pour nous de rentrer en France par l'Italie: Caserte - Rome - Turin - Modane - Paris pour nous rendre en voyage en Angleterre par Londres.

Athènes le 12/5/17

Le Consul de France

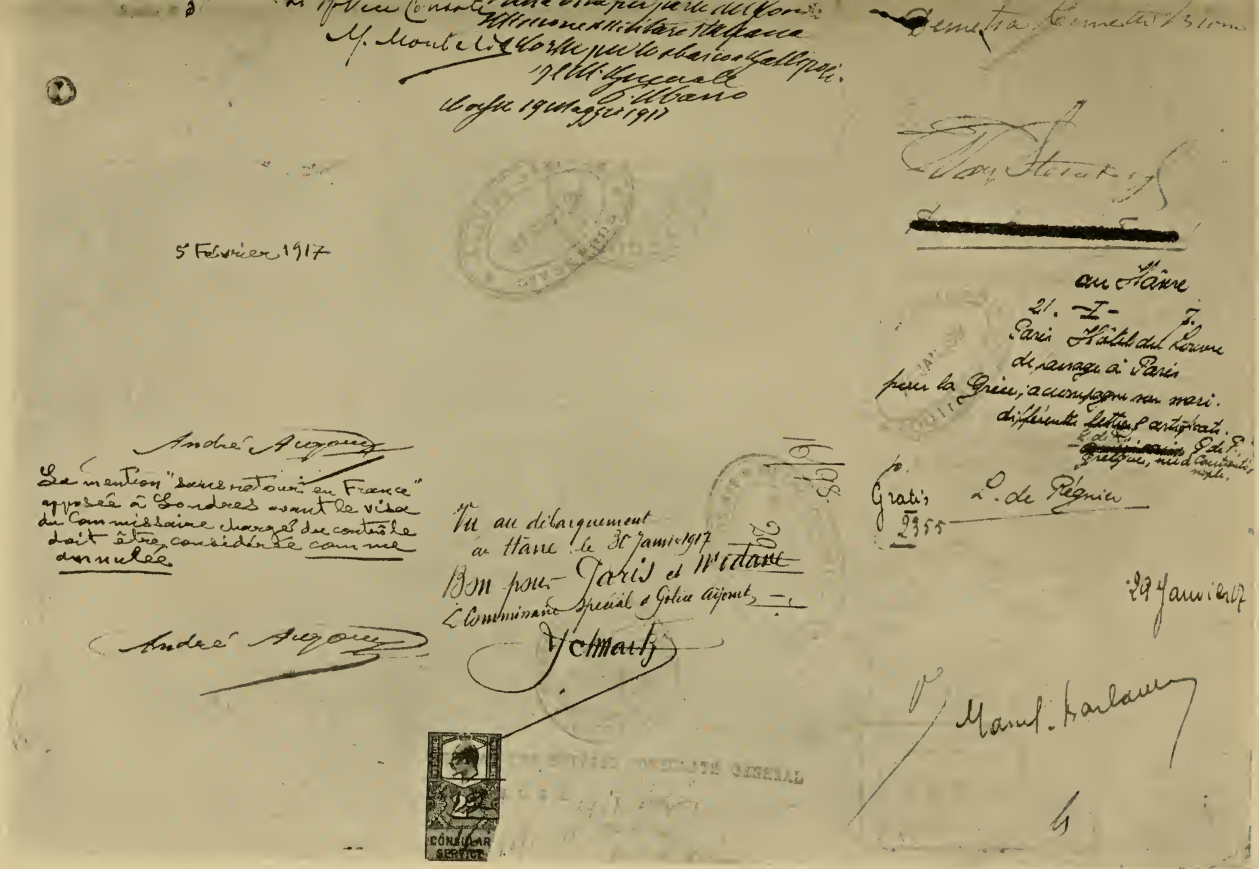
11 maggio 17

16/4/17

209

Jan 27 17

C. Carrigan
American Consul
re-issue no fee



THE BACK OF MRS. KENNETH-BROWN'S PASSPORT

An extra sheet attached to the original is omitted from this facsimile

this the military control captain gave me an especially severe look.

"Do you think the Prime Minister of Great Britain has nothing else to do than to see you?" he asked.

I don't know just when the idea came to me that it might be possible to bring together Constantine and Venizelos and in that way save Greece. Certainly it was before we left England, for I well remember the encouraging words of one titled gentleman of influence, to whom we had a letter of introduction, and to whom I unfolded this scheme, praying his help.

"You are mad!" he cried. "I will not listen to you! I cannot prevent your talking, but I shall not listen. You are insane! To begin with, you will never be able to see the King. You are crazy!"

Others were no more encouraging about getting to see Mr. Lloyd George. "It would be easier to see God than the Prime Minister," they said.

My husband wrote to Lord Northcliffe, and he invited us to come down and see him at Broadstairs. During luncheon he suddenly inquired: —

"Would you like to see Mr. Lloyd George?"

Ah! if we could only see him and plead the cause of Greece! A vision of the unattainable coming within our grasp arose before us; and a few days later Mr. Davis, the Prime Minister's delightful secretary, sandwiched us in, "for ten minutes," between an Italian delegation and another appointment.

Great men are the simplest in the world. This lesson we were to see exemplified again and again throughout our long and adventurous trip. Mr. Lloyd George greeted us as a childhood friend might have. He placed us one on each side of him and talked of Greece and of what England would have liked to do for the Greeks. Mr. Davis announced the arrival of the man with the other appointment. "Tell him to come some other time," said the Prime Minister, and our talk went on for forty minutes, instead of the ten promised us.

"Is it of any advantage to England that my little Greece should be divided?" I asked him.

"Quite the contrary," he replied, and added a friendly and reassuring message to be delivered to King Constantine. He finished: "Come and see me on your way back, and tell me what you have found out."

A sense of warmth and comfort that man gave me. I said to my husband: "There is some terrible misunderstanding, some mistake in Greece. You see England wants to help her, and wants her united, strong, and independent." And gradually the hope became stronger in me that we might be able to bring about a reconciliation between Venizelos and the King; that matters might be straightened out, and that even at this late hour Greece would come out with the Allies.

It would take too long here to tell how the English Government melted from its attitude of suspicion, and made it easy for us even to cross the Italian frontier. In Paris, Ambassador Sharpe gave us useful letters; but when we arrived in Rome Ambassador Thomas Nelson Page, with his adorable Virginian drawl, warned us severely back from our journey. He was n't going to do anything "to help a lady get into danger," and he considered the waters lying between Italy and Greece no place for a lady to navigate at the present time. But if we were bound to run into trouble, in spite of all his warnings, he would give us letters to French authorities and others to help us to get out again — which he did. In addition both the Venizelist

and the Royalist representative of Greece — each confident that his side would win us — lent us a helping hand; and one cannot have too many helps in sailing the Adriatic and the Ægean to-day.

There were in Rome at that time two Greek representatives: the Royalist, Mr. Lambros Coromilas, and the Venizelist, Mr. Apostol Alexandri, — whom the Italian Government refused to recognize. We went to see both, and both were extremely courteous to us. Mr. Coromilas gave to my husband the best exposition he had heard of the Royalist side, and pretty nearly converted him to it. Yet, while we were dining with him and his very pretty American wife, he confided to me in Greek that the policy of the King was ruining Greece.

"Then why don't you go with the Venizelists?" I asked.

"Because I can help Greece more by remaining where I am," he replied.

And because he hoped to help Greece, he helped us in every possible way, since we were to work for the reunion of the King and Venizelos, which would be the salvation of Greece.

In Rome we started on our amusing procedure

— which we were to continue in Athens — of lunching with Royalists and dining with Venizelists, and the next day lunching with Venezelists and dining with Royalists. And if Mr. Coromilas came near converting my husband to the cause of Constantine, Mr. Alexandri gave me ideas about Mr. Venizelos's policy which were eye-openers to me. Yet, when M. Camille Barère, the French Ambassador, received us and we talked over the Greek situation, I was still so enthusiastic on the side of the King that he sent for Mr. Alexandri and asked whether he thought it wise to permit such a rabid Royalist writer to get into Athens.

"Oh, yes," advised the latter. "We not only are going to let her go, but we are doing everything to help her on her journey. She is intelligent, and above all she is a patriot. She will find out the truth."

How much I found out I think he will be surprised to learn when he reads the pages that are to follow. I must not anticipate here; but I can say that the stakes King Constantine was playing for were stupendous — stakes for which the risk of his crown was fair odds.

So anxious was Mr. Alexandri to get us into

Greece that he asked and obtained permission for us to sail on a French torpedo boat. Since that was only going as far as Corfu, however, and since there were no regular connections from there on, we decided to sail on the French Government dispatch boats. From Mr. Alexandri we carried a report for Mr. Venizelos, and from Mr. Coromilas we carried several letters to his friends. We also had a number of letters and packages for Athenians of both parties, languishing for lingerie and medicaments because of the blockade. Strictly speaking, I suppose we ought not to have carried these through the Allies' blockade, — especially on their own boat, — but the iniquity of this never struck me until now that I am writing about it. Running a blockade, like other kinds of smuggling, I fear will never appeal to the ethical sense of ordinary mortals — except afterwards if they are caught.

Charming Admiral Saint-Père, of the French Embassy in Rome, undertook to procure us a permit through the fortified and forbidden seaport of Taranto, and when the permit came to us I had to smile at the legend it bore: "*In missione uffizioso per conte del loro governo*" — "on an official mission for their government." No

N. 84

MINISTERO DELLA MARINA

Gabinetto di S. E. il Ministro

Il Signor Kenneth Brown e la Sua Consorte, Sudditi Americani, sono ~~è autorizzato~~ "Numidia" e ~~per ordinare~~

~~da servizio~~ Atene dove si recano in missione ufficiosa per conto del loro Governo -

Le autorità sono pregate a volergli in ogni modo facilitare la sua missione.

Roma addì 23 Febbraio . . 1917.

Valevole per il tempo necessario dalla data.

Leggasi 23 Febbraio 1917

IL CAPO DI GABINETTO
DI S. E. IL MINISTRO

MINISTERO DELLA MARINA
GABINETTO DI S. E. IL MINISTRO

d'ordine
Il Capo di Gabinetto

MINISTERO DELLA MARINA
GABINETTO DI S. E. IL MINISTRO

THE ITALIAN MINISTRY OF MARINE'S PERMIT TO MR. AND MRS. KENNETH-BROWN TO SAIL FROM TARANTO
"ON AN OFFICIAL MISSION FOR THEIR GOVERNMENT"

one saw this permit except one Italian official at Taranto, and yet a week after our arrival in Athens, King Constantine told a tableful of people that we were on an official mission for the American Government. Meandering and oblique are the ways of diplomacy: the more we denied this story, the stronger it grew, and it was of no small assistance in furthering our comfort.

From Italy we sailed on a French Government boat, with a delightful commandant whose broad cultivation and wide interests made one almost forget that it was war-time; and with a bold and captivating little admiral, who told us how his sailors had held a trench and reserved their fire until the Germans were almost upon them, eight abreast, and singing songs of victory as they came on. And then how they had mowed them down in great swaths. "Ah! c'était beau, ça," he exclaimed.

The Numedia, which took us to Corfu and Argostoli, looked pretty small, but it seemed like a liner compared with the Édouard Corbière which carried us from Argostoli to Athens. On the latter there were accommodations for eight, and there were forty-eight passengers. We ate in six relays — and ate wonderfully well, too. A

Frenchwoman and I had one of the four cabins. My husband and a Russian naval officer had another, and General Sarrail's son-in-law begged the favor of being permitted to sleep on the floor of their cabin, "since he preferred to be stepped on at night by some one he knew rather than by the anonymous crowd."

"C'est la guerre!" explained all shortcomings. It explained — without reassuring one — an entire absence of boats and life preservers. We were told that the Édouard Corbière was so small the Boches would hardly waste a torpedo on it. Submarines have other weapons than torpedoes, however, and a few trips after ours, when the counselor of the British Legation at Athens was a passenger, the steward came rushing to his stateroom to tell him that the boat was being shelled by a submarine — a fact he had already deduced from the noise. The counselor, with a trust few of us displayed, was in his bunk, undressed, and now, in the excitement of the shelling, he could not find his trousers. For a number of despairing seconds, while he vainly searched for them, he debated whether to save his life or his modesty. It is the most forcible testimony to his British tenacity of purpose that he resolved

he would *not* go on deck without his trousers, and about the time the submarine was driven off by the guns of the Édouard Corbière, he triumphantly appeared on deck with them on.

Traveling in those small boats, full of French, British, Italian, Serbian, and Russian officers, the forceful realization came upon me of where Greece stood in the eyes of other nations. Hatred and scorn were her portion. "Coward" was the least of the epithets applied to her, and because no one suspected a Greek under my American name, I received the full blast of the world's opinion of my race. With entire lack of justice no distinction was drawn between Old Greece, which would not abandon its neutrality, and New Greece, the members of which had left their homes, their businesses, their friends, to fight for the Entente, and to rehabilitate their good name toward Serbia. Thanks to the intrigues of a neighboring nation, who aspires to the hegemony of the Adriatic and the Eastern Mediterranean, and who felt that the degradation of Greece was directly to her own benefit, the rumor was spread broadcast that Venizelos and the King were in league, were "playing both ends against the middle," as we might say in America,

so that no matter which side was the eventual winner, Greece could not lose.

The first sight that met my eyes on entering the harbor of Corfu — a Greek island — was the French flag flying from the old citadel, which juts out so picturesquely into the sea, and the Italian flag over the new fort behind it. The island had been taken over by the French in order to reorganize the Serbian army, and I found myself at one with the islanders in bitterly resenting the removal of the Greek flag from their own forts.

When I remonstrated with the French commandant of the harbor at this indignity, he listened most sympathetically to my words, and explained that the absence of the Greek flags from the forts was a mere formality indicating that there were no Greek troops there. Three months later, however, on our return from Greece, I was most pleased to see that on the outermost point of the old fort, where it was most visible to all incoming boats, there floated a Greek flag — even though the fort itself was still held by French troops. But there was no sign of a Greek flag on the other fort where the Italians were playing the master.

The whole island of Corfu could no longer be



CORFU: PONTEKONESE, OR RAT ISLAND, FROM WHICH THE FAMOUS PAINTING "THE ISLAND OF THE DEAD" WAS PAINTED

said to be under Greek dominion, and the Greeks were treated by their unwelcome guests with entire lack of courtesy. In the dining-room of Hotel St. George the scorn overflowing the Allied breast was unreservedly expressed. A young English officer sitting opposite me at the long table announced contemptuously: —

"There are only two things the Greeks care for, their skins and their money."

At the next table to ours sat Mr. Benaki and his family. They had only just come from Athens, where Mr. Benaki, a gentleman well along in life, had endured forty-three days in the filthy Athenian prison because, as Mayor of Athens, he would not issue a proclamation to suit the King and his party.

At our own table sat the Vourloumi family from Patras, who had had to flee with their little ones from the comforts of their own home, because of their adherence to Venizelos and his principles of wishing to stand by Serbia and the Entente.

Knowing all this, I said to the Englishman: "Be careful how you speak. All these Greeks can understand you."

"I don't care if they do," he replied. "It will do them good."

There was also an insignificant British vice-consul from Epirus, with a colleague from somewhere else, who told all who cared to hear that they would like to see the dirty Greeks drowned; while an Italian seated next to my husband calmly announced: "We have not yet decided whether we shall give back Corfu to Greece, or keep it ourselves."

The control the Greeks showed of their tempers at least was admirable. To the brother of Admiral Coundouriotis — who himself had suffered imprisonment at the hands of the Royalists — I expressed this sentiment, on our return journey.

In his slow, dignified manner, so different from that of the ordinary Greek, he replied: "If they forget that they are our guests, we must not."

It was terrible for me to stand the hatred and loathing for my countrymen which I encountered everywhere, but it became unbearable when they began insulting Greece's ancient history. As our boat approached Salamis, a French officer of General Sarrail's staff pointed contemptuously to a fishing boat: —

"Do you see that? Well, there were perhaps fifty or a hundred like that, and a few fishermen

killed, and the lying tongue of Greece has made of it the great battle of Salamis — and the world has lived on those lies ever since."

I had come to the breaking point. "France just now is sublime, and is covering herself with immortal glory," I said. "Cannot a little of her great spirit come down to you here, and make you generous toward a small nation that is passing through dark days? France used to be a sister to Greece. Is it possible that she was only a step-sister?"

"We loathe Greece," was the answer, "and never again shall we feel friendly toward her."

"Yet," I insisted, "a part of Greece is fighting for you."

At that moment a torpedo boat came steaming past us.

"That's a Greek," said another officer with malevolent glee. "That's one of their fleet that we took from the dirty Greeks."

As those men hated the Greeks, so I felt myself hating Venizelos. But for him, Greece might have remained neutral, and if the Allies wanted to come on her land, they would have had to come frankly as brigands, as Germany went through Belgium; they could not have hidden

behind the pretense that Venizelos had invited them.

My heart was heavy and sore, and because all these people hated Greece and her King, my resolution was strengthened to hunt and dig until I came upon the truth of the whole dreadful business, and then to give it to the American press, and clear the name of her King from the dreadful reproaches heaped upon him.

On March 3, 1917, we reached the Piræus. It was a glorious spring day, with the warm golden sun pouring generously down upon the blue waters. Not until we were actually landed on the quay did we feel certain that something would not intervene to prevent our reaching our journey's end. A short trip by electric train to Athens, and we felt like two children in fairyland, as we drove to the hotel, with the Acropolis showing up at the end of every street.

I cannot express what I felt on that first day in Athens. The little packet of letters which were to help us in our work I was guarding like a hidden treasure. From our experience in getting into England we had feared that all our papers might be taken away from us; but because we

had become the adopted children of France and Great Britain, we passed through the blockade and into the country without even seeing a customs officer.

In that packet of letters there was one to the Queen of Greece, one to the Crown Prince, and one to the King's brother, Prince Nicholas, one to the Marshal of the King's Court, and one to the Queen's first lady in waiting. It also contained one for poor Professor Spiro Lambros, the Prime Minister; one for Dr. Streit, of the so-called "Occult Government"; one for that quiet personality, Mr. Alexander Zaïmis, so often Prime Minister, and destined to be King Constantine's last, destined also to have to tell him that he must go; and one to Mr. Calogheropoulos, the Prime Minister who preceded Professor Lambros, and who was put in quarantine by the Powers from the first day, as he told us.

Only when we were settled in our rooms in the Hôtel de la Grande Bretagne, whence we could gaze straight up the Kiffissia Road which leads to the palace of the King, did I begin to be seized by misgivings. I had said all along that I was going to see the King; but here in Athens, at the beginning of the street which led to his

palace, I began to doubt. For the first time a fear came over me: what if after all this long, difficult, and frightfully expensive journey, the King should refuse to see us? And what if we were never to learn the truth? For a few minutes I sat in my room motionless, paralyzed by that terrible thought. But hope is divine. Was I not in the service of my race, and entrusted with a message from the great man of England? To bring King and Venizelos together once more became my thought; and my fears died. Is it not the most improbable that sometimes succeeds?

After brushing up a bit, we sallied forth and delivered some of our letters of introduction to the political men of Greece.

We had not been in Athens forty-eight hours before we realized that we were not in a normal city. It gave me the impression of being like a house inhabited by "in-laws" and step-children, into which one has come soon after a big fight, when feelings are at their bitterest and tempers on edge. Royalists on one side, Venizelists and Allies on the other, were on the *qui vive*, and the slightest move on either side was interpreted as hostile by the other. Greece was blockaded. The English, French, and Russian Minis-

ters had abandoned their legations and were living on warships down at Keratsine, relations not having been reëstablished between them and the Court after the first two terrible days of December.

Although we arrived in Athens during the first week of March, the whole city still breathed and talked of the events of the 1st and 2d of December. Royalists and Venizelists, Allies and pro-Germans and neutrals, all thought about them and talked about them, each in his own way and from his own point of view. The blockade having been established immediately afterwards, no news had come from the outside world — no letters, no newspapers, not even telegrams. By reason of this isolation they were thrown back on these days, when time had stopped for the Athenians, and whoever talked to us about them, and from whatever side, never failed to make them out the darkest days of Greece.

So few details of these days have been published in the press of Europe and America, and such momentous results have followed from all that happened then, that I may be excused for giving a short account of what we heard about them, from all sides.

Some time during the autumn of 1916, a French Deputy, M. Benazet, came to see King Constantine to urge his coöperation in the war. The King expressed his deep sympathy for the Entente, — as he always did to any of the Allies, — but further than sympathy he would not go.

Finally Benazet urged: "If you were out walking with a friend, and he were attacked by bandits, and if he had no weapon, while you had a revolver, would you not lend him your revolver to defend himself?"

"Of course."

"Well, that is the position we are in," Benazet went on. "We are attacked by the Bulgarians and Germans, and we have no mountain batteries. You have them. Give them to us."

To this the King is said to have replied: "If you put it that way I will give them to you."

Immediately Benazet notified Admiral Dartige du Fournet, commanding the fleet at the Piræus, and General Sarrail, commanding the army at Salonica, that the King had promised to give them the mountain batteries.

The French also asked that Greece should give them an amount of small arms and ammunition equal to what they had delivered to the Bulga-

rians at Cavalla and Drama, in order to demonstrate Greece's neutrality. To this the King is also said to have acceded.

When Constantine notified his Government what he had promised to do, his counselors persuaded him that he had been tricked, and that the batteries and arms were in reality going to be handed over to Venizelos — perhaps even to be used against himself.

"But how shall I get out of it?" the King asked. "I have given my word to Benazet."

"The arms belong to the nation. As a constitutional monarch you cannot give away national property without the consent of the Government."

The men around King Constantine always moved in the most devious ways, so instead of directly giving the excuse they had concocted — which was a very good one in its way — they advised the King to notify the French that it would be well if they should make a show of force, so that the people might think it was not of her own free will Greece was surrendering her arms to the Allies. Then, when the French were making this show of force, the King could notify them that his people were becoming so restless

and unruly beneath this compulsion that it would be dangerous to continue the plan of delivering up the arms. In this way Constantine would save his batteries and his reputation, while his counselors would have the satisfaction of knowing that they had once more outwitted the Allies.

Just about here the evidence is extremely contradictory. The French in Athens all told us that Admiral du Fournet had a letter from the King giving assurances that the French marines would not be attacked when they came up to Athens.

Count Mercati, the Court Marshal, told us that not only had there never been a suggestion on the part of the King that a French force should come to Athens, but the admiral had been especially warned that if Allied troops came to the city the Greek Government could not answer for the consequences. He showed us a copy of the letter which he said was the one referred to by the French, and it only promised that the Venizelists of Athens should not be attacked if they gave no cause.

One thing is certain: up to the present writing, no letter such as the French claim to have in their possession has been published.

The French troops were to arrive in Athens on the 1st of December. For several days before this, every one could see that feverish military preparations were going on in the city. The streets were full of soldiers and *epistrates* (reservists). There were such rumors of cannon being placed on Philopapas Hill, to command the city, that even the guileless Admiral Dartige du Fournet sent an officer to investigate. This officer was personally conducted by a Royalist officer to a spot on Philopapas where some ditches for water-pipes were being dug.

"There! that is all there is," exclaimed the Royalist, and completely satisfied, the Frenchman returned and gave his report to the admiral.

There were other sinister signs. The houses and shops of many principal Venizelists were marked with red chalk and a few of their inmates were privately warned by epistrates, who happened to be friendly to them, to shut their houses tight, and keep within them.

Two prominent Venizelists told us that they went, the one to the admiral, the other to M. Guillemin, the French Minister, and implored them not to permit marines to be sent to Athens, or if they were sent, to have them arrive in such

force that they would overawe the Royalists, who were making preparations for resistance. It was at this time that the admiral sent his officer to investigate the rumor about the cannon; and thereafter, thoroughly reassured, he only laughed at all reports from Venizelists, and declared that this activity was only a *mise en scène* for the little comedy which was to be enacted.

Meanwhile the epistrates were being systematically worked upon by Royalist officers, among whom, it is said, were the *diadoque* (the Crown Prince) and the present King. They went from barracks to barracks saying to the soldiers: —

"The greatest degradation possible to an army is going to be put upon you. A handful of French and English marines are coming to disarm you. They believe you to be such cowards that you will not resist. And after that, your King is to be dethroned."

Among the epistrates were Venizelists, and they reported what was going on to their political leaders, yet no heed was taken of their words by the French in command.

On the last day of November a French officer from the fleet was taking tea with some Greek

ladies. As he rose to go, his hostess held out her hand to him, and asked: —

"Is there any news?"

He bent and kissed her hand. "Only that to-morrow France will commit a very great folly."

It was more than a folly. Two thousand French and English marines marched up to Athens and entered the public gardens called Little Zappeion. It is said that so great was the faith of Admiral du Fournet in King Constantine that the French guns were at first only loaded with blank cartridges. Presently the two thousand Allied marines found themselves surrounded by a far larger number of Greek troops. The usual estimate is twenty thousand.

The Greeks said: "You have come for our arms. We are not going to give them to you. You will have to fight to get them."

The Allied marines had orders not to fire first. So had the Greeks.

Count Mercati showed me the orders issued for that terrible day. The Greeks were ordered to follow the French wherever they marched, and whenever possible to surround them; but never to be the first to fire. But when two hostile armies are face to face, disaster is inevitable.

The French say the Greeks fired first. Some of the Royalists say the French fired first; some say that Venizelists did so, in order to embroil the Royalists. I have also heard it said that Italians fired the fatal first shot, in order to compromise Greece beyond redemption.

It really matters little who fired first. When thousands of armed men face one another angrily, some one is going to fire, and let hell loose. One hundred and sixteen Allied marines died, and one hundred and fifty Greeks. But since the Greek troops were far more numerous, they surrounded the Allied marines, and Admiral Dartige du Fournet found himself and his men prisoners of the Greeks. The Allied warships fired a few shells at the King's palace, and the French, English, and Russian Ministers rushed to the King and begged him to let the marines go. Prince Demidoff, we were told, was so upset and excited that he forgot to take off his hat in the presence of the King. Then the Allied marines, virtual prisoners, with their guns pointed to the ground, were escorted by Greek troops down to the Piræus, put on their boats, and sent from Greek soil.

Thus ended the disastrous 1st of December,



THE ZAPPEION (WITH THE STADIUM IN THE DISTANCE) WHERE ADMIRAL DARTIGE DU FOURNET AND HIS MARINES WERE TRAPPED BY THE GREEKS. THE FORT OF PHILOPAPAS HILL (WHERE THE CANNON AGAINST THE FRENCH WERE PLACED) ON THE RIGHT

and for the time being — with the meek acceptance of the situation by the Great Powers — the trouble seemed to be over. Yet the next morning, at about eleven o'clock, firing began again in the streets. There are several explanations of this.

With Teuton-like ingeniousness and lack of humor the Royalists declare that the Venizelists seized the opportunity when the party of the King was rampantly triumphant to fire at it from the windows of their houses, and that the epistrates only entered those houses from which they were fired upon and arrested their inmates.

The Venizelists and all the foreigners in Athens say that the Royalists, elated at their easy victory of the day before, determined to make a clean sweep, and to terrorize or exterminate the Venizelists that remained in Athens.

There were certainly bullets flying about the streets. What seems to have been done was that a number of epistrates or soldiers were posted on the hills on the outskirts of Athens, and at the appointed hour these fired into the town. These bullets falling into the streets gave the armed Royalists all the excuse they needed, and the

baiting of the Venizelists began. The houses of almost all the prominent ones were broken into; furniture was smashed; portable objects of art were carried away; and the inmates were hauled off under arrest, being beaten and manhandled on the way. For hours the city was in the hands of armed criminals, let loose for the purpose, and of epistrates, without even officers to guide or restrain them. My personal opinion is that murder and not arrest was the intention of those who organized this Second of December. It is a testimonial to the essential unbloodthirsty character of the Greeks that only a few people were killed, accidentally, none of them being persons of prominence. It would be hard to find in history another day — with twenty thousand lawless men, armed and able to give vent to their personal grudges — which passed off with pillage and arrests only, and with no murders.

The French, English, and Russian Ministers took to their heels early in the proceedings, and found refuge on their warships, while a terror-stricken Venizelist and foreign population made for the Piræus as fast as it could. In this emergency the French behaved most admirably. They received all the Venizelists who came to them,

gave them hospitality for days on their warships, and often transported them to other ports.

Thus again did the Royalists win, and as the day before they had humiliated and driven out the French and English marines, so on this day they entirely overcame the Venizelists, — allies of the Great Powers though they were, — despoiled them of their property, and threw about two hundred of the most representative among them into the common prison, alongside of the most ordinary criminals. Here they kept them for forty-five days before the Great Powers plucked up spirit to demand their release.

In view of all this, is it any wonder that I rage when some little bounder of an Englishman or Frenchman asserts (I say "bounder" because the better and more intelligent rarely make the assertion): "The Greeks have no character. They are cowards. If they had any courage they would have risen and driven out the King after the 1st and 2d of December"?

"How could we rise," protested a merchant to me in Athens, "when their own ministers ran away with their tails between their legs, even though they were under the protection of their warships; when their marines were shot dead in

our streets, and they took it 'lying down'; when our most prominent men — their friends — were dragged from their palaces and beaten on the streets? What chance was there for us, unarmed, against an army?"

As I said before, when we arrived in Corfu we met Mr. Benaki, the millionaire Mayor of Athens, shortly after he had been released from prison. He was a man who had made his fortune in Egypt, and then had gone to pass the remainder of his life peacefully in the capital of Greece. He built himself a palace on the Kiffissia Road, but then found that there were better things for him to do than to spend his time in leisure. A great admirer and friend of Venizelos, the latter urged him to return to active life in the service of his country, and this led him into manifold activities of great benefit to Greece.

On our first stop in Corfu we had only a few words with Mr. Benaki. On our return journey we saw a great deal more of him. He called on us and invited us out to tea at the villa he had taken, where we met his charming wife and one of his sons. They still felt the hardships and indignities of the 2d of December so keenly that they were unwilling to talk about them. Mrs.

Benaki, however, wrote me a long letter that very night, describing minutely the events of the 2d, as far as they themselves were concerned, and I am now writing with that letter before me. It seems that at about eleven o'clock, shots began to be fired into their house from the roofs of the Royalist Ypsilanthy and Pesmazoglou houses opposite, breaking all the windows and considerably damaging the walls. A little later ruffians, some in soldiers' uniforms, but without any officers, entered the house, beat the men-servants and dragged Mr. Benaki into the street, where they banged his head against the trees until his face was covered with blood. The servants, although badly battered, followed their master and prevented worse treatment for him. Bleeding and with torn clothes, Mr. Benaki was taken to the artillery barracks, and there preparations were made to shoot him.

"Is this the reward I get for having supported your families in the two Balkan wars and during the last mobilization?" Mr. Benaki asked.

Mr. Benaki's contributions to the charities of Athens have been munificent, and following on his words some officers interfered, and instead of shooting him they took him to jail, where the

notorious Merkouris, the dishonorable leader of all that was dishonorable at that time, insulted him and threw him into prison. At half-past seven the same evening the King sent his own aide-de-camp to bring him back to his home. On the following day a highly placed officer, whose name Mrs. Benaki does not mention, came to the house and told Mr. Benaki that as Mayor of Athens he had better issue a proclamation to the Athenians, in which he should thank the King for his gracious benevolence toward the people, should disavow the trouble-makers, and declare that it was the Liberals who were responsible for the disorders and the accidental deaths on the 2d of December.

"I cannot issue such a proclamation," Mr. Benaki replied; "but I will be glad to send a letter to Count Mercati asking him to thank the King for his royal kindness toward me. I cannot do more than that."

This letter he wrote; but apparently he had not been released from prison for any such purpose, and since he could not be persuaded to issue the proclamation whitewashing the Royalists, two days later an officer appeared with a warrant charging him with high treason, and

without the pretense of a trial he was again thrown into prison where he was kept for forty-three days more.

We have seen both his house and that of Mr. Venizelos, and there are numerous bullet-holes on the outside of both. Our own hotel, while showing few marks on the outside, was so badly shot up through the windows of the third story that it is easy to believe the accounts given by the guests of the narrow escapes they had. The Hôtel de la Grande Bretagne being owned by a Venizelist, and standing prominently on Constitution Square, diagonally opposite to King George's old palace, was more favored by the joy-shooters than many others.

A member of the American Legation tells of seeing a man sauntering down University Street, on the opposite side from Mr. Venizelos's house, and every few steps throwing his gun to his shoulder and taking a pot-shot at the house. He was perfectly methodical and leisurely in his shooting, and perhaps was as influenced by the universal human trait of wishing to make a noise as by any particular hatred of the great Cretan.

There were many other victims, men prominent either in wealth or in learning, and we could

not pass half a day in Athens without meeting one or more of them, newly released from prison. It was difficult for me to hear the stories of these men and not feel that King Constantine was either incriminated in the acts of the 2d of December, or that he had been greatly duped. If it were the latter, who had duped him? As I had defended him from his accusers across the ocean, so now, while I listened to his accusers in Greece, I reserved judgment until we should be received by the King and should talk with him.

Within two days of our arrival in Athens we sent off most of our letters of introduction, and on the third day were received by Count Mercati, the Marshal of the King's Court. He is a slim, well-dressed man, and very well-mannered. He plunged at once into the tale of all the injustices of the Powers to his royal master. "Some day they will be ashamed of all they have done to him," he declared.

He rang the bell, and to the footman who appeared said: "Bring me the loaf of bread they sent me to-day." To us: "That is what the blockade of the Allies has brought us to — to receive loaves of bread gratefully as gifts." When the bread was brought in, he took it and



HOUSE OF THE DIADOQUE
OR CROWN PRINCE



HOUSE OF MR. VENIZELOS IN ATHENS
Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth-Brown counted thirty bullet-holes in the front

he held it up to us. It was a large, thin, flat loaf. "This was sent me from Thessaly," Count Mercati went on, "and I was indeed glad to receive it."

He pointed to his two dogs playing in the garden. "See my little dogs. See how thin they are! I don't know how much longer they will live. I give them a week — perhaps ten days. I have nothing to feed them on."

After the footman had departed with the bread, Count Mercati continued anxiously: "You have been here two days, and you must already know how devoted the people are to the King. Don't they all tell you so?"

"They speak more about the 1st and 2d of December than anything else," I replied.

"Ah! The French and English will tell you that I wrote a letter to the admiral pledging the King's word that nothing would happen to the marines if they came up. It is not true, I assure you. Sometime I will show you the letter I wrote, and it had nothing to do with the marines. Not only did His Majesty not promise that nothing should happen, but on the night before the 1st, I went to the admiral and told him that the King could not answer for the safety of the marines. I

went back and forth from the King to the admiral, and the only thing the King promised was that the Greek troops would not fire first — and I assure you that they did *not* fire first."

Thus we began our work of going over the whole affair with the men who had played important parts in it. Yet the eloquent explanations of Count Mercati, in favor of his royal master, did not deprive those first two days of December of their grimness or their horror. Toward the close of our interview I said: —

"We should very much like to see His Majesty. Could you arrange it for us?"

"I have already told His Majesty that you have brought me a letter of introduction, that you are anxious to have justice done him before the world, that you are a loyal Greek, and that your husband is an American writer. But since you are both American subjects, your Minister must ask for an audience for you both, and then I will do what I can. His Majesty is not receiving writers any more."

To Count Mercati we also entrusted our letter of introduction to the Queen, and again were told that it was etiquette for our Minister to ask for the audience. We took leave of the Court

Marshal, and went on to the house of the diadoque, to leave our letter to him, and to inscribe our names in the book kept for the purpose. He lived in a small house on the Kiffissia Road, and all that differentiated the home of the Crown Prince from those of his neighbors was that his was smaller than theirs, and a soldier in a shabby uniform stood listlessly in front of it. The sentinel instructed us to follow the carriage road, and behind the house, by the garage, we found a servant who took our letter of introduction and ushered us into a tiny room next to the garage where there were two soldiers' cots and a table. Upon the latter they laid the visitors' book, and we wrote our names, which was equivalent to asking for an audience.

From there we went to Prince Nicholas's house, on the same road. As Prince Nicholas is married to the Grand Duchess Hélène, daughter of Grand Duke Vladimir, they are well off, and their abode is several times the size of the diadoque's. Also the soldiers at their gates are much smarter than the solitary boy who lounged at the gate of the Crown Prince. We were received in a small hall by what appeared to be an English butler. On a high desk was a big book in which

we once more inscribed our names. Our letter of introduction we gave to a young courtier who came into the hall to receive it.

Our next visit was to our own legation. Our Minister, Mr. Droppers, to whom we also had a letter, was at home, and received us at once. When my husband told him that we had come to Athens to find out the truth about the whole situation, he rose and faced us fiercely.

"Of course you don't ask for my advice, but I am going to give it to you just the same. Take the next steamer and go home. You will never unravel this muddle — never! Mr. Blank" — he mentioned the name of a well-known correspondent — "came here to find out the truth. He stayed a couple of weeks, and then went away in despair at ever getting at the facts. Go home! You will save time and money, and escape going crazy over the situation."

He said a good deal more in the same strain, with eloquence and a genuine desire to save us from disappointment; but we were not going to be discouraged when we were so near our goal.

"All you say, Mr. Droppers," I intervened, "may apply to other writers, but here in Athens I have certain advantages. To begin with, the



GARRETT DROPPERS
AMERICAN MINISTER TO GREECE

Balkan Peninsula has been my specialty for years; then I speak Greek; and lastly the temperament of the people has no mysteries for me since by birth I am a Greek myself."

Mr. Droppers seemed discouraged in his well-meant endeavors to dissuade us from staying. "Very well," he said, "I will ask for an audience from the King and from the Queen, and whenever you think I can be of help to you, come to me."

It became our habit after this to drop in quite often to see Mr. Droppers, and dear Mrs. Droppers, who is the most typical American woman of the old-fashioned type it has ever been my good luck to meet on the European continent. They had lived through recent Greek history, and their remarks about current events were always illuminating and interesting.

After our letters were delivered, a number of the Royalist political men of Athens left their visiting cards at our hotel, and then an invitation came from Prince Nicholas inviting us to take tea with him on the following day.

At a quarter past five, only four days after our arrival in Athens, we were ushered into the attractive sitting-room of Prince Nicholas. He

and Princess Nicholas were already there, as well as Mrs. Dragoumis, the sister of Stephen Dragoumis, a fierce Royalist, and her niece, the widow of the hero of Macedonia, Paul Melas. Socially, Prince Nicholas is all that one could ask a prince to be. He is charming, affable, and good-looking. He came forward with a friendly hospitality that one meets more often in America than in any other land, introduced us to the three ladies, and all six of us sat around the tea-table.

It was the delightful simplicity of the brother of the King, his attractive appearance, and that of the Russian Grand Duchess who is his wife, which first struck me. The Princess poured out the tea. The talk was of politics: there was no other topic of conversation during the dark days of Greece. Prince Nicholas spoke to me mostly in Greek. His bitterness against the Great Powers was only less strong than his hatred of Venizelos. I tried to make him see that more important than Greece's grudge against the Powers, or than the Royalists' dislike of Venizelos, was the position in which Greece stood before the world.

"She is a nation dishonored, and the word 'Greek' is synonymous with a man who breaks

his word. You do not know here, because this miserable blockade has cut you off from all sources of outside information; but we have just come from this outside world, and every one speaks freely to us, not knowing that I am a Greek. Whether we are Royalists or Venizelists does not really matter: what matters is the honor of our country. We must all unite and do what we can to rehabilitate her good name."

The Princess, who was talking with the others, turned and listened to me, and her eyes met mine. They were beautiful eyes, large and dark and full of fire. One could understand why so many men were said to be in love with her. Yet when her eyes met mine, in spite of their beauty, in spite of their fascination, I knew that they were eyes I must mistrust. She would never look upon me and my mission with favor.

"What did you say?" she asked.

"That Greece must be united," I repeated.

We were speaking now in English, and her reply came in measured words. She seemed more detached than the marvelous portrait of her which hung on the wall above her head.

"One is a Royalist here in Greece, or one is nothing. Is it not so, Miss Dragoumis?"

Eagerly Miss Dragoumis replied: "You cannot be anything but a Royalist, as soon as you know our side. The Princess is right: one is a Royalist in Greece, or one is nothing."

"It is because I *am* a Royalist that I have crossed the ocean and the seas, in spite of their dangers and discomforts. I believe in King Constantine, and have come to help him with my pen. But he cannot prosper if Greece remains divided."

There came a supercilious expression on the pretty mouth of Princess Hélène. "Don't talk of union with the traitor," she repeated.

"And if the King should decide that union is best for Greece?" I persisted. "Ought we not all then to follow his lead?"

She deigned no answer. The two Dragoumis ladies looked dismayed. I had dared to continue a theme after the Princess had indicated that it should end. Fortunately at that moment the King's youngest brother, Prince Christopher, and the Crown Prince came in. They are of the same general build, and of the same type, — Christopher being a little the older and the larger, — and also dress alike; they both have round faces, and both wear monocles, and keep



PRINCE NICHOLAS WITH ONE OF HIS DAUGHTERS



PRINCESS NICHOLAS

step together when they walk. The result is that they produced on me a curiously comical effect, then, and whenever I saw them afterwards. They shook hands all around, kissing their sister-in-law. The Crown Prince sat next to me and spoke in Greek. He is a very nice boy, likable and quiet. He is rather a man's man, I should fancy, and a little shy with women, whom, I believe, he does not especially like. They stayed half an hour or so, drinking their tea, and saying a few words, not especially noteworthy, to everybody, and then went away — keeping step.

After their departure Prince Nicholas again talked exclusively to me, and in Greek. Under his roof, he said, the name of "the other one" was never mentioned; but since our whole conversation was about Mr. Venizelos, in one form or another, I saw no reason why I should refer to him as "the traitor" or by any of the other contemptuous epithets employed by the ultra-Royalists, so I continued to call him by his name whenever the occasion arose for mentioning him.

Next to Mr. Venizelos in his disesteem came the diplomats of the Allies. "Don't see any one

except the Royalists, if you wish to learn the truth of the situation," he said earnestly. "Don't go near the diplomatic set; don't even go to your own legation, for unfortunately your Minister is very biased."

"We cannot do that, Your Highness," I answered. "We must hear all sides, and we brought letters of introduction both to our Minister and to the Minister of France. Both of them have called on us already, and through his secretary the French Minister has sent word that he wishes to see us."

"I am very sorry, indeed," said Prince Nicholas. "All those diplomats are against us."

"That does not matter, Your Highness. We have come here to hear your side — which the world does not know — to find out exactly what the policy of the King is, and the true reasons why Greece did not go to the help of Serbia."

"We did not have to," Prince Nicholas cried passionately. "It was all that man — that —" and this charming, good-looking man started to abuse Venizelos in words which little matched his manners or his looks. "We ought to have known what he was," he went on, when his supply of epithets was running low. "He played

the same game with my brother George in Crete. The demagogue managed to oust George from Crete, and now he is trying to overthrow my brother here. He is a traitor, a revolutionary, a self-seeking demagogue, a —"

I did not attempt to stop him. By this time I had learned that when he started on Venizelos, his language must run its course. Possessed as I was with the one thought of reuniting Greece, it seemed to me unworthy that the brother of the King should speak in the tone he did of the man whom the whole of Europe and America honored.

When he stopped talking, I said: "Prince Nicholas, we have been here only four days; all our letters of introduction to Greeks are for members of the Royalist Party, yet I cannot help seeing that the people of Greece want Mr. Venizelos back. There is no use trying to rule Greece without him. To-day the people are stronger than their rulers."

That Princess Hélène was listening to me I had proof as those dark, lustrous eyes of hers met mine, just long enough to tell me again that they disapproved of me.

When we rose to go I was tired and disheart-

ened. We had been in the drawing-room of these charming and fascinating people for more than two hours. For most of that time I had listened to him who was reputed to be the cleverest of the King's brothers, in whom I had placed my highest hopes of coöperation. All I found was a man possessed and eaten up by hatred of Venizelos, and a woman who I divined would place all her strength and power against me.

Prince Nicholas himself went with us to the door of his palace, assuring us that he would like to see us often and talk with us. His personal charm, his exquisite manner, again so impressed me that I hoped anew that we might convert him to our purpose. Had we succeeded, my poor King Constantine might not to-day be an exile, hissed at by foreign crowds. He might still be a king, and a king beloved; for of him the motto of the Greek crown — "My strength is the love of my people" — was true. Personally he was liked even by those who were against him.

As we walked back to our hotel the black fear of failure returned to me. Bitterly I said to my husband: —

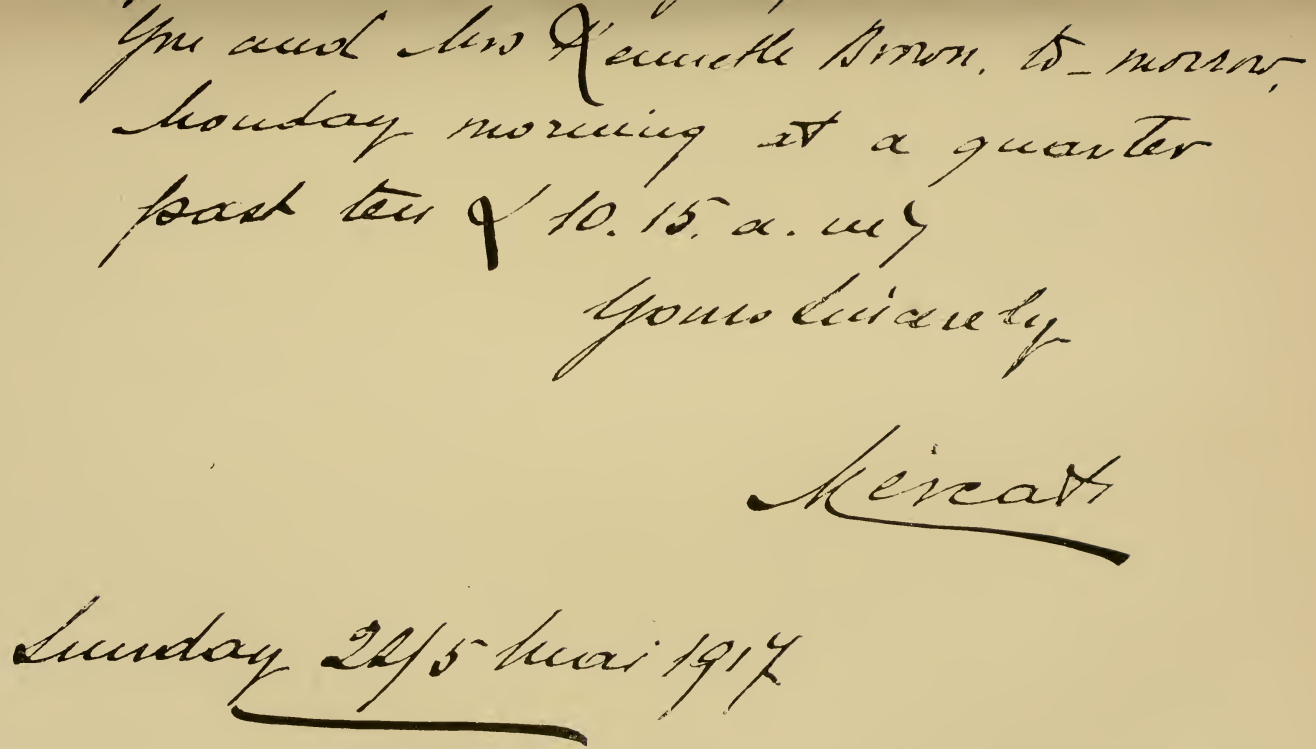
"I am afraid we shall never see the King. Every one of these people is a deadly enemy of



LE MARECHAL
DE LA COUR ROYALE

Dear Sir Kenneth Bruce.

By command of His
Majesty the King I hasten to inform



LETTER OF THE MARSHAL OF THE COURT MAKING THE APPOINTMENT FOR KING CONSTANTINE

Venizelos, and utterly opposed to the union. They will wish to keep us from seeing the King, telling him how Greece stands before the world, and urging upon him the importance of making friends with Venizelos."

In gloom we reached the hotel. I went to my room, and there upon the table found a letter sealed with a wafer of a blue crown on a white background. Feverishly I tore open the envelope and saw the following typewritten letter: —

Le Maréchal de la Cour Royale

By Command of His Majesty the King, the Marshal of the Royal Court has the honor to inform Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Brown that they will be received in audience by his Majesty the King, this Thursday morning, 8th March, at a quarter past ten (10.15 A. M.)

The Marshal of the Royal Court
MERCATI

ATHENS, 6th March, 1917.

Chapter II

FACE TO FACE WITH KING CONSTANTINE

March 8, 1917, 10.15 A.M., was a great day and hour for me, for on that day and hour we were to see the man in whom I had believed in spite of the press of America, of England, and of France, — the man I had defended with every possible theory, to whom I had given the benefit of every doubt, in spite of terrifying facts. Count Mercati had told us that the Governments of the Entente would not allow the Royalist side to be published — would not allow the truth to be known. Now at last I was to stand before the king of my race, speak with him, and learn the truth from his very lips; and once back in free America, I could publish it to a hundred million people.

Driving to the palace I could hardly sit still; for was I not in a few minutes to be received by him whom I imagined the most misunderstood figure in this the most dreadful of wars? The carriage stopped at the gate. We alighted and received the salute of the *evzone* sentry, picturesque and martial in his unique military garb.

A short gravel walk led us to the entrance of the palace, where two servants in blue livery took it for granted that we had a right to pass. We mounted a circular flight of stairs to an upper hall, where superfluous garments could be left, and where another blue-liveried servant ushered us into an anteroom with a sofa on one side and a big table filling most of the middle. The table was covered by a German print cloth. It was the first jarring note in the palace. To think that in the land of superb Greek embroideries the King's table should have on it one of those white tablecloths with a printed flowery wreath so much used in the Fatherland! There was something emblematic in that German tablecloth on the Greek table, and every time I looked at it, it became more distasteful to me. An almost irrepressible desire to make holes in it came to me.

Fortunately we were left alone with it only a minute. Count Mercati came, shook hands with us, and had not said more than a word or two when an aide-de-camp stood before us, looking very handsome in his uniform. (Some weeks later we met the mother and sister of this aide-de-camp. They were among the most ardent of the Venizelists, and the sister's husband was the chief

of staff of Mr. Venizelos's army.) The A.D.C. saluted us in military fashion, and preceded us through a doorway into a beautiful marble hall. He knocked at the door of the King's study, opened it, ushered us in, and closed the door behind us.

The room we found ourselves in was long and well-proportioned, the windows giving on the garden. Opposite the windows were two doors leading I know not whither. In front of these doors stood two tall screens. It was a room of grace and homelike qualities, but he who rose from behind his desk to greet us at once dominated everything around him.

King Constantine, from first appearance, is as kings should be: tall, well-built, magnetic, and full of charm. He wore a simple uniform, and though we had been told that his health was impaired, he looked in good condition, and no older than thirty-five — though he is forty-nine.

He came forward a few steps and shook hands with us, and then in the simplest, most matter-of-fact way picked up a chair for my husband and placed it beside an armchair which already stood ready for me, close to his desk. Never in



KING CONSTANTINE



QUEEN SOPHIE

my life have I liked any one so much at first sight as I did King Constantine.

"So you have come all the way from America," he said, smiling.

Then I poured out my heart to him, and in a few minutes told him all that the reader already knows. I told him how I had always believed in him; how I had stood up for him against hostile audiences in America; and how we had come to place our pens at his disposal, in the cause of justice. And then, anxious that from the first there might be no misunderstanding, I added: "But I must tell you that, although I am for Your Majesty, I am against your policy."

He had listened with apparent pleasure to all the first part of my outburst; to the last few words he asked, with pained surprise: —

"Why?"

"Because I think Greece had no choice: she should have gone into this war with the Entente."

It was about this time that I heard the door behind one of the screens open slightly. So quietly did it occur that it escaped my husband's notice entirely. Was it an accident — doors do open by themselves sometimes — or was it considered inadvisable that the King should have

an interview without a certain oversight being kept on him? His conduct at our second interview threw an interesting light on this subject.

He did not seem to notice the opening of the door. "Well," he continued cheerfully, "you will see all the men here, you will talk with them, and you will find things out." He turned around and pointed to the top of his bookshelf where were two large autographed photographs of Kaiser Wilhelm and Tsar Nicholas. "You see I am quite impartial. Here they are! I like them both. I have nothing against either."

That I had fallen at once under the spell of Constantine's charm I was quite aware, and I was glad of it. It is good to meet some one of whom one has formed a high ideal and find that he measures up to it.

One of the greatest qualities of King Constantine is that one can tell him the truth. I began to plead with him for the union of Greece. His eyes, blue as the bluebells of his garden, clear and honest-looking as those of his youngest child, encouraged me to go on. Now and then he would smile, and the most attractive thing about this very attractive man is his smile. It has a childlike appeal which few women can

resist. Only when one's eyes travel to his protruding ears and to the curious shape of the top of his head is one dissatisfied. These are disturbing details which do not fit in with the rest of the well-built man. Fortunately what dominates is his magnificent figure, his eyes, and his smile. My husband told the Crown Prince the next day that all during the interview he was thinking what a splendid guard for the Harvard eleven was wasted to make a king.

Unlike all the Royalists we had met up to now, Constantine showed no sign of animosity, no sign of dislike, not even a sign of impatience when we talked to him of Venizelos. He spoke of him courteously, and with what seemed like good-will. He only remarked once, a little petulantly: —

"Oh! Venizelos wants to make of me a figure-head, and I will not have it."

However, he listened to my plea for the union, while his blue eyes seemed to say, "I want the union myself," and then we told him the message Mr. Lloyd George had given us for him.

A light sprang up in his eyes, as if he did not believe either us or Lloyd George; then another light followed — one of regret or sorrow.

"But how do you think we can bring about the union?" he asked, after a pause. "The matter is not so easy as you seem to imagine. There are many practical difficulties."

"Oh, yes, there are many difficulties," I agreed. Then, trying my utmost to persuade him, I urged: "Your Majesty, up to now you have been right in the eyes of your people. Germany has been successful: she has crushed all the little nations that stood in her way. Your people feel that you have saved them from the fate of the others; but the time will come when Venizelos will be right. They will turn against you then. I want you to be right to the end. Unite with Venizelos, come out with the Entente, and the rest will be forgotten — and you will emerge from this war the idol of Greece. The Allies are now in a position to defend you, so that you need not become another Belgium."

If ever a man was hesitating over a proposition, that man was Constantine.

"There will be many things to arrange," he murmured.

"Of course," we agreed. "But they could be arranged if you and Venizelos could only meet and talk over the various points."

"How could such a meeting be arranged? No one must know about it."

"Of course not. If you will only authorize us to, we will go at once to Salonica and see Mr. Venizelos. Then he can come to the Piræus on some warship, and you can slip down quietly and meet him, without any one being the wiser."

"Are you certain that Venizelos wants the union?"

We assured him that a very prominent Venizelist had told us formally that Venizelos would be favorable to the union.

"And he *must* want it," I cried, "since he is such a great man, such a great patriot; for salvation for Greece lies in the union."

Either King Constantine is the most consummate actor in the world, or at that moment he wanted the union; and we felt certain that within forty-eight hours he would send us to Salonica with a message of reconciliation. He talked to us calmly and without prejudice, yet like a man who was discussing a thing he himself was eager for.

"But you understand that I must stand by my friends," he declared. "I must consider them, and not sacrifice them."

"There will have to be mutual concession," my husband said with emphasis.

The King turned to him. "America is with me, is n't she?" he inquired.

Kenneth Brown is of New England stock on both sides of his family, and rather downright at times.

"Who told you that?" he answered with another question, Yankee fashion.

"Greeks in America sent me a telegram to that effect."

"They have misled you. There are a few people, like my wife, who are with you, but the bulk of the American people — and especially the press — are against you; and had not the blockade kept out all newspapers, you would have seen that for yourself."

Here to show the King that, in spite of what Greece had done, France was still her friend, I put in: —

"We were told in Paris, by some one in the Cabinet of M. Briand, that on the day when — in reparation for the events of the 1st of December — the Greek army was forced to salute the Allied flags, there was great consternation among the French. They felt that this hu-

miliation ought not to have been put on your flag."

"My flag was not humiliated," the King exclaimed quickly. "It was victorious. Seven hundred of my men beat two thousand Allied marines." There was a certain jubilance in his tone as he made this astounding assertion.

For a second I was aghast; then I cried out: —

"Your Majesty! Your Majesty! There were twenty thousand Greeks against two thousand Allies."

What thoughts were his at this moment I shall never know, but it seemed to me that the shadow of a fearful doubt passed over his countenance. Had the truth been kept from him in this matter, as perchance it had also in many others! What passed through his soul and was reflected in his eyes was fleeting. It was there — and it was gone. It was just a gleam, which told me nothing, and the words that followed belied what I thought I had seen.

"They are forcing me to do things because they are the stronger, that is all. The French are a contemptible, degenerate race, and I shall be glad of the day when the Germans will throw Sarrail into the sea — as they will."

To say that I was dumbfounded is to understate the fact: I was paralyzed, and to make him stop talking against the French, I exclaimed: —

"But, Your Majesty, the French have been sublime in this war. They have done the impossible."

"What have they done?" he asked contemptuously. "They have shown they can't fight."

"And the battle of the Marne!" Kenneth Brown and I cried simultaneously.

"The battle of the Marne — rubbish!" he replied.

"And the English, do you also despise them?" my husband asked.

"Oh, no, I like the English, but they can't beat the Germans. They don't know how. They have no officers, they have no generals. Those things cannot be made in a day."

"Then you believe that Germany will win?" my husband asked.

"She has too many against her for that. It will be a *paix blanche* — a drawn battle." Once more he harked back to the French. "They dislike me, you know, for what I said in Germany about the victories of Greece being due to German methods. What could I say?" he went on

impetuously. "I was met at the station and presented with the field marshal's *bâton*. I had to say something, and I told the truth. I should do it again, but the French have never forgiven me. They don't like me, and I dislike them."

"And you admire the Germans?" my husband suggested.

"How can I help admiring them? They are the only nation that knows how to govern, that has any system, and any discipline. Look at what is going on to-day! The whole world is against them, and they can hold the whole world. The only thing the French can do is to annoy *me*."

"Why do you let them?" I asked. "If Greece did n't give the Allies cause, they would not be doing these annoying things to you. For example, Greece has agreed to maintain a benevolent neutrality toward the Allies; yet Your Majesty decorated the Greek officer whom General Sarrail expelled from Salonica for spying on his army and reporting what he saw to the Germans. It is no wonder that they retaliate on you — and unfortunately they have the power."

"I did it because I did n't believe General Sarrail, and to prove to the officer that I had nothing against him, I decorated him."

"Still, Greece is little," I argued, "and rightly or wrongly she is suspected by the Entente. Would it not be better, under the circumstances, for her to give them no excuse for ill-treating her?"

"How would you have me act?" he asked.

"Give in to all their demands with dignity — instead of pricking them with a pin, when they can retaliate with a sword."

"But we like to show them that we do not submit willingly."

My husband remarked: "Your present method makes the outside world suspicious of your good faith: dignified submission on the part of Greece would not only save her from many annoyances, but would make friends for her in the outside world."

"And why should *I* show all the dignity?" he protested.

"Because you are the King," replied my husband.

"Oh! what's a king to-day?" Constantine exclaimed petulantly. "When they annoy me, I like to annoy them."

We remained with King Constantine for an hour and a half. A large part of the time he was

talking. The Greek people, on the whole, talk too much and too carelessly. There is a Greek word which describes them exactly — *athyrostomos*. It means a mouth without a door. King Constantine in this regard is more Greek than the Greeks. He outdoes them all. His mouth is absolutely doorless.

When we were leaving him, he walked with us to the door of his study and opened it himself, promising to see us again soon.

"And you will think of the union?"

Smilingly he assured us that he would.

We walked home. Outside the palace gates I had a little curtain lecture for my husband: "Ever since we were married you have been telling me not to interrupt people, and the very first king you meet, you interrupt him twice."

"It was a ground-hog case," he replied. "I had to." Then, linking his arm in mine, he added: "And we've got to suppress this King of yours, if you want to keep him on his throne. Were we to write all that he told us this morning, France and England would certainly dethrone him."

As we walked to our hotel I did my utmost that my husband should not notice how miserable I was. Only when in my room and alone, did

I throw myself on my bed and give way to my feelings. Were I of a crying disposition I should have taken it out in weeping and sobbing; for charming as Constantine had been, lovable and attractive as he was, with the remembrance of his frank eyes still fascinating me and his adorable smile still lingering in my memory, I had the bitter conviction that in the crucial hour of my little nation's existence, Constantine was not the right king. He was the king for serene days, for pageants and prosperity: a soldier, yes; a general, perhaps; but a leader, in a period when every move had to be carefully thought out, every word weighed, he was not. That lovable, good-looking man, doorless of mouth and disjointed in thought, was a hindrance, not a help.

Yet in spite of my dismay, and because I still believed him innocent of all the accusations made against him, I rose from my disgraceful position of discouragement on the bed, bathed my face, lowered the shades of my window, and there in the semi-darkness went over all the King had said. There was no treachery anywhere in his speech. His admiration for Germany was undisguised as it was unbounded. "They knew she was preparing: why did they

not prepare themselves?" he had said. "And what are they doing now? They are quarreling among themselves. They can't agree on any plan. There is no leadership among them." Contempt for the Allies there had been both in his words and in his tone, but no treachery. Divested of the man's charm and examined in the semi-darkness of my room, these utterances were indeed sinister. Could he — entertaining such admiration for Germany and such contempt for the Allies — make up with Venizelos, when uniting with him would automatically mean to go into the war on the side of the Allies? That question I pondered over and over again. Then I conjured up his looks and his words while he had spoken to us of the union. Was he sincere then, or had he been acting? In imagination my eyes met his clear, honest-looking ones, and I felt ashamed that I ever should doubt him. Careless of tongue he was, but dishonest, untruthful — never! Yet, as Mr. Droppers had warned us, the situation was baffling.

Later in the day a number of reporters came to see us, from various Royalist papers — all the Venizelist papers having been suppressed after the 2d of December. The eagerness of these men

for the union — all ostensibly strong Royalists though they were — surprised me. They needed little argument to prove to them that while Greece united was a small country, divided she was as good as non-existent. All of them asked what hopes there were for a reconciliation. Remembering only the King's words about the union, we assured them that the chance for it was good; and we advised them strongly to stop abusing the Entente in their columns, and to remember that France and England were their very best friends and their natural allies.

"If you succeed in bringing about the union," one of the reporters said to me, "Greece will canonize you, and worship you as a saint."

In their published reports they doctored what we said a little to meet the exigencies of the times. All, however, laid stress on the fact that we were working to bring the King and Venizelos together, and also on our saying that France and England were the natural friends of Greece.

The half-dozen thoroughly pro-German newspapers of Athens did not come near us, but having read what the other papers wrote, abused us properly. One said that our "unholy mouths had dared to place the King's name beside that

of the traitor." Another wrote that in the midst of all her troubles "the couple Brown" (spelled in Greek "Mpraoun") had come as the last curse of Greece to teach her who were her friends, when she knew well that Germany was her only one.

On the whole, however, we fared well with the newspapers, and a few nights later the editor of one of the more moderate papers came to ask us what we wished to say in answer to the pro-German press. We replied that they had a perfect right to express their opinion, and that we did not care to reply to them. The editor went on: —

"We feel very badly over the way they have written against you two who have braved so many perils to come to help us. We feel it to be shameful that any Greek papers should treat you like this. Is there nothing we can do for you?"

"Only desist from writing scurrilous articles against the Entente," I said. "His Majesty gave me permission to try to stop the Royalist press from abusing the French and English."

An enigmatic smile hovered over the lips of the newspaper man. He said nothing, however.

I continued: "His Majesty told us he could do nothing with you, but that I might try."

I shall always remember the odd look the man gave me, his lips still remaining silent.

"Publish just what His Majesty told me," I persisted.

He did not do this. He did, however, write a strong article on how much the press must help to prepare the people for the union of New and Old Greece; and be it said to the credit of the papers, most of them did desist for a while from writing violent editorials against the Entente.

Unfortunately there is a French paper published in Athens for Entente propaganda, and some of its articles at this time were of a nature which could hardly help irritating Greek opinion, and the Greek newspapers began replying to them.

The most sober and frugal race in the world, the passion and vice of the Greeks is controversial arguing. A prominent American in Athens said to us one day: "They are too sober. If they would get drunk sometimes it would do them good. They need an occasional spree to take some of the arguing out of them."

It is a terrible remedy, but in those abnormal days of my little Greece I found myself wondering if he were not right.

The King had said to us: "When you have talked with all my Ministers and the members of my General Staff, you will see how we have been wronged by the Allies."

Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner, and we were going to understand all, not to forgive, but to place all before the world that it might judge fairly. Since we had undertaken this long journey to learn, we could not afford to start with any fixed, preconceived ideas. We must study the events systematically from the outset of the war. For this reason we wished to start with Dr. Streit, who had been Minister of Foreign Affairs when the war broke out. To him, as I said before, we had a letter of introduction, which we delivered. On the following day he called on us.

It happened that we were just about to start for Prince Nicholas's house, so we only had time for a few minutes' talk. During these few minutes he inspired us with a liking for himself, and with confidence in what he had to say. We made an appointment to start working with him on the following morning, and at exactly ten o'clock the next day were knocking at the door of his most attractive residence. A manservant opened, dusted our shoes with his feather duster, as is the

excellent custom in well-kept Athenian houses, and conducted us up a flight of stairs, at the top of which Dr. Streit received us most cordially, and led us into his pleasant, well-stocked library.

Dr. Streit, as his name suggests, is of German origin, his grandfather having come to Greece with her first king, Otto. He was a Bavarian, settled and married in Greece, and had a son. The son also married a Greek woman, and their son is Dr. Streit. In spite of the two Greek women whose blood is in his veins, there is nothing Greek about Dr. Streit save the language he speaks. Tall, blond, and with blue eyes, he is as German-looking as if he had never left the Fatherland a single day. He is a pleasant, agreeable man, and since he has been for years Professor of International Law at the University of Athens, he knows how to expound a theme convincingly to his audience.

"Now, we shall start from the very beginning, when the war started," he said.

"Yes, please," we agreed.

"You know that at that time Venizelos was on his way to Brussels to meet the Young Turks to discuss the question of the islands. You re-



N. POLITIS
MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS



EMMANUEL REPOULIS
MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR

member the Powers had decided in our favor, but the Turks would not get out of the islands, and as usual the Powers would do nothing about it. Venizelos was in Munich when the clouds of war grew very dark, and Mr. Pachitch, the Serbian Prime Minister, telegraphed him to know what would be the attitude of Greece in the event of war."

Dr. Streit opened his papers, and brought forth copies of the telegrams of Mr. Venizelos. "You see," he went on, "Venizelos did not say he was going to the help of Serbia."

We read the three telegrams, which certainly bore out his contention.

"I was Minister of Foreign Affairs then," went on Dr. Streit, "and I advised the King to wait and see what was going to happen. I telegraphed the same idea to Venizelos, and my telegram crossed one from him saying the same thing. He also declared that since Serbia was the aggressor in this war, he did not believe we need help her — especially in view of the fact that Serbia had been unwilling to help us against Turkey in the early part of 1914, when there had almost been another war between Greece and Turkey. And Serbia would have to be very conciliatory in her

attitude toward Austria, if it were proved that she was responsible for the trajedy of Sarajevo."

From the telegrams and the words of Dr. Streit it certainly seemed as if — if there were any question of Greece's having evaded her just responsibilities — it was Venizelos and not King Constantine upon whom the onus must fall, and I was thrilled at the idea that here was the proof I was seeking that Constantine had been maligned in the foreign newspapers. We found out afterwards, both from Mr. Politis, who was then Director of Foreign Affairs for Greece, and from Mr. Pachitch himself, whom we saw on our return journey at Corfu, that the copy of the telegram which Dr. Streit showed us had been altered in several important essentials — to the detriment of Mr. Venizelos.

At this first interview, however, it was impossible for us to doubt Dr. Streit. His frank, open manner, his apparent candidness, his willingness to show us copies of all the public documents, and to explain to us every detail we wished to know about, would, I believe, have convinced more astute cross-examiners than we of his honesty of purpose. Of his skill in exposition there could be no doubt.

My husband took notes of all he said during the first few interviews when he was taking us historically step by step through the events of the first few weeks of the war. These notes were further left with him to look over to make sure they were accurate, so there can be no question of memory tricks in quoting his assertions.

"Venizelos did not go on to Brussels," Dr. Streit continued, "but returned to Athens, and at once a Council of Ministers was held at which King Constantine presided, and at this it was decided that Greece was to remain neutral for the present. There was a shade of difference between the views of Venizelos and of myself in that I wished to remain neutral to the very end, while he had a slight leaning to come out on the side of the Allies at some future time.

"We argued like this: To go with the Central Powers was impossible because England and France could reduce us to ashes with their warships. To go with the Entente was possible, but Greece would do better to remain neutral."

With remarkable skill Dr. Streit gave us nine tenths of the truth, and only such a slight admixture of falsehood as would easily pass with the rest.

To begin with, the Liberal Party in power never for a moment discussed the possibility of coming out on the side of the Central Powers. Nor did Mr. Venizelos's Government ever consider the possibility of any more neutrality than such a temporary one as would best serve the interests of Serbia and of the Entente.

What really took place during the first few weeks of the war is this:

While Mr. Venizelos was absent on his projected trip to Brussels, Mr. Repoulis, one of the most astute and high-minded of Greek politicians, occupied his position as President of the Council, which is the official title of the Prime Minister of Greece. Mr. Repoulis was also Minister of the Interior, and being a newspaper man and a writer of rare ability, it was he who directed the press utterances of the Liberal Party.

The "Hestia," the official organ of that party, came out, during the first days of the war clouds, with an editorial saying that the Greek people must not lose sight of the fact that in case of war, Greece was the ally of Serbia.

The "Hestia" is an afternoon paper and it does not reach Kiffissia, the summer resort of the well-to-do, till late in the evening. Early the



N. POLITIS
MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS



EMMANUEL REPOULIS
MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR

next morning Dr. Streit rushed into Athens and went to Repoulis.

"Have you read that editorial in the 'Hestia'?" he asked, much perturbed.

Repoulis, unlike Dr. Streit, and unlike the average Greek, rarely gets excited.

Calmly he asked: "Don't you know that no one except I would have written that article?"

Of course Dr. Streit had not the slightest doubt on the subject, but his mentality being German did not move on straight lines.

"You wrote it!" he cried. "And what did you mean by writing that leader, Repoulis?"

"Merely to prepare our people. We don't want war to burst upon them unawares."

"But why do you say that Greece is the ally of Serbia, who is the enemy of Austria?"

"Because she is."

"I should be very careful, Repoulis, as to what I wrote in these days." And with this admonition, or threat, Dr. Streit walked out of the office, and went back to Kiffissia, near which place is Tatoi, the summer home of the King.

On that day the rest of the Liberal newspaper men came to Repoulis and asked him what attitude they were to take.

"The leader in yesterday's 'Hestia' will give you your attitude," Repoulis replied. And since events were more definitely rushing toward war, on that afternoon he published another leader, stronger and more explicit than the first.

The next morning Dr. Streit did not even wait for a train. He rushed in by motor, very early, and burst in upon Repoulis.

"Do you realize," he demanded, "that you are compromising Greece in the eyes of Germany and Austria?"

"There are two groups in this war," Repoulis answered. "We shall have to be on the side of one, and the sooner the Greek people realize it the better."

The reply did not tend to soothe the agitation of the grandson of a Bavarian. He declared that Repoulis had no right to publish editorials like these in the absence of Venizelos, and that he must remain quiet until the return of the Cretan.

"At present I am taking Mr. Venizelos's place," Repoulis replied, "and I shall continue to publish what I believe to be right for Greece. When Mr. Venizelos comes back he can change the policy if he wants to, but this is the policy that Greece will follow now."

Dr. Streit and Mr. Repoulis parted not on the best of terms. On Venizelos's return they at once called the Council together — as Dr. Streit had told us — presided over by the King. At this Council it was, indeed, decided to remain neutral, but not in quite the way described by Dr. Streit.

Toward its close, Dr. Streit, rubbing his hands together, had observed, "Then we are all of one mind that we shall remain neutral."

Repoulis, scenting future trouble in the remark, turned to Venizelos: "Do I understand, Mr. President, that Greece is to remain neutral to the very end, or are we to watch for an opportunity for coming in?"

"Not only shall we watch for an opportunity," replied Mr. Venizelos, "but θά ἐκμαιεύσωμεν τάς περιστάσεις," which means that like a midwife Greece will help circumstances to be born, so that she may join the Allies.

The Council then broke up. As they were going out Repoulis said to Venizelos: "I had a reason for asking that question."

"Yes, I thought so," Venizelos replied, "and I thank you."

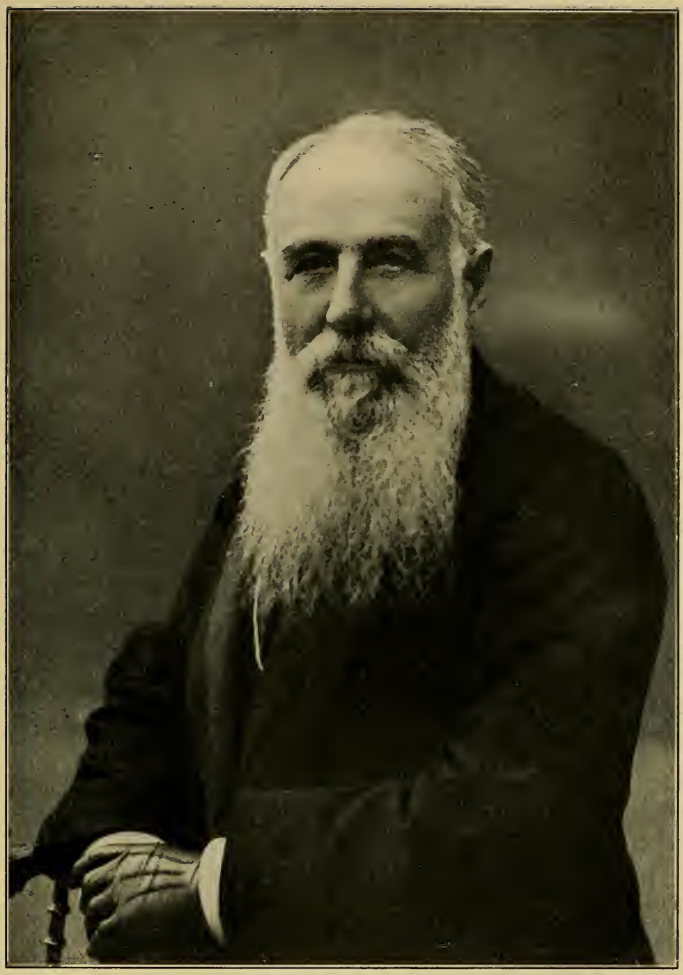
Then Repoulis related to his chief the incidents about the editorials in the "Hestia," and added:

"I am afraid, Mr. President, that there is a Germanophile party, headed by the palace, which will break our policy." But Venizelos would not believe him.

It was at the end of this conference that Mr. Venizelos telegraphed to the Serbian Prime Minister, Mr. Pachitch, that it would be best for Greece to remain neutral for the moment; since if she went to the help of Serbia against Austria, she would leave the rear of both of them open to Bulgaria, who could cut off their line of communication with Salonica, which port was Serbia's only source of supplies. If, however, Bulgaria should fall on Serbia, then Greece would attack Bulgaria.

Mr. Pachitch at once saw the wisdom of this course, and confident that Russia would come to his aid, preferred to have Greece remain neutral, furnish him with supplies, and keep Bulgaria in check.

The fears of Mr. Repoulis that there was an active Germanophile party in Greece was shared by none of his colleagues. Indeed, they regarded his attitude as that of an ultra-suspicious man. Mr. Politis, Director of Foreign Affairs during these trying times, and later Minister of Foreign



NIKOLA P. PACHITCH
PRIME MINISTER OF SERBIA

Affairs in "New Greece," told me in Salonica that for a long time Mr. Repoulis was actually isolated, none of the others being willing to believe that the palace could go against the interests of the nation for its private ends. Mr. Politis added: "I used to think that Repoulis subordinated everything to the interests of the party. Alas! too late we realized that Repoulis only thought of the interests of his country — and that he was justified in all his suspicions."

The reader can easily see how Dr. Streit in his admirably concocted version gave us nine tenths of the truth, suppressing the other tenth for the good of the Royalist Party. Here is another instance in which he showed his skill: —

Dr. Streit told us that when the war was two weeks old the Russian Minister, Prince Demidoff, came to the Foreign Office, and in the course of the conversation said to him: —

"Why don't you Greeks come out of your neutrality and fight with us?"

"In what way?" Dr. Streit asked.

"Give us a hundred and fifty thousand men to fight in Bosnia and Herzegovina."

"We cannot send our men there. They would be too far from their base of supplies. Besides

which the Greeks do not want to go and fight Austria. Their enemies are the Bulgars and the Turks."

The justice of this position is apparent to any one; so when in Salonica Mr. Repoulis narrated to me this Demidoff incident — but leaving out the request for a hundred and fifty thousand men — I said: —

"But Mr. Repoulis, don't you think it was absurd for the Allies to ask Greece to send a hundred and fifty thousand men to Bosnia and Herzegovina?"

Mr. Repoulis looked puzzled. "They did not ask us to do that."

"Oh, yes; Dr. Streit told me that Prince Demidoff asked it of him."

"I never heard of it," answered Repoulis, with increasing perplexity. "Dr. Streit did not tell that to any of us."

To have taken the word of either side against the other would have been partial, and we were striving our utmost to be fair. Whenever there was a discrepancy between the statements of the two sides, we always sought for further proofs. In this case there was a third party to whom we could refer, and consequently on our return from

Salonica to Athens we went to see Prince Demidoff.

"Will you tell us just what you said to Dr. Streit when you asked Greece to join you?"

Prince Demidoff related the incident exactly as Repoulis had, making no mention of an army to go to Bosnia and Herzegovina. When we inquired about that, Prince Demidoff looked as puzzled as had Repoulis.

"I never suggested such a thing," he exclaimed. "I never even thought of it. It is absurd beyond words."

That Dr. Streit is a very learned and well-educated man, and that he has an agreeable and convincing way of presenting a subject to his audience, is unquestionable. What is questionable, alas! is his honesty and especially his intelligence. Before many sittings with him Kenneth Brown and I had come to the conclusion that his mentality, to say the least, was made in Germany. He related to us incident after incident with the object of proving how hysterical, short-sighted, and worthless Venizelos was as a statesman. Often even his rendering of them proved to us not only the wonderful clear-sightedness of Mr. Venizelos, but also his

purity of soul. And this, you must remember, was at the time when I still believed the King, on the whole, to be in the right, and Venizelos to be in the wrong.

For example, in this very Demidoff episode, Dr. Streit continued: —

"When I told Venizelos what Demidoff had asked of me, he made a gesture with his hand and exclaimed: 'Ah! that is what I have been waiting for! They want us as allies. I shall go at once to the palace, discuss the matter with His Majesty, and place Greece on the side of the Entente.'

"'See here!' I protested, 'don't do that. First make your bargain.' And I then and there drew up a memorandum mentioning the rewards that Greece would demand. I passed it to him, saying: 'That is what Greece must get if she is to go into the war on the side of the Allies.' Venizelos merely glanced at it, and brushed it aside, with the words: 'This is a shopkeeper's bill. I will have nothing to do with conditions. Greece goes in on the side of the Allies *unconditionally*.'

"What could I do, after that but resign?" Dr. Streit asked pathetically. "One cannot work with a madman."



A MEETING OF DIPLOMATS IN THE FRENCH LEGATION AT ATHENS: PRINCE DEMIDOFF (RUSSIA), COUNT BOSDARI (ITALY), DE NEEFF (HOLLAND), SIR FRANCIS ELLIOT (GREAT BRITAIN), GUILLEMIN (FRANCE), BALOUGDJITCH (SERBIA)

I am obliged once more to anticipate what we only learned later, and say a few words about Dr. Streit's "resignation." Mr. Venizelos discovered that Streit, as Minister of Foreign Affairs, was not bringing before the Cabinet all that came into his office. In the presence of all the other Ministers, Venizelos accused Streit of acting in bad faith, and practically demanded his resignation. King Constantine interfered and begged Venizelos to let Streit stay on, in order that the public might not say there were dissensions in the Cabinet at this crucial moment. Venizelos, believing the King's alleged motive, permitted Streit to remain in the Cabinet for the time being, much to Repoulis's disgust, who felt certain that in Streit they had a secret enemy to their policy. It turned out exactly as Repoulis had foretold. Streit kept the Queen, and consequently the German Minister in Athens, informed of all that took place in the secret meetings of the Cabinet. At the end of a month, however, Repoulis insisting, Streit had to go, and Venizelos assumed also the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, Mr. Politis remaining Director as before.

At the time we were studying with Dr. Streit,

of course, we did not know all this, and believed his word as we should that of any honorable man.

As I said before, on the first day of our work with Dr. Streit we arrived at his house at ten in the morning, and when at one o'clock luncheon was announced, we rose, horrified at having kept him so long. To us, the three hours had seemed like a short and interesting hour. We bade him good-bye, first making an engagement for two days later.

Outside I jumped with joy. It seemed to me that I could clear Greece of every accusation of the Allies, and prove that all the fault had been theirs.

"Do you see how different it is from what the foreign press gave us to understand?" I said to my husband.

"It certainly puts a different aspect on the whole situation," he agreed.

The day after our audience with the King we resumed our work with Dr. Streit. He asked us how we had found the King, and we very enthusiastically told him that Constantine seemed willing for the union with Venizelos.

Precipitately Dr. Streit sprang to his feet. He addressed me particularly.

"And what is your idea of the union? What will Greece do after the union?"

"Go with France and England."

"*Never!* NEVER ! NEVER!" he cried. "Greece will never fight on the side of the Allies!"

He looked more German than ever before. His blue eyes snapped, his face grew red, and his closely cropped hair bristled. He was German and nothing but German. His Greek mother and grandmother were dead and buried and eliminated from his being.

"Why should n't Greece fight on the side of France and England?" I asked.

"To fight on the side of the Allies is to help Russia take Constantinople, which is the birthright of Greece. No true Greek can wish that the capital of the once Greek Empire should go to Russia and become Muscovite."

To the left of a doorway leading into a small inner library hung a Greek *ikon*. To this Dr. Streit turned most devotedly, and making the sign of the cross, said: "With the help of *this*, Greece will some day come into her own — Constantinople will then be hers."

This was not the only time that Dr. Streit reinforced his arguments by an appeal to the *ikon*. I dare say he was perfectly honest in his devotional attitude; but the sight of this typical Teuton exhibiting his Hellenic piety on every occasion, always appeared so incongruous to me that with difficulty I kept my face straight. It seemed much more in keeping when in the course of his talks he would casually lay his hand on a silver *dachshund* which served as paper-weight on his desk.

In reply to his assertion that Greece must not fight on the side of Russia for the reason he gave, I remarked: "It looks to me as if Russia might take Constantinople without the help of the Greeks, and then where shall we be?"

"She won't take it!" he cried. "She won't! Germany won't let her."

"And what has Greece to hope from Germany, the ally of Bulgaria and Turkey?"

If Dr. Streit's German appearance had been uppermost a few minutes ago, now his German mentality came to match it. He argued long and ramblingly, with much the same brand of logic the Germans display when they set out to prove that Germany did not start the war.

It was a profitless exposition, and I left him without the elation of the first day. After this for several days we were with him every morning. We did not touch on the union again, and in his clear, painstaking way he took us step by step through the events that occurred in Athens during the first few weeks of the war. Barring his misstatements (which we did not know of at the time) we could not have had a better teacher to prepare the foundations of our work for us, and to take it out from the merely historical and make it living and dramatic for us.

He had with him copies of all the official documents of his time, and let us read telegrams and official *communiqués* that passed between Serbia and Greece, and between Greece and the three Great Powers. Listening to him, and unaware yet of the falsehoods contained in his presentation, I became again happy. Poor little Greece! How easily she could be cleared of the unjust accusations that had been piled up against her! Count Mercati had certainly spoken correctly when he had declared that the Powers would be ashamed of themselves when the truth was published to the world.

I even began to lose faith in the policy of Mr.

Venizelos, which from the first had appealed to me as the only policy for Greece to follow. I had never met Mr. Venizelos, and although I entertained for him an admiration communicated to me by the people who had known him, I supposed him to be, like most Greeks, hasty of speech. I had even said to Mr. Lloyd George, when we saw him in London, that I accused Venizelos of not having managed his tongue with King Constantine, in order to spare his feelings. As, for example, in his great speech in the Chamber, when he said: "If the Great Powers, relying on their might, can bring themselves to dishonor treaty obligations, Greece is too small a state to commit so great an infamy. Therefore, as soon as Bulgaria mobilized, Greece replied in like manner. Greece has no immediate quarrel with Germany and Austria, but if, in the course of events in the Balkan Peninsula, she should find herself faced by other Powers, she will act as her honor demands." This speech I had always considered ill-advised, and one that might have been avoided. Now, in the clear portraiture of Venizelos which Dr. Streit was giving us, the Cretan was shown to have many other faults.

The reader can see that we were completely

taken in by Dr. Streit. The disappointment of the second day had worn off. I looked upon him as my friend, and drank in the utterances that came from his lips, especially since he seemed to honor us with his confidence. One incident he related to us is well worth repeating: —

"In March, 1914, the Kaiser came to Corfu, to the villa of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria, which he had bought after her death. Several of the Greeks went to pay their respects to him, among them myself. I was then Minister of Foreign Affairs, and when I saw the Kaiser, he was surrounded by political men, discussing politics. He turned to me and asked: 'In case of a big European war, what would be the attitude of Greece?' I told him that Greece being a small maritime nation could not range herself against a big maritime nation like England. 'Ah!' responded the Kaiser, 'England will not take part in this war. She will follow her time-honored tradition of staying out and watching her competitors break their heads against each other, and then at the end gather what profit she can out of the situation. No, she will not come into this war: she will let Germany and Russia have it out, my friend.'"

That was in March, 1914, and Dr. Streit said that the conversation ended there. Alas, for Greece and her people! I was later to find out that much more passed between the Kaiser and Streit.

Chapter III

A ROYALIST TEA

At the end of our first week in Athens, the household of Mr. Stephen Dragoumis, at the suggestion of Prince Nicholas, gave a tea for us to meet the political lights who were illuminating the road of King Constantine during the dark days of Greece. There were over a hundred of these lights. I was put in the embrasure of a window, and the various politicians, in groups of two and three and four, were brought up to impress me with the justice of the Royalist policy.

To the shame of my race I have to acknowledge that never in one afternoon have I met so many intelligent men and so few who were honestly endeavoring to see the truth. All of them spent their time trying to persuade me that Venizelos had been bought by the French, that he was a thorough-paced scoundrel, that France and England were essentially dishonest countries, and that they, the Royalists, were the only patriots and white doves of innocence.

They overdid it; and at that afternoon tea, given for us to meet the beacons of royalism who were to light us to the great truth, I found myself lost in utter darkness. Even the constant compliments they showered on me because I could still speak my mother tongue so well, after my long disuse of it, could not warm me toward the men forming King Constantine's party.

We were in the midst of a hot discussion when a hush came over the assemblage. Prince Nicholas and his beautiful Princess entered and everybody rose. She came forward, smiling and shaking hands, looking prettier than on the day when we had seen her in her own home. All the ladies curtsied, and the men kissed her hand — as is the pretty Greek custom of men toward women. When Princess Nicholas came near my group and was about to shake hands with me, she hesitated for an instant, then gave me her hand, but deliberately turned her head away. It was an unmistakable snub. As for the Prince, he did not come near my group, nor did I see him the whole afternoon. Before we took up our discussion again, the Crown Prince and Prince Christopher came in, monocled and keeping step with each other, and looking more than ever like a

pair of twins who had not happened to be born on the same day.

They are likable boys, just the same. They came up and shook hands cordially and spoke to me in Greek, the Crown Prince telling me that my Greek was the talk of Athens. When every one had bobbed to them, and they had shaken hands all around, we once more took our seats and subsided to our normal occupations, which for me was listening to politicians. Kenneth Brown fared better, for his lot fell to the Crown Prince, with whom he talked for an hour about sports and motors and the composition of turpentine and ether with which motors were propelled in Athens during the blockade, and other things they were both interested in; while I had to fight like a tiger with the men of the very party which I had traveled so many weary leagues to champion.

In vain did I keep repeating to these men that the annoyances they were suffering from the blockade did not concern me. Though their bread might be dark and their medicines lacking, we were concerned only with the political aspects of the case. "Leave Venizelos out, and talk to me of yourselves. Tell me your rights —

not your wrongs — so that I may present your rights to the public; and above all explain to me what you have done to bring upon yourselves the anathema of the world."

"We did nothing, I assure you! We are all Ententists! We have made several offers to go with the Entente, and they did not even take the trouble to answer us."

"Perhaps they had no confidence in your offers. Did it ever occur to you that the proof to the Entente that you really wished to go with them would be to recall Venizelos?"

This simple argument of mine invariably infuriated them. One politician, Baltazi by name, almost had an attack of apoplexy. He was a fat man, not the flabby kind, but the kind that solidly fills out the skin till it is stretched tight and shining with the effort of containing all it does. He was the most self-righteous of them all, and his indignation against the Allies knew no bounds. In fact the effort of voicing that indignation, while at the same time protesting his love for France and England, I feared might at any moment be fatal. If he got any angrier and redder, his skin might no longer be able to stand the strain, and if he burst what a mess he would make.

"You must see Mr. Gounaris at once," he cried. "He will tell you all you need to know to understand our party. He is the leader of this country."

"Yes, we are going to him next," I said, "because he was Prime Minister after Venizelos."

"We say 'the traitor' when we speak of that man. We do not pronounce his name," declared Baltazi loftily.

"There is no reason why I should not pronounce his name," I replied; and because I had taken a dislike to Mr. Baltazi, I added, "I have some grievances against Mr. Venizelos, but his policy was the only decent one for Greece to follow, and I am not so certain but that his present revolutionary movement is going to save Greece from annihilation in the end."

Baltazi's complexion took on an alarming purple hue, and for a second it looked as if his death was to be on my hands; but he relieved his feelings by speech, and King Constantine was spared one of his most unscrupulous, though not one of his most brilliant, adherents.

There was also a youth that afternoon who was brought to me, with hatred painted on his features, to tell me all sorts of horrible things

against Venizelos. I am afraid I was not polite to him. He talked to me for about five minutes, repeating, "*I* can tell you about the traitor! *I* can tell you what that scoundrel has done!"

"Whom are you talking of?" I asked innocently.

"That man in Salonica! That revolutionist!"

"There are thousands of revolutionists in Salonica, who are fighting side by side with the Allies. Which one of them do you mean?"

He saw that I was determined to make him pronounce the name.

"The man whom you call Venizelos, and whom I call —" and all the riches of a not peculiarly nice vocabulary were showered upon the great Cretan.

"Excuse me," I said curtly, "I have heard about Mr. Venizelos from the great men of England and France. Those men I know and admire, not only personally, but because they have earned a place for themselves in our modern history. They consider Mr. Venizelos the greatest Greek since Pericles. But you — who are you? I have not heard of you."

If that youth's eyes had been movable they would have fallen from their sockets. I did not

know who he was? To himself and to the Royalist Party he was a personage. He had written a scurrilous book to demonstrate that Venizelos was insane. My ignorance of him he must have regarded more in sorrow than in anger; for the next day he sent me his book with a note asking me to read it if I wished to be fair.

I did read it. I have even brought it back to America with me. If there is anything in the youth worthy of redemption, he will go through life trying to forget and to make others forget that once he attempted to throw mud on the soul of a great Greek.

That afternoon several other teas were arranged for us; but tired and disheartened I went away from this one, beginning to wonder if the anathema of the world were not deserved after all. That gathering given to cement us most firmly to the Royalist Party was the beginning of my defection from it.

That same evening a slightly perfumed note arrived from Mr. Baltazi, saying that he had come into communication with Mr. Gounaris, who would be at our disposal on the morrow, if we would telephone him and make an engagement.

This we did. Before describing our numerous interviews with Gounaris, it will perhaps be better to give a short résumé of the events which brought about the fall of Venizelos and the coming into power of Gounaris, who till then had only been a deputy from Patras.

What we must remember about Greece is this: She offered to come unreservedly to the assistance of the Entente at the beginning, when things looked very black for the Allies. Because of the chuckle-headed pro-Bulgarianism — which unfortunately still exists to some extent in England — this offer was refused. Thereafter, whenever things looked particularly bad for the Entente in the Near East, they would send a hurry-call to Venizelos to come to their assistance — entirely disregarding the suitability of the time and occasion from a Greek point of view. Then when things had quieted down a bit, they would begin anew to flirt with Bulgaria, and ask her how she would feel about it if they gave her a bit of Serbia or Greece.

Bulgaria — an apt pupil of Prussia — sat all the while with mouth wide open, partly to protest her undying friendship for the Entente, and partly to be more ready to receive any fat plums

that might fall into it. Meanwhile her hand was slipped around behind her back to receive the big loan which Berlin was giving her.

In November, 1914, Sir Edward Grey, fearing a new attack of Austria on Serbia, urged Greece to go to the latter's help. From the very beginning Venizelos had been eager to march with the Entente; he only asked that conditions be such that his country should have a sporting chance of escaping annihilation, and this required either the coöperation of Bulgaria or her certain neutrality. In the latter case he wanted the coöperation of Roumania, and since his mistrust of Bulgaria was as profound as was the trustfulness of the Allies, he asked for two divisions of Anglo-French troops to be placed between Bulgaria and Greece.

The Entente jumped at this offer — only they slid over the first two very important conditions, and merely promised the two divisions. They vaguely assured Venizelos of their belief in the good intentions of Bulgaria, and declared Roumanian participation to be of minor importance.

Mr. Venizelos refused to march under these conditions, and since Austria did not attack

Serbia at this time, the matter of Greek participation was again allowed to drop.

In January, 1915, the clouds darkened over Serbia once more, and again Sir Edward Grey turned to Venizelos, and through Sir Francis Elliot told the Greek Premier he felt certain that France and Russia would be willing to give Greece important concessions in Asia Minor, in return for her assistance to Serbia.

Venizelos appreciated the gravity of the situation for the Allies, and was more than ever anxious to come to their help. He approached Roùmania and tried hard to come to some arrangement with her; but the latter country persistently refused all his overtures. Then knowing that at the very least the neutrality of Bulgaria *must* be secured, he conceived the idea that Greece might be able to buy it.

Bulgaria had long cast covetous eyes upon the rich Drama-Kavalla provinces in Macedonia, peopled by Greeks and Turks. Venizelos now planned to offer her these provinces in return for her absolute assurance of neutrality. This scheme he laid before King Constantine in two letters dated January 24 and 30, 1915, too long to quote here. They were marvelous, confidential letters,

meant for the eyes of not more than two or three men besides the King. Greece had now an opportunity, such as had not been hers since before America was discovered, of uniting under her flag all the Hellenes of Asia Minor, who for centuries had suffered beneath the misrule of the Turks. There was some risk, as there is to all great ventures; but with every contingency foreseen — as Venizelos foresaw — the risk was moderate. It meant giving up a small tract of land, of great richness, for the chance of obtaining a vast empire, of far greater richness, and peopled by the most loyal of Greeks.

A statesman, a business man, even a politician could hardly have looked upon the vista that opened up to Greece without gasping at its magnificence. The King failed to do so. Not only that, but he betrayed these confidential letters, after Venizelos fell from power, and permitted Gounaris to publish garbled excerpts from them, for petty political ends, caring nothing for the harm this publication might do to the country whose interests he, of all men, ought most jealously to have guarded.

There was a third letter — even more confidential, if that were possible — in which Veni-

zelos made clear to the King why he believed it would be to the advantage of England to foster a strong Greece against a too powerful Russia. This letter Constantine gave to his brother, Prince Nicholas, who went post-haste to Russia, and placed it in the hands of the Tsar. Constantine thus betrayed his Minister to the ruler of a country with ambitions hostile to those of his own. He felt nearer to an autocrat of an unfriendly nation than he did to a constitutional minister of his own — one, moreover, who had brought him back from the exile which the bloodless revolution of 1909 had imposed upon him when he was Crown Prince.

Mr. Repoulis told me in Salonica that when Mr. Venizelos read him his first letter to the King, he, Repoulis, asked: —

"Are you going to send this letter to the King?"

"Yes."

"Don't do it," Repoulis urged. "He will use the letter to smash you."

Far from sharing the mistrust of the Minister of the Interior, Mr. Venizelos rebuked him, saying: "How can I work with a man if I mistrust him like that?"

"You must mistrust him," Repoulis replied, "because he is not worthy of your trust." And once more he tried to show to Venizelos that the King was playing a double rôle and was a traitor to Greek interests.

Needless to say, Venizelos did not become convinced, and he sent off both letters to the King. But since a few days later Bulgaria contracted a big new loan in Berlin — on more onerous terms than it was offered her in France — Venizelos knew at once what Downing Street apparently only believed when Bulgaria actually fell upon Serbia, that all chance of bribing Bulgaria to come out on the side of the Entente was at an end. He therefore took no further steps in the matter, and as Bulgaria did not at this time attack Serbia, the whole question of Greek participation was permitted to drop again.

In February, 1915, when the Allies decided to attack the Dardanelles, the war ceased to be a "European" war for Venizelos. If Turkey was to be attacked — Turkey whose Asia Minor is largely Greek in race, sentiment, and religion — Greece could no longer remain out of the war, especially since these lands, while Greek by every ethnical standard, were also coveted by Italy.

While Venizelos is not a military man, strictly speaking, it must not be forgotten that he has been a fighter from his thirteenth year; and it is possible that the experience he gained among the mountains of Crete, against regular Turkish troops, afforded him an education superior in some respects even to that which one gets in the military schools of Germany. At the outset of the Dardanelles affair, Venizelos wished at once to send an army corps — some fifty thousand men — to the attack. He could have done this in fifteen days, and at that time there were only five thousand Turks on the peninsula of Gallipoli, which was entirely unfortified.

The Royalist General Staff during the whole course of this war has been suffering from an attack of "cold feet" that would be inexplicable in brave military men, except in the light of certain facts which shall be narrated in due course of time. This General Staff, controlled by Dousmanis and Metaxes, are supposed to have assured the King that it would be unsafe to send so many men out of Greece, and Constantine refused Venizelos's request.

The Cretan then lowered his request to one division, of fifteen thousand men, and proposed to

call up a reserve division, in order that Greece's army of two hundred and fifty thousand men might not be diminished by a single man.

King Constantine replied to this that a Crown Council, of all the former premiers, must be called to deliberate on the matter. In this council even the political opponents of Venizelos agreed that Greece could no longer remain neutral, if Turkey were to be attacked. In spite of the unanimous decision of the Crown Council, Constantine still refused to send even one division to Gallipoli, lamely falling back on the excuse that Greece must not be weakened by sending away any of her troops.

To be perfectly fair to the Royalists, and also to show some of the handicaps under which the Entente at that time was working, I must not abstain from mentioning that Russia, through Mr. Sazanoff, her Minister of Foreign Affairs, informed the Greek Minister in Petrograd, Jean Dragoumis, "that Russia would look with disfavor upon any participation of the Greek army in the taking of Constantinople." Russia went further and indicated that she would not approve of the participation of the Greek army in any movements in European Turkey.

The reason for this is quite simple. Constantinople had been the capital of the Greek Byzantine Empire for eleven centuries, before it was taken by the Turks. The influence there to-day is more Greek than Turkish, and the millions of Greeks who live in Turkey dream always of the day when Constantinople shall once more become theirs. They feel that morally it belongs to them.

On the other hand, Russia has been wanting Constantinople for hundreds of years, and she has been loudly proclaiming that it was necessary to her existence. Naturally she did not wish the army of a prior claimant to have anything to do with the taking of the city, lest the newly awakened moral sense of the world award the prize to him who could show the greatest moral right of possession.

It seems like poetic justice that Russia, by her jealous refusal to permit the Greeks even to help take Constantinople for her, should now apparently have lost all chance of getting it herself. There is little doubt — had Venizelos's first plan been followed — but that Constantinople would have fallen into the hands of the Allies. So convinced were the Turks themselves

of this that they had all their preparations made to move the Government to Brusa, if the Greeks sent fifty thousand men to Gallipoli.

The Royalists made the utmost of this attitude of Russia. "How could we participate in the expedition," they exclaimed to us, "when Russia, officially, through our own Minister, told us that she did not wish us to? It is only that madman, Venizelos, who conceived the idea."

They omitted to add that France and England had managed to persuade Russia to change her attitude, a fact which was communicated to Greece through her Minister in Paris, Mr. Romanos.

Mr. Venizelos himself had reassured Russia by declaring that Greece had no annexation views in regard to Constantinople. Whenever the Royalists spoke of this they fairly frothed at the mouth. "Have you ever heard of a Greek," they would say, "who would actually disavow his claim on Constantinople?"

This view of the Royalists I shared myself, and in Salonica I attacked Mr. Venizelos rather fiercely on the subject. "I hope this is one of the fabrications of your enemies, and that you never said it," I observed.

"But I did say it, madame, and I meant it," he replied without hesitation. "How could we, a small country, take possession of a city which bottled up a nation of two hundred millions, like Russia, not to speak of Roumania? If we had two hundred millions on our backs, sooner or later they would crush us. Nations must live. Russia must have an outlet to the Mediterranean, and Constantinople is the only one. I wanted to help the Allies to force the Dardanelles, and to help Russia to get her outlet, because I wanted little Greece to do her utmost for the big Powers. She could not hope to gain Constantinople, but the rest of the Hellenic world could then be given to her."

For this plan of his he fought with all his heart and power, but wily Constantine, knowing the essential fairness of the man, said: —

"You wish to bring Greece into the war on the side of the Entente; but you have no right to do that, because you were not elected on any such platform. You came into power before the war, and cannot in fairness maintain that you represent the people on this point. Greece — and especially her newly acquired provinces — has a right to be heard before you plunge her into war."

M. Guillemin, the French Minister to Athens, said of Mr. Venizelos: "For a politician, he has a great fault: he always wants to be able to put his actions before himself and say: 'They are clean. They are right!'"

This is indeed the keynote of Mr. Venizelos's character, and when the King made his point that the Premier did not fairly represent the people on the question of going into the war, he at once admitted it, and resigned, in order that he might go before the people on this issue.

Venizelos acted in good faith. The King did not. Even his partisans admit that instead of immediately holding the elections — as the Constitution required — on the question of going into war or abstaining from it, he delayed them for months, and employed the intervening time to "play politics," in order to break the power of the Cretan over the people. He called Gounaris to form a temporary cabinet, and then these two, the General Staff, and all the hangers-on around the Court worked with desperate unscrupulousness to win the country to their side.

During the Gounaris premiership Greece sank very low. The old corrupt politicians of the pre-Venizelist days blossomed out in all their old-

time activity, and the King lent his name and undoubted popularity to help Gounaris build up a party that might smash Venizelos.

It was at this time that the King gave Gounaris the confidential letters of Venizelos concerning the cession of the Drama-Kavalla provinces, and, as Repoulis had feared, they published — not the letters in their entirety, but carefully selected extracts from them, which could hardly help putting Venizelos in a bad light before the Greeks.

The General Staff assiduously circulated its opinion that the Dardanelles expedition was doomed to failure, and declared that had Venizelos dragged Greece into it, the fate of Belgium would have been hers. The King alone, they declared, through his great foresight and his love for his people, had been able to stand up against him and save the nation.

There was no political trickery, no calumny which the old politicians neglected to use against Venizelos. That he was in the pay of the French and was acquiring an enormous fortune was asserted with such vehemence that I believe the Royalists ended by believing it themselves. This campaign was aided in every way by German

gold, which was lavished on frugal Greece in a way that fairly dazzled her. And as if all this were not enough, fate put in her oar by letting Constantine fall ill.

In 1909 Constantine, then Crown Prince, was so unpopular that he and his brothers were blackballed in Athenian clubs and were obliged to go abroad to live. When Venizelos became Prime Minister, he said that if Greece was to have a royal family, they ought to play the part, and not skulk in foreign lands. He therefore brought back the princes, and reinstated Constantine in his place in the army. The Cretan worked very hard to make Constantine popular, and during the two Balkan wars placed him as much in the limelight as possible, himself staying in the background and doing the work. He succeeded so well that Constantine, with the help of his own magnetic personality, became extremely popular, and his opportune illness, of course, still further endeared him to the populace.

It was wonderful political capital, this illness. The Royalists (which is the same as the Gounarists) not only spread broadcast "A vote for Venizelos is a vote for war," but since the Greeks

vote with black and white balls, called bullets, they added: "Every bullet cast for Venizelos is a bullet cast into the wound of the King."

One can hardly imagine a more unfair method of electioneering, and it was carried on for months with all the craftiness of which the old-time politicians and the General Staff were capable. Yet in spite of everything they did, in spite of the King's personal popularity, in spite of Germany's gold, and in spite of the weariness of the country after two wars, Venizelos was returned to power by a substantial majority — in Old Greece by a huge majority. (In the newly acquired provinces the Jews and Turks were unanimously against him.)

No adequate justice has ever been done to the Greek people, by the ordinary foreigner who travels through their land or over their waters, for having withstood almost three months' incessant campaign of gold, treachery, and lies — aided by an incredibly stupid act on the part of the Allies.

While the Gounaris Administration was illegally putting off the elections and working to build up a party, it was also making propositions to the Entente to coöperate with them.

The last one, in May, 1915, proposed to join the Entente with the fleet alone, keeping the army for possible aggressions on the part of Bulgaria. Among the things asked in return was the guarantee of Greece's integrity during the war and the peace negotiations. To this there came no official response, but the Royalists told us that unofficially the Government was informed that the Entente could not guarantee the integrity of Greece because that might discourage Bulgaria.

If a greater piece of idiocy could have been committed by the Allies, I cannot imagine it. Here was a nation whose aid was needed, and whose people were friendly, but who was being corrupted by German gold, a pro-German party, a pro-German king, and a Prussian queen, and that people the Entente cherished by declaring: "We cannot promise you your integrity in exchange for your help, because we do not wish to discourage your hereditary enemy, who covets your lands."

Thus did even the Entente furnish ammunition to the Royalists during the shameful months of the Gounaris Administration, when King Constantine descended from his throne and became

a party leader, to defeat Venizelos and democracy — in order that Germany and autocracy might emerge victorious.

Let those who accuse the Greek people of cowardice and money-thirst remember that the Greek people voted for Venizelos and war — voted for the Entente which had refused to guarantee their integrity — almost one year after the war had begun, at a time when Belgium was crushed, when Serbia was threatened, and when the Dardanelles campaign was turning out to be an overwhelming defeat.

Venizelos was reëlected in June, yet once again King Constantine unjustly kept the Cretan from resuming his power. Under the pretext that he was too ill to transact any business, the Gounaris Administration was kept in for two months longer.

During these two months — as I was to learn later — was completed the plot which had a twofold object; the betrayal of Greece, and the betrayal of the Entente Powers. In those two months Constantine definitely staked his crown and his honor against a reward which to him must have seemed well worth the risk.

Even in England one is forced to believe there

were men in high quarters working for the benefit of Germany since from England came the severest blow to Venizelos and to Greek sympathy with the Entente.

Venizelos was to resume the premiership on August 16. Thirteen days before that, Sir Edward Grey notified Mr. Gounaris that the Entente had decided to reconstitute the Balkan League, and for this purpose had offered the Drama-Kavalla provinces of Greece to Bulgaria.

The effect of this announcement upon the Greek people was terrific. A prominent Venizelist, speaking of the matter to me, said: "I don't know what their object was, but had they wished to ruin Venizelos's influence with the people they could not have done it more efficaciously. They practically crucified him."

It is curious that M. Guillemin, the French Minister to Athens, speaking on a different matter, said to us once: "Venizelos is a prophet, and he has been crucified." To which I replied: "Yes, and if the Royalists crucified him, the Entente furnished the cross and the nails."

To come now to our interviews with Mr. Gounaris. Although he was no longer Premier

at that time — because of Entente objections — and held no official position, he was nevertheless universally admitted to be a useful tool for those who were really ruling Greece. Among these it is hardly necessary to state was not included the ostensible Premier, Professor Lambros. We had heard much of Mr. Gounaris: the Royalists spoke highly of his learning and intelligence, the Venizelists and the neutrals considered him the worst type of unscrupulous politician.

I must admit that by the end of the second week of our stay in Athens sickening doubts began to creep into my brain and heart. I fought them back as best I could. It seemed pitiful to have stood up for the King for two whole years, and then to begin to lose faith in him. Of his party my doubts became stronger daily — yet the King might easily be their victim. Because Gounaris was so fiercely attacked by the Venizelists, and so ardently defended by the Royalists, and furthermore because the King in speaking to us of him seemed to attach such importance to the information he could give us, I looked forward eagerly to meeting him, with the hope that he would resolve my doubts.



DR. GOUNARIS

Through the telephone we made our appointment, and right after breakfast we reached the Tourist Hotel where he lived. Undoubtedly the servants of the hotel were adherents of Mr. Gounaris. It was easy to discern it from the way they pronounced his name, and the important manner with which they conducted us to his apartments.

We found his little sitting-room — from the windows of which one has a most enchanting view of the Acropolis — filled with politicians. Mr. Gounaris was closeted in the next room with more politicians, but soon came out, shook hands most impressively with us, and bade the others good-bye. We were left alone with Mr. Gounaris, his books in many languages, and the Acropolis peeping at us from its lofty yet approachable heights.

The first impression of Mr. Gounaris is a very pleasant one. He is a tall, well-built, spare man, who could easily pass for an American, of the dark, good-looking type. The penetrating quality of his eyes is softened by a slight languor. He was dressed in the proverbial black coat of the European politician and looked his profession, which is the law.

"I am very pleased, indeed, to have you come to me," he said, "for I feel confident that I can put the situation before you quite clearly, so that you will see that Greece, far from being the villain, is really the victim in this war."

After this auspicious opening he set out to show us why the treaty with Serbia had become *caduc*, or inoperative, and did not at all require Greece to come to Serbia's assistance. This treaty with Serbia was always the point on which the Royalists were driven to their most desperate defense; for the concrete fact which stood out before the whole world was that Greece had had an ally, and in her direst need had deserted her. Accordingly the strongest efforts were made by the Royalists to prove: —

First. That Greece had no treaty with Serbia, because after the last war no new "Military Convention" was drawn up between them.

Second. That if she had a treaty, it was only against Bulgaria, and not against a stronger foe.

Third. That even if she had a treaty with Serbia *contre toute tierce puissance*, it was abrogated, was rendered *caduc*, by various actions of Serbia, such as being willing — under pressure

from the Entente — to cede a part of her Macedonian territory to buy off Bulgaria.

It seems to me now incomprehensible that I should even for a moment have been fooled by their specious arguments. But when gentlemen occupying the highest positions in a civilized state all — from the King down — assure you on their word of honor that such and such things are facts, one must have a very skeptical mind, indeed, not to attach some weight to their words.

Gounaris, like the others, started out to show us just why there had been no legal obligations whatever for Greece to go to Serbia's aid. He spoke with the specious fluency of the skilled pettifogger, and went into technical points, as lawyers will. When he had finished, my husband turned to me and with disgust plainly depicted on his face, said openly: —

"It is exactly the fable of the wolf and the lamb drinking from the same stream."

"Mr. Gounaris," I added, "if I were just a writer, I should publish this explanation you have given us; but since I am also a Greek, I will not show to the world what despicable reasoning a Greek is capable of."

Was Mr. Gounaris disconcerted by such plain

speaking? He did not change color, he did not draw a quicker breath. Looking as innocent as a sucking dove, he attempted no explanations, no counter-attacks. Blandly he passed on to another topic, smiling a smile of beatific unction, like an archbishop about to give his blessing to his congregation. He smiled upon me as if we were the best of friends, as if he were the wisest person in the world and I just a little child that had to be humored.

We came to the time during which he was Prime Minister.

"Were you elected?" I asked, as an opening.

"No, the King entrusted me to form a cabinet."

"Then why did you not hold the elections at once?"

"I had no party," he answered naïvely. "If we had held the elections Venizelos would have carried the country."

The words were like the opening of a door into a room, till that moment hermetically shut. They had not held the elections at once because Venizelos would have won. If he had been elected he would at once have brought the country into the war on the side of the Allies.

Something began to hurt within me, as the

thought flashed through my mind that the King, even at that early stage, might have been against the Entente. I thrust the thought aside, hoping that the diabolical cunning of the man before me was at the bottom of this trickery, and not the King. The King might only be the victim of his scheming.

It was an interesting picture Mr. Gounaris made, as he sat languidly in his easy chair, one leg crossed over the other, his right hand gracefully occupied with a string of beads, the while he replied to my questions with a smile of righteous contentment. My mistrust of Gounaris started early in our interviews, and during the nineteen or twenty hours that he accorded us for political enlightenment, he never gave me a single minute's cause to change my mind about him, charming though he was.

"Why did n't Mr. Venizelos come into power as soon as he was elected?"

"Oh, he did come soon afterwards."

"No!" I contradicted, "he was elected in June, and was not permitted to come to power until August."

"His Majesty was not well enough to receive him."

"Since the King's illness continued, the Crown Prince could have been made regent, to transact necessary business. The country could not be kept in uncertainty. Some one had to become regent. Why not as soon as Mr. Venizelos was elected?"

"I really don't remember why he did not come in at once. It is n't very essential, is it?"

There was no use pursuing this line against the evasiveness of the deputy from Patras.

"Mr. Gounaris, why did you take the confidential documents Mr. Venizelos had sent to the King, and use them for party purposes?"

"His Majesty gave them to me."

"Was it right that he should give them to you?"

"Perfectly, since His Majesty believed that Venizelos was having an unwholesome influence over the people. It was important, before the elections took place, to show the people what Venizelos was."

Here was another proof of the reasons why the elections had not taken place at once. Venizelos was powerful, he had influence over the people, and the King wished to destroy that influence before the elections. We were getting ever closer

to the all-important *Why* of much that had puzzled me — the *Why*, which was the answer to the whole Grecian riddle. And the closer I came to it, the more carefully and circumspectly must I act. Gounaris was clever: we must not again let him see that we mistrusted him. We must let him talk. Like most Greeks he is a fluent speaker — in three languages — and he is a product of German *Kultur*.

Lengthily he discoursed upon the confidential letters of Venizelos, which the King so treacherously had turned over to him to use "where they would do the most good." His patriotic fervor, and indignation against Venizelos were really inspiring. "Venizelos was willing to bargain away Greek territory," he asserted, "because he was no Greek, but a Cretan, an islander, incapable of understanding true Hellenism."

"But you were blind!" I cried. "If you had given up those districts you would have got Smyrna and her hinterland, which in size and value are treble the Drama-Kavalla provinces. It is like giving forty dollars to receive a hundred." (In reality it was more like receiving a thousand.)

"To begin with," replied Gounaris in his lofti-

est manner, — and, like most shysters, Gounaris could be very lofty, — "to begin with, madame, we are speaking of Greek souls — not of dollars."

"We were speaking figuratively, and you are an intelligent enough man to understand the figure I gave you."

Gounaris carefully fitted a new cigarette into his amber holder. It was an excellent way of gaining time, without seeming to hesitate.

"No," he replied gently, "it is not so. We were only to receive an amount of territory in Asia Minor *equal* to that which we ceded to Bulgaria. So you see that while Bulgaria would have been strengthened by exactly the amount of provinces ceded to her, Greece would only have remained as strong, territorially, as she was before. Actually, she would have been weaker, because while the Drama-Kavalla districts joined Greece, her new lands would have been far away."

Mr. Gounaris had received us fortified by a formidable pile of documents. He had typewritten copies of all the diplomatic papers that had passed between Greece and Serbia and the Entente during and before his administration. I have sometimes wondered if it were not the

same pile of documentary proof which Dr. Streit had used, and which they kept to pass from one to another, for our enlightenment. He had shown us paper after paper as he talked. Now, however, there was regret in the tones of his voice as he went on: —

"The particular document which proves what I have just told you, unfortunately, I have not with me this morning. The next time you come I will show it to you," he ended, his pontifical smile on his lips and in his eyes.

Here was a remarkable omission on the part of a painstaking man. With all his documents made ready for us, the most important of all was unaccountably absent. We looked forward to our next meeting with unusual interest.

Two days later, with an air of subdued triumph, Mr. Gounaris produced the missing document, and read it to us. It was an ingenious paper, addressed by Sir Edward Grey to Bulgaria, — not to Greece, — and informed her that she would receive exactly as much land in Drama-Kavalla as Greece received in Asia Minor.

You can differ with a man's opinions and still keep on friendly terms with him. You cannot call him a forger and a liar without having your

social relations seriously damaged. This document Gounaris was showing us was so manifestly and palpably a forgery that the only way to keep on interviewing Gounaris — which we very much wished to do — was to pretend to accept it as genuine. And pretend I did.

"I begin to see," I said heartily, "why you wish to diminish Mr. Venizelos's influence with the Greek people."

"Ah! that is a good step," he replied with satisfaction. "We were convinced that we could make you see that he was only playing his own game. You remember, when in August, 1914, Venizelos, like a madman, went and placed Greece unconditionally on the side of the Entente, that England, France, and Russia thanked Greece, but said they preferred her to remain neutral."

"Yes. Dr. Streit showed us copies of their telegrams."

Mr. Gounaris rose and came nearer us. "The Allies then wished Greece to remain neutral because they did not need her. They never said *then* that Greece was the ally of Serbia. They preferred to keep Greece out because at the end of the war they did not mean to give her a

farthing. But in November things went badly with the Allies and with Serbia, and suddenly they remembered not only Mr. Venizelos's offer, but also that Greece was the ally of Serbia — and now it became Greece's duty to go to the help of her ally."

Mr. Gounaris from his pile of documents selected two and read them to us. The first was the one I have already mentioned in which Mr. Venizelos declared it to be his firm conviction that if Greece were to be of any help to the Allies, Roumania must come out with her, and Bulgaria must either do the same or at least guarantee her neutrality.

The second, a reply to the first, was written in language which for diplomacy was discourteous if not threatening. It accused Venizelos of trying to wriggle out of his position (*s'esquiver*). It was a rebuke of the severest kind.

"And now," went on Mr. Gounaris, "I will lay before you the proofs of Mr. Venizelos's perfidy."

He selected another typewritten paper from his *dossier* and passed it to me. It was in Greek, from the Greek Minister in London, and he wrote to Mr. Venizelos "that the Premier was very

glad to learn that it was not he [Venizelos] who was making the objections to marching with the Entente, but others."

"Here is the proof," Gounaris went on conclusively, "that because the Allies were angry with Venizelos on account of the conditions he made for marching with them, he was trying to shift the responsibility to the shoulders of the King, in order that he himself might remain in favor with the Allies. Do you not see the double game he was playing?"

At this moment, as if it were all staged, and he had been waiting for his cue, the door opened, and in walked fat Mr. Baltazi, accompanied by another politician.

The proofs of Venizelos's perfidy were handed to him. He read the incriminating letter, and his color became more purple, and his skin if possible tighter than before. If ever he were going to burst, that seemed to be the moment.

"Traitor!" he cried. "I knew that he was a traitor, but I did not know we possessed such proofs."

"We found it in his house, after the 2d of December," Gounaris put in.

Baltazi pored over the letter most carefully.

He read and re-read it, while Mr. Gounaris sat with one leg over the other wearing his archbishopric smile, played with his string of beads, and enjoyed the effect of the document upon us all.

After our morning's work was completed and we were out in the open street, I took several long breaths, before asking: "What do you think of that letter, Kay?"

"Well, I am rather bewildered. It does look as if Venizelos were playing a double game — yet it is so unlike the conception I had of him."

I linked my arm in his. "They took you in, my dear."

"What do you mean?"

"That document was false. Baltazi was speaking the absolute truth when he said he had no idea they possessed such proof of his perfidy. They never did possess it until they manufactured it yesterday. Do you think that Venizelos, even if he were the man they make him out to be, would leave such a damaging letter in his house for months? No, they made it for us — just as they made that other one about the hinterlands of Smyrna."

"You think that was false, too?"

"Certainly," I replied with conviction. "That document was supposed to have been sent to Bulgaria; how did it get into the hands of the Greeks?"

Later we had proof that I was right in both my surmises. Both Mr. Venizelos and the Foreign Office in London assured me that no such letter was ever written, and as for the communication about Smyrna, we have the assurances of the highest officials of Greece, France, and England that what Greece was to receive in Asia Minor was tenfold more valuable than the tract of land she was to give to Bulgaria.

We spent some nineteen hours studying with Mr. Gounaris, considerably more than we had with Dr. Streit; and the more we saw of both these men the more we were convinced that they were what the Greeks call *mikrologoi* — small-worded men, men of small thoughts, small visions.

The efforts of both of them were directed chiefly to convincing us that Venizelos was of an absolutely contemptible nature; that he was servile, fawning on the Great Powers, trembling when they spoke unkindly to him, and losing his head and wishing to rush into the war, even though this might mean the destruction of his

nation; then trying to put the blame off on any one else, so long as the Great Powers did not frown on him. According to them he lacked courage to do anything himself, was hysterical, jumped from one plan to another, was unreliable, dishonest, womanish, weak, vacillating, and always acted on the blind impulse of the moment.

As Kenneth Brown said to me once: "With the reputation they give Venizelos, one would not hire him for a stable-boy."

They overdid it. If the Greek nation had deliberately sought out its most contemptible character to make Prime Minister, and if the statesmen of France and England could conceive an extravagant admiration for such a creature, then in a thoroughly mad world the only sane remnants were Streit, Gounaris, Baltazi, and the rest of the Royalist party.

The supposition was lacking in antecedent probability.

The question which occupied me constantly was how far the attractive and lovable King of Greece himself was blameworthy. I never ceased to like him, and my one thought was how to save him — less, really, on his own account than for the good of Greece. I am a republican in princi-

ple, because to me, for the advancement of civilization, governments must be democratic. A king in our century is a supernumerary and an anachronism; yet I believed a monarchy necessary for Greece, since it made for the stability which was of the utmost importance to a little nation. King Constantine, although without a drop of Greek blood in his veins, had been born and brought up in Greece; he spoke the Greek language and gave the impression of caring for his country. If he were driven out, it would be a black day for Greece.

It seemed to me that the King might still be saved from his own party. Now that we knew so much more about the political situation we could argue more convincingly with him. He had given us such cause for hope in our first interview that we looked forward to our second with the greatest confidence.

Chapter IV

A MILITARISTIC DREAMER

THERE are three men closely associated with King Constantine whose names, in the minds of the public at large, connote pernicious influence, from the point of view of the Western democracies. Gounaris, whose reputation is in no better odor than these three, is probably not classed with them because he is considered the tool, where they are the workmen.

We had met the one of the three ordinarily mentioned first, Dr. Streit; we had liked him, and had worked with him. We were now to see a man stronger than Streit; a more implacable builder on autocratic lines than Streit; a bull, where Streit was a serpent; a military man with all the earmarks of the German school (though he has never studied in Germany); a drillmaster; a man one can hardly imagine to be a Greek by his appearance, actions, and trend of mind; a man of the earth, earthy: — and yet the greatest visionary, the most impractical dreamer whom we saw in Greece — General Dousmanis, formerly

chief of staff, and at that time the King's aide-de-camp.

He lived in a small house, in an unfashionable part of the town, which at once makes away with the idea that he had been bought by German gold. Indeed, I do not believe that any of the big men around the King were bribed by Germany. Nor were they moved solely by hatred of Venizelos. They played for a great future for Greece, according to their lights. Only because their souls were smoky, their vision was obscured, and losing sight of the beacon star of honor, they struggled desperately for a pettier gain, when a far greater was within their grasp.

General Dousmanis received us in his small study, on the ground floor of his house. A few minutes after our arrival his manservant brought in sweets and Turkish coffee, according to the delightful Greek custom, which, alas! is disappearing. We partook of both while talking with the general, who sat behind his big desk and examined us.

The former chief of staff has no German blood, he has not studied in Germany, he does not even speak the German language; therefore it is a mystery why he looks, thinks, and acts like



GENERAL VICTOR DOUSMANIS
THE KING'S AIDE-DE-CAMP

a German. We were not with him long before we became conscious of his strength and of his tenacity of purpose. He is not a man one can despise, like Gounaris, or more or less laugh at, like Dr. Streit: he inspires respect. He is a foe worth having. Although during this war he has acted entirely against England, he admires that country. He has no opinion of her as a military power, however, because his mentality, being German, cannot conceive that a nation can produce a good army which is not disciplined by an autocracy.

Autocracy! That is the keynote of Dousmanis's nature. That is where King Constantine and he come together. They both despise democracy and have implicit faith in autocracy. Dousmanis hated Venizelos with the hatred which, though it was greatly aided by the punishment inflicted on him by the Prime Minister for an improper use of his position, yet had dignity and strength. It was the hatred of the strong for the strong; of the despot for the liberal; of the man whose cult is brute strength for the man who puts the soul above the body. They are both visionaries, but their visions are as far apart as would be those of a man with his nose buried in

a ledger and those of a seer, surveying far countries from a mountain peak.

General Dousmanis never spoke of Venizelos in the scurrilous way that Dr. Streit did, nor with the undervaluing laugh of the *mikrologos*, Gounaris. He spoke of Venizelos as of a force that he meant to break by any means — especially by foul means — because that force balked him in the realization of his dreams.

I know that he disliked my husband as a citizen of the country which stands preëminently for the democratic idea. I believe that he disliked me also, but thinking me useful for his purpose, he meant to keep me on the Royalist side — and if any man could have done it, that man was General Dousmanis.

Our first interview occupied the whole morning, and throughout it my great regret was that this man before us was not on the side of the Entente. He explained to us carefully why it was better for Greece to remain neutral, since militarily she was too small to take part in the great conflict.

"General Dousmanis, we have not yet been able to see the text of the treaty between Greece and Serbia, and I wish to hear from the lips of

all of you who know, whether that treaty called upon Greece to go to Serbia's aid, or not."

"I am only a military man and I do not know the political side of the treaty, but I do know this," — and the thick-set neck of Dousmanis seemed to disappear as he thrust forward his big, close-cropped head, so German-looking, and placed the fingers of his short, thick hands together. He fixed us with his dark, penetrating eyes, and I fully expected to hear him say, "*Wir Deutsche sind wunderbare Leute!*" Indeed it was a shock when the words he emitted were not German. "I only deal with the military convention," he said, "and that convention demanded that Serbia should put one hundred and fifty thousand men at certain points. Serbia had not that force to spare for those points."

"Yes, but France and England promised to send you that force in place of Serbia."

"They did promise that — and what did they send? Ten thousand — and Senegalese at that."

General Dousmanis looked me straight in the eyes as he spoke. One of the sources of his strength was that his keen gaze was never more direct and unfaltering than when he was telling a deliberate falsehood. From all sorts of sources

we have checked up this statement, and there is not an atom of truth in it. Of course it was impossible to send one hundred and fifty thousand men in one day, or week, or month. But the hundred and fifty thousand men came as rapidly as possible, and they were all "metropolitan" troops. The first Senegalese only arrived a year or so later, when the Allied army in Salonica was far greater than one hundred and fifty thousand.

General Dousmanis devoted a whole hour to explaining to us why it was impossible that Germany should be beaten. In military matters she was supreme. France and England had proved that they did not know how to make war. They had no plan. They simply watched Germany and tried to defend themselves against her.

On the third day of our working together, he turned to me and said: "There are certain things I should like to discuss with you as Greek to Greek. I do not mean any disrespect to your husband, but he is an American and cannot understand."

The next day I went alone to see him. He does not speak the clear Greek of Mr. Venizelos, or of Mr. Repoulis, neither does he possess the mag-

netic quality which renders the speech of those two men so entrancing. He uses short, abrupt sentences, but if his words lack elegance, they make up by a certain carrying of conviction.

He greeted me, not with friendliness, for that quality seems entirely lacking in the man's nature, but with a deference he had never shown to me and my husband together. I believe the reason was that he dislikes Americans for the same reason that he does the French: they both stand for the abhorrent democracy. General Dousmanis comes from the island of Corfu. That island was held by the Venetians for a time. The general's family tree may show no instance of intermarriage with the tyrants of the Venetian Republic; nevertheless, in his utterances, in his acts, and in the smouldering light of his dark eyes, the general brings to mind the time in which Venice ruled, and used foul means in preference to fair. He inspires the kind of respect one accords a man to whom no deed is too dark if it only furthers his ends. I feel morally certain that the infamous Second of December is the child of his Venetian brain.

The day before, when my husband and I were together, he had shown us maps of the war,

which he had drawn himself. Now that I was alone, he honored me with many more maps, showing the various routes, by which, in some future time, Greek armies were to march on their conquering way. I pored over them, trying to fathom just what he wanted me to understand.

"When will the Greeks traverse these routes?" I asked finally.

"Some day — when the Greeks shall be disciplined and Greece shall be a military power."

"But, general!" I protested; "you are a great soldier, I believe; you have conducted three wars, and you know what fighting is: — do you honestly think you can change Greece into a military power?"

"Why not?" he demanded.

"Because the Greek people do not like fighting for fighting's sake. It is not in them. They have fought when they had to, and generally fought well; but they would much rather attend to their business, sit in their cafés, read their newspapers, and discuss politics than become a military power. Even in her greatest days of the past, Greece never dreamed of becoming a military power."

There was a light in his eyes which revealed

to me that I was touching a hidden spring which might snap open a door and let me see things that would be worth seeing. For this reason I elaborated: —

"A nation is like an individual: it has its own talents. If you force a man to whom music is the breath of life to become a lawyer, you will produce a very poor one; and if you take a nation like Greece, whose mission is intellectual, and try to make her militaristic, you will fail."

For an instant General Dousmanis hesitated; then the light in his eyes died down. The revelations which I instinctively felt to be on his lips were denied me for the time being.

"It is our mission to teach and to civilize Asia Minor — hence my maps," and he laid his heavy hand tenderly on them.

Once more we pored over them.

"Maps are all very well, but you have not told me how you are going to make the Greeks a military nation in order that they may force Greek civilization on Asia Minor."

"Do you think that it was natural in the German to be a great soldier?" he demanded. "I tell you no! He has been made one, and so shall the Greek be."

"The German's nature permitted him to be Prussianized. The German lacks the love of personal freedom and the thirst for individualism which are the most vital characteristics of our race."

General Dousmanis was occupied in folding up his maps, and I was denied a glimpse into those dark orbs of his. I felt that he was not silent for lack of an answer.

Methodically he tied up his maps, while my last words seemed to linger in the room long after they were spoken. I could hear them as if they were repeating themselves. General Dousmanis said no word until his maps were put back in their places. Then he asked: —

"Where do you stand in regard to Venizelos?"

"He has made a great many mistakes, to judge by what I hear from your side. I don't know him, you see. I have never met him. On my return from Salonica I shall be able to answer you."

"Tell me where you stand now."

"I cannot forgive him for splitting Greece in two, but I believe I admire him."

"Why?"

"Because he stands for ideals."

"Pooh! Venizelos is unbalanced. He is brilliant, and he has the power to carry the crowd."

"What is that power?" I asked.

"Beautiful words."

"You must admit, general, that it is more than words. He has the power to touch the best there is in us."

"What is the best?"

"Idealism."

General Dousmanis never laughs at or scorns anything you say. He takes it and weighs it. He considered my words carefully.

"What does idealism mean?" he asked.

"It means something for which the world has been struggling throughout the ages, and which is beginning to take shape. It means a chance for every man, woman, and child to develop what is best in him, and give it to the world."

"There is only one thing which has counted, and which will continue to count throughout the ages, and that is force."

"Brute force?"

"Brute force first, and the force of wealth, and the force of organization afterwards. With these three you can achieve something in life. With your idealism you will only dream life away.

My motto is, "Πᾶς μὴ Ἕλλην ἐχθρὸς μου." (Who is not a Greek, is my enemy.)

"Then you must feel, general, as if you were living in hell, because the proportion of people who are not Greeks is overwhelming."

"You don't understand my motto properly. It means that the interest of Greece alone is my concern. No one else does anything for you. Every person you meet considers his own interests first. Yours, if they count at all, are of minor importance. He will sacrifice yours to his, every time. That is a law of nature. Hence, he who is not a Greek is my enemy, because he will sacrifice Greek interest to his. Do you believe in that insulting phrase, 'The Protecting Powers'?"

"No, I never did," I replied vehemently.

"Do you believe that Greece would not have existed if the Powers had not intervened in 1828?"

"Perhaps she would not at that time, for the revolution of seven years had exhausted her; but my belief is that it would have been better for us. We should have gathered strength and revolted again, and then if we had succeeded, instead of the barren rocks the Powers allowed us, — one

third of the country that had been in revolt, — we might have had an economic chance for life."

"Then you don't feel that Greece ought to be grateful to the so-called 'Protecting Powers'?"

"To Russia — no! Russia meant Greece to die of atrophy; and because she began to live in spite of the restricted and bare territory accorded her, and because Russia was unable to reduce her to a vassal state, she fomented the Bulgarian atrocities, fought the Turks, and created Bulgaria, feeling certain that with a strong Bulgaria to fight her, Greece would have to die. That is what I think of one 'Protecting Power.'"

"And England?" he queried.

"England has been fairer. We were not in her way — and she did give us the Ionian Islands in 1863."

"Because Gladstone made her."

"Yes, but Gladstone embodied what was liberal and fair and best in England."

"Has she ever shown any sign of protecting us?" he demanded.

"None whatever."

"And France?"

"Oh! France is different. France is a Don Quixote. France has loved us because spiritually

we were one with her people, and because it is in the heart of France to love smaller nations."

"That is literature, madame. Has she ever protected Greece?"

"Whenever she could, yes."

"When was that?"

"I don't know offhand; but I was brought up to think so."

"That is the worst about us!" he cried. "We are brought up to feel grateful to people who would put us out of existence if we were slightly in their way."

"I admit that if the existence of France were in the balance against ours, she would, of course, sacrifice us. I have no illusions about the Great Powers, although I admire England and love France."

"I told His Majesty that through your brain you belonged to our party," he said with satisfaction. "That is why I wanted to talk to you as Greek to Greek."

"I belong to your party in so far as I should like to eliminate the words 'Protecting Powers' from our vocabulary. They rob us of our self-esteem, and give the foreigner the right to intervene in our affairs."

"Wait a moment," he said, and he wrote my words down on a piece of paper and read them aloud.

"But I am against your policy," I continued, "because I feel that if Greece had gone into this war, and helped with all her might, she could, for the first time, have made her rights felt. They could hardly have cheated her in the end. This is a world war, and every eye will be upon the men who will sit and confer at the end of it; and since I believe that ultimately America will have to come in, and since she has no interest in the partition of territory, she will be fairer to the small nations than the great European Powers."

"I do not believe in the disinterestedness of your adopted country, madame. She has no territorial interests, but has she not commercial ones?"

"There is no use my discussing America with you, general. You could not understand. You have the average European idea that we think only of the dollar. We don't. To begin with, we make it too easily to worship it, and, secondly, we are sentimentalists, and are filled to the brim with ideals. Let us discard your prejudices against America. That is my ground; I know

America, and you can take my word for it that she will not stand for any unjust partitions."

Dousmanis was silent for several moments. I could see that he was debating with himself, and finally decided to tell me his thoughts.

"You believe that we are against the Entente, don't you?" he said.

"Your acts give that evidence."

"Well, we should have gone in with the Entente in the beginning if they had been fair to us. When Venizelos, two weeks after the opening of the war, offered Greece to the Allies, no one of us opposed his policy, except Dr. Streit, and he wanted Greece to remain neutral. Had the Allies then accepted Venizelos's offer they would have had the country with them. I want you to believe that we wanted to go with the Allies — but what did they do? Each one wrote separately to say, 'No, thank you. We prefer to have you remain neutral!'"

As the general pronounced his last words, his countenance darkened, and I saw how a man can look when hatred dominates him.

"Why do you think they scorned Venizelos's offer?" he asked.

"They did not scorn it," I replied. "They

only hoped to keep the rest of the Balkans out of the war."

"The war started in the Balkans. How could they help its spreading farther? They are not idiots!"

"But they *are* idiots," I contradicted. "That is the pathetic part of it: that the men at the head of those nations did behave like idiots."

"That is a charitable view for old ladies staying in their homes to take; but you and I must look cold facts in the face. They refused Venizelos's offer because they did not wish to accept Greece as an ally. They knew well that Germany would bid for Bulgaria and Turkey, and they meant to outbid her for those two countries. They hoped to get Bulgaria by offering her Greek territory, and Turkey by telling her she need not give up the Greek islands awarded to Greece by the London Conference, and by offering her a tremendous sum of money. Greece would then have found herself surrounded by allies of the Entente, and they calculated that she would be forced to come in, anyway, in the hope of getting some crumbs; or if she had objected to their treatment, she was at their mercy, since they could have blockaded her. It would not have

been the first time. They blockaded us in the Crimean War, so that we might not fight on the side of Russia against Turkey — and what did they give us? — the plague. They blockaded us in 1876 and '77, so that again we might not fight with Russia and against Turkey — and what did they give us? They did not even permit us to have a representative in the conference that followed the war, in which their infamous Treaty of Berlin was drawn up. There they created a Bulgaria, who had never fought a single battle for her independence, much greater than we were; and they gave her our lands that she should be a constant menace to us."

He stopped in the abrupt way he had. His heavy-set head moved from side to side, as inwardly he went on with his argument.

"Πᾶς μὴ Ἕλλην ἐχθρὸς μου." — (Who is not a Greek is my enemy.)

He repeated his motto aloud, twice, but not to me, and I realized for the first time that in his dark, unwholesome, German-Venetian way Dousmanis loved Greece — or rather, since love is too soft a word for such a man, that he had a passion for Greece which dominated his every thought and every act.

Once again he turned to me. "You consider Venizelos a great man, don't you?"

"He certainly has that reputation."

"Venizelos will do well in heaven, but for this earth he is a fool. He never saw their game. They played him, and they broke him. Even when he split Greece in two with his revolution and went with them, they never meant to give him a chance."

He opened a drawer and took from it a brown leather notebook.

"I have it all down here," he said, tapping the book. "We have a man in every one of his departments, and we know. Venizelos was there for months before they gave him a single gun. He could have raised an army of a hundred and fifty thousand sturdy fighters. They hindered him in every way they could, by restricting the zone of his operations, and by putting obstacles in the way of officers who wanted to join his movement."

"Oh! General Dousmanis!" I cried, "have they really done all that? And if they did, was n't it again out of stupidity?"

"Don't excuse every sly, clever move of England as a stupidity," he commanded. "She is the

least stupid nation in the world. That is why I admire her. She has no military force; she knows no discipline; yet she wins out, and she wins out by letting you think that she is stupid. Every move of England in this war has been a marvelous move, although it often looked like a blunder. She fooled Venizelos — and she broke him."

A limpness came over me. Could he possibly be right? As a Greek I have always felt a strong resentment against England. As a human being, as a citizen of the world, I admire her. On the whole she is the best the white race has managed to do in the matter of character and principles, and now General Dousmanis was convincing me that she was the most sinister and black-minded of all the nations. He was convincing me because he was convinced himself. There was no doubting the sincerity of his conviction.

"And France, is she, too, playing that game?"

"France does not count," was his quick retort. "She is too weak to stand alone. She has to lean on England, and England is making her play her game. This is a war between England and Germany — and neither will win! You may

think that I have an exaggerated idea of the importance of our little country, but believe what I say: England could have won this war if she had accepted Venizelos's first offer, made him her ally, and let us manage the fight down here. If Greece had become her ally in the beginning, Bulgaria could not have gone with Germany; Roumania would have had to come with us; and we should have cornered Turkey. But that would have meant that full justice would have to be done the little nations — and they did not want to accord full justice. When they were hard-pressed, — when Serbia became exhausted, and Russia was nowhere to help them, — they turned to us and offered us Albania. As if Albania was theirs to offer! Venizelos refused to take Albania, and they gave a part of it to Italy — while uttering their grandiose words about fighting for the rights of little nations! When later the pressure on Serbia became still greater, they offered us, in a vague way 'important concessions' in Asia Minor. Mind you, they refused to say what. After the war they would have given us something, somewhere — in the way that a rich man gives a crust to the poor man, and considers that the poor man ought to kiss his hand in gratitude."

Once again the countenance of Dousmanis reflected the hatred he felt for the "Protecting Powers." Every minute he was revealing to me more of his character, a character I had only faintly guessed at in our previous interviews. I realized now that there was no crime he would not commit if it benefited Greece.

"Why do you think that Russia went to Galicia and the Carpathians and East Prussia, instead of coming to the assistance of Serbia?" he demanded.

"I don't know, unless the reason was geographical. Could she have got to Serbia?"

"Of course she could, through Roumania."

"But that would have meant violating the neutrality of Roumania," I observed.

General Dousmanis's hands came down on his desk with a thud that made everything on it jump up an inch.

"Did Russia go through Roumania in the Russo-Turkish War, or did she not?"

"She did; but she made an arrangement with her."

"She could have made an arrangement this time. Half a million Russians in the Balkans — easily provisioned through Greece — with the

Greek, Serbian, Roumanian, and Bulgarian armies, amounting to a million and a half men; what would that have meant? It would have meant not only saving the gallant Serbian army, but bringing the war to a quick decision."

"Why did not Russia come to the help of Serbia, according to you, general?"

"Same game! Russia wants Serbia to be a vassal state. If we had all gone in, in the way I have suggested, we should have gone in on an equal footing — not for vague promises of 'important concessions.' Have you met Colonel Metaxas yet?"

"Not yet."

"When you see him, even though you are not a military man, you will understand that he is a great soldier. His plans for taking the Dardanelles were brushed aside by the English as if they had been made by a crank. Those plans were not only perfect, but they were the only ones that could have succeeded. We asked for the command down here: that is why they would not accept our plans. Yet if Colonel Metaxas had been given the command and his plan had been followed, we could have taken Constantinople with comparatively small losses. They cast our plans aside, and followed their own —

and their men died like mosquitoes, and then they ignominiously gave up the whole thing. Now they are in Salonica, and General Sarrail is in command. What does he know of the country? And how do you think the French and the English are standing the climate?"

He glanced into his brown leather book again, but did not give me the figures.

"They refused us as allies, so that they might cheat us, and death has taken his toll of them."

General Dousmanis bent over and opened the lowest drawer of his desk and brought forth a new pile of maps. He opened them and showed them to me, one after the other. They were beautiful ones, with every mountain, every ridge, every river, every brook, every road and path marked on them.

"There is not a part of the Balkans I have not made maps of," he went on. "We know these lands, and we know how to fight in them. General Sarrail is in command, and what has he done? After his defeat at Krivolak, if it had not been for our army, his would have been cut to pieces. We saved it. We told the Bulgaro-Germans that if they went a step farther we should attack them."



GENERAL SARRAIL
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ALLIED ARMY IN MACEDONIA

"Why did you not say that to them when they took the Rupel forts?"

"We had completed our arrangement with Germany by then."

His casual reply took my breath away. Then a torrent of questions rushed into my brain — questions that for once in my life I was able to keep unasked. So there had been an "arrangement" with Germany — and it had not been in existence at the time of the battle of Krivolak! Where had this arrangement been consummated, and when?

Not a word of all this did I utter, and I flatter myself that General Dousmanis saw nothing in my expression to lead him to guess that I had just heard the most important words that had reached my ears since coming to Greece. Could I have induced him to speak at this time by skillful questioning? I believe not.

"If Germany does not throw General Sarrail into the sea!" General Dousmanis was continuing, "it will be a political blunder. She can do it whenever she thinks it advisable. Or if she does not do that, there are other means she can employ in Salonica. But there is no hurry. General Sarrail does nothing — he can do noth-

ing. Do you know what they say about him here in Athens?"

"No."

"That he and King Constantine are the only two men in this war who will never break their neutrality."

I laughed at the *mot.* "But why will not King Constantine come out of *his* neutrality?" I asked.

"Because in the beginning the Allies did not think it worth their while, and now it is too late."

"Why is it too late?"

He considered for a minute whether to answer me or not. Then I could see that he decided against answering. Instead he asked: —

"Why did you say to the newspaper men that France and England were the friends of Greece?"

"Because France and England stand for democracy, and so does Greece."

The word "democracy" acts like inflaming poison to General Dousmanis. He pointed one fat finger at me.

"That is what is ruining Greece. *Democracy!* Nothing can be achieved through democracy. Any demagogue can carry the crowd with him. If it were not for our efforts Venizelos would

have excited the mob and Greece would have been in the war on the side of your friends."

"But, general, you yourself said that you were willing to go with them."

"As allies, with a full right to speak in the final conference — yes. Venizelos would have gone in as a private, and he would have counted as much as a private counts with the General Staff."

For several mornings I worked with General Dousmanis. His mentality was as interesting as any I had yet encountered in Greece. The tone of his arguments never varied. He never changed his point of view. He never vacillated, never doubted but that his was the only stand to take.

"But, general, cannot you, for the sake of Greece, face the possibility of an Entente triumph, and plan also for that eventuality?" I once asked.

"No," he replied, "I cannot suppose it. A strong man traces out his course and follows it. He cannot afford to conceive the possibility of any other than his own way being right if he is to reach his goal."

"Supposing that at the end he comes against a stone wall?"

"Then he will break his head against it, that is all."

"But, general, for one minute take my point of view, and suppose that the Entente will win."

"Well, then," he replied contemptuously, "if your Entente wins, the King is lost; if Germany wins, or if there is a *paix blanche*, Venizelos is lost." And this was the nearest I could ever get to have him envisage the possibility of democracy winning against autocracy.

Among the opinions General Dousmanis expressed was this: that France was a country of superb individuals, whose individualities clashed, and who could never work together; while Germany was a country of intelligent mediocrities, who could all work harmoniously together in following out an agreed plan.

With General Dousmanis I took up the paramount question, which I had taken up with every Royalist, and to which I had never yet received an adequate answer.

"There are two reasons, general, for which a nation mobilizes her army: First, to make war; second, to defend her neutrality. Greece mobilized

ostensibly to go to Serbia's aid if she should be attacked by Bulgaria. Yet when Bulgaria did attack her, Greece did nothing."

"We could not defend Serbia, because Germany had sent word to us through our Minister in Berlin that she had eight hundred thousand troops in readiness for us if we should show ourselves hostile to her."

"Then you failed to fulfill your obligations because you were afraid?" I asked.

"We were not the only allies of Serbia. She had France, England, Russia, and Italy. They could have come to her rescue."

"They could not. But you were next door to her. Your army was mobilized. Yet you refused to move — to save your skins. Is that it?"

The dark countenance of General Dousmanis became even darker; yet he answered with a shrug: —

"If you like to put it that way."

"That is the way the world puts it, general. Now, then, Greece mobilized, but did not go to war. When Bulgaria took Fort Rupel, Greece did not defend her neutrality. Why then did she mobilize in the beginning, since she meant neither to go to war, nor to defend her neutrality? Can

you give me an answer to that which will satisfy an enemy world?"

"We mobilized in the beginning because we were afraid that Bulgaria might invade our territory."

"Then why did n't you defend Fort Rupel when she *did* invade your territory?"

"To begin with, those Rupel forts were not at all as important as they make out. And then we had received guarantees from Germany, by that time, that neither she nor her allies would keep Greek territory, except during hostilities, as this was necessary for military purposes."

"And what did you promise to Germany in return for these guarantees of hers?"

"Nothing."

"But Germany does not give something for nothing. You *must* have promised her something."

General Dousmanis looked me straight in the eyes.

"Do you think I lie, then?"

As a matter of fact I knew that he lied. Yet, sitting in his study, having eaten of his sweets and drunk his Turkish coffee, I had not the nerve to tell him so. Also it would not have been

profitable, for it would have been the end of our interviews. It was a pure case of Teutonic diplomacy. Dousmanis knew quite well that I knew he was lying; and yet because he could bully me out of saying so, he considered his point won.

Although Colonel Metaxas is generally considered to be the ablest of the men around King Constantine, he did not make as strong an impression on us as did several other men. He is a plump little man of an ordinary dark type. He was educated in Germany, where he was called "the little Moltke," and it is said that on one occasion the Kaiser threw his arm around Metaxas's shoulder, and said to King Constantine: "If I had five men like him, I would conquer the world." August, 1914, is sinister proof that the Kaiser considered he had the five Metaxases.

In spite of his German education, Colonel Metaxas did not consider Germany invincible in the beginning, nor was he absolutely wedded to neutrality, as is proved by the work he did over his plans for taking Constantinople, which plans he submitted to the Entente. That these plans were contemptuously pigeon-holed by England

— Churchill is usually credited with this act — must surely be ranked among the important blunders committed by the Entente in the Near East. (On our return to England we wrote to Mr. Churchill and asked to see him, to verify the statements made about him. He made three appointments, only to be obliged to break them, owing to important Cabinet meetings or to being called away to Paris. Unfortunately our own sailing prevented a fourth attempt.)

Colonel Metaxas heartily hated the Entente when we saw him. His attitude seemed to me prompted, not by a love for Germany, as was Streit's, nor by a short-sighted, myopic love of Greece, as was Dousmanis's, but by personal feelings of animosity. He felt that he had been slighted; that he had within him the power of a great strategist, and that his power was contemned and unappreciated. And because of this personal bias, he absolutely believed in the sinister interpretations given by General Dousmanis and by Dr. Streit to all the blunders of the Entente.

The colonel is the youngest of the men around the King, and looks even younger than his age. He is a soldier and nothing else. He is very German in appearance, owing to the military stiff-

ness of his manners, and although not bad-looking, he lacks the attractiveness which is the portion of the larger part of the Greek officers. We worked with him for three days in succession. Like General Dousmanis, he was always dressed in mufti, and also like the general he impressed us with his lack of affability.

He also brought forth maps, and stated in the most positive words that Greece could not possibly have escaped annihilation had she dared to oppose Germany, and that King Constantine was entirely justified in saving his little country from the fate of Belgium. He also laid stress on Serbia's disdain of Greece during the first months of the war. A military convention, he explained, is good only for one war. Each war must have its separate military convention. "As soon as the war broke out," he continued, "we endeavored to enter into communication with Serbia in order to draw up a new military convention. She paid not the slightest attention to our endeavors. She behaved as if we were of little account to her, now that she was the ally of the Great Powers."

His language was direct and convincing. I don't know whether he thought he spoke the

truth or not. Some men of strong prejudices have the power of convincing themselves that black is white, when their animosity is sufficiently aroused. Or it may be that he also possessed the "strong man's power" of only looking at one side of a question.

This was not the first time we had met this matter of the military convention between Serbia and Greece. Roughly speaking, it was a working plan for whatever campaign was on foot or contemplated. Gounaris had spoken about it at length, showing us the communications that had been addressed to Serbia on the subject and the memoranda of the officer who had gone to Serbia. He had tried to confuse us into thinking it was in effect the treaty itself, and that in neglecting to make a new military convention, Serbia had actually broken the treaty between her and Greece. The truth of the matter is that Serbia, not a very systematic or business-like nation, had been so busy during the first few weeks of the war with other matters that she had simply put it off.

Like General Dousmanis and Dr. Streit, Colonel Metaxas always looked for the worst interpretation of the acts and motives of others.

He became quite indignant at Serbia's behavior. "When did she turn to us?" he exclaimed. "Only when Russia was nowhere to be seen, and she was facing destruction. Then she cried out to us: 'Come to our help! Let us make a new military convention!' And even at that hour Venizelos sent James Negroponti, of our General Staff, to Serbia, but it was too late."

"Why did you try to make a new military convention?" I asked.

"Because the existing conditions were different from what they had been in 1913, so we had to make a new one."

"But why?" I persisted.

"So that we might know how to place our armies to be of the greatest assistance to each other."

"But why did you wish to assist each other?"

At last Metaxas "caught on" to where my questions were leading him and cleverly tricked me.

"We wished to assist each other, in case Bulgaria and Turkey should attack us both," he replied.

It was an amusing trait of all the Royalists, from the King down, that while vehemently denying that any treaty existed between Serbia

and Greece which would be binding in case of a European, as distinguished from a Balkan war, they were always explaining their acts by saying: "Oh, we were obliged to do that, because our treaty with Serbia compelled us to."

The question of the risk of annihilation which Greece would have run had she gone to Serbia's assistance is the one point which has earned for Constantine a great deal of sympathy from the uninstructed public of the Entente countries and America. The Royalist assertion is generally considered to be true, that had Greece gone to Serbia's aid, she would have simply shared her fate without materially helping her.

There is quite another side to the question. Even King Constantine's General Staff was divided on this point — though one never heard this in Athens. Only the pro-German element held that Greece would have been crushed. The others believed that the strength of the natural fortifications of "Old Greece" (of Greece before the last Balkan war), together with the ease of furnishing supplies to the Græco-Serbian army, and the extreme difficulty of getting supplies to a German army in the Balkans, would have rendered the former invincible.

Once when Mr. Zaïmis was Premier, the pro-Germans were challenged by Colonel Negroponti to debate the matter before Zaïmis and leave him to be the judge as to who was right. This challenge was never accepted either by Dousmanis and Metaxas or by Zaïmis himself.

"Colonel Metaxas," I asked, "is it true that you were against the Entente from the beginning?"

"Certainly not," was his quick retort. "I wanted to go with them. I made plans for them."

"We were told, however, that later you wanted to attack the Entente?"

"Quite true! I advised our turning against the Entente when they demanded our demobilization." (Colonel Metaxas is the only Royalist who ever admitted to us that at any time he was against the Entente. A special halo envelops him for this admission.)

"What would you have gained by fighting the Entente?" I asked.

"Nothing!" he cried. "With their warships they could have reduced our towns to ashes, but we should have vindicated both our manhood and our independence. We have lost both now."

"Do you believe," we asked him, "that Germany will not be defeated?"

"She cannot be," he said definitely.

"And do you believe that the next move of Germany will be to throw General Sarrail into the sea?"

"She will not have to do that. General Sarrail's army is in a trap. It will starve to death. There are at the present moment one hundred and fifty-two ships in the Bay of Salonica, and not one of them dares come out, on account of the submarines."

This was what Germany was telling the Greeks, and since the blockade prevented any newspapers from reaching Greece, the Greeks naturally believed what they were told. That any member of the "Occult Government," which had its numerous spies in Salonica, should have believed any such fairy tale seems absolutely incredible. Yet Colonel Metaxas spoke with every appearance of sincerity.

Colonel Metaxas's hatred for the Entente was open and undisguised. It was not the same hatred that Dousmanis had for it. One felt that the former was derived from personal ambition that had not been gratified. Had the Entente Powers

accepted Greece's first offer to go with them, they might have had Metaxas's absolute devotion; for he would then have seen in the war his great chance in life. In that case I doubt whether Frau Prussia, Dr. Streit, and King Constantine, who were the only people engaged to the cause of Germany from the very start, could have succeeded. It does not seem possible that with the whole country enthusiastically on the side of the Allies, even Queen Sophie and her German gold could have succeeded. Yet what a lot of mischief those German princesses have done to the honor and to the destinies of the countries into which they have married. *Noblesse oblige* and honesty do not seem to have been a part of the upbringing of these princesses.

During the five and a half weeks of our first stay in Athens we worked eight and sometimes ten hours a day. Political men of all hues of opinion and of all stations would often come and stay until midnight talking over the situation from their divers points of view, until every incident, every bit of by-play became as familiar to us as the faces of actors in a drama. Nor did we limit ourselves to the Greeks; every foreigner —

minister, attaché, business or newspaper man — had his side to give, his opinions to unfold.

While working with General Dousmanis in the morning we worked with Mr. Alexander Zaïmis in the afternoon, or *vice versa*. Mr. Zaïmis is the simplest, and at the same time the most complex, personality in Greece. Universally loved, almost universally respected, there is not a single instance in the terrible three years of Greece's black history in which he has had the courage to look the facts in the face, and to act as those who honor him had a right to expect him to act.

It was a warm March afternoon when we rang the bell of his house for the first time. After the manservant who opened the door had dusted our shoes with his feather duster, we were ushered into a spacious, cool, well-filled library, where the leather-covered furniture harmonized quietly with the thousands of leather-bound volumes. We were hardly seated when a side door opened and for the first time we shook hands with the one man in Athens who personally has given me more hope and more pleasure, more confidence and more disappointment, than any other Royalist.



ALEXANDER ZAÏMIS

We liked Mr. Zaïmis that first day and never stopped liking him. Although I know that he has failed Greece, I entertain for him a great affection. He has disappointed me and has not rendered a single great act in the crucial hours of Greece; but I think God is to be blamed for that, and not Mr. Zaïmis.

His mere entrance into the library on that first afternoon filled the room with quietness and repose. Of rather less than the average stature, he looks even smaller, since he does not carry himself erectly; and although not an old man, he gives an impression of age, from his white hair, his slow manner of moving, and his near-sightedness. Well-born, bearing a name that has been respected for generations, he is educated and cultivated to the best degree.

It can well be said of Mr. Zaïmis that honors have been thrust upon him. He has no personal ambitions, no political aims, yet he has always been compelled by circumstances to assume positions he did not aspire to. After King Constantine's brother, Prince George, was forced to leave the Island of Crete, where as High Commissioner he essayed to play the same autocratic rôle which Constantine, later, all but succeeded

in playing in Greece; and where Mr. Venizelos, on a miniature scale, accomplished for democracy what he has recently accomplished in Greece on a greater scale — there Mr. Zaïmis was appointed to succeed Prince George as High Commissioner of the island. And there he worked in harmony with Mr. Venizelos up to the time when Crete at last became united with the motherland.

We were told that in his testament the late King George, after admonishing his son and heir to remember that he was a constitutional king, advised him to call upon Mr. Zaïmis whenever he was in perplexity. Alas! My poor Constantine only remembered half of this; he forgot that he was a constitutional king, but remembered often to call upon Mr. Zaïmis during the short, stormy, noble, and ignoble years of his reign.

What manner of man, then, is this Mr. Zaïmis, who inspired such confidence in astute King George. He is extremely quiet and slow of speech. In a crowd, unless personally appealed to, he rarely gives his opinion. Alone with you, he will speak and speak well and at length, and now and then his words are vivified by flashes of a dry, Scotch kind of humor. He looks more like

an Anglo-Saxon than a Greek, perhaps because of his blue eyes and his quiet ways. He is as one imagines an old marquis, of a long line of descent, to be. As one talks with him the impression of old age lifts gradually, as if there were veils lifted one by one, revealing a man in the prime of middle life.

After we had shaken hands with him and were all seated, we asked him at once his opinion about the treaty with Serbia.

"It was a Balkan treaty only," he replied unhesitatingly, "and it was phrased '*contre une tierce puissance*,' against a third power. Of course I take that to mean against one third power only."

As it was impossible to doubt Mr. Zaïmis's word, we took this as if it were gospel truth. Did he knowingly deceive us? Never for an instant do I believe that he did. He had been out of politics, and had had nothing to do with the making of this treaty with Serbia, and did not know its inner history. Being a good, safe business man, he could not conceive that Greece would have entered into a treaty against so formidable an opponent as Austria, and since Austria was not specifically mentioned, he had

taken the word of the King that it was merely a Balkan treaty and had not considered Austria at all.

"Why did you resign, the first time, in November, 1915?" I asked.

"Because the King wished to dissolve the Chamber, and I did not wish him to do it. I knew that if he did, it would place Greece and himself badly before the Entente."

"Had he the right to dissolve the Chamber?"

"Technically — yes; but it was a right which he ought to have availed himself of sparingly. He had dissolved the Chamber in February, 1915. after the first resignation of Mr. Venizelos, but then he had the excuse that it had been elected before the war. The Chamber elected in June, 1915, could not be dissolved without grave consequences."

Here is where Mr. Zaïmis lacked the force to fight the "Occult Government," which was backing the King in his dissolution of the Chamber. Had he stood up against the King, the nation would have supported him, and it is very doubtful whether King Constantine would have dared to defy him and the Greek people. But instead of standing at his post, fighting for the

constitution of Greece, and becoming another Venizelos, — he resigned! If it was wrong to dissolve the Chamber under his premiership, it was wrong to dissolve it at all. How can a public man salve his own conscience for a move he knows to be wrong, by simply resigning and saying he will have nothing to do with it — instead of staying and fighting it? There are two ways of being implicated in a bad action, the direct and the indirect. Mr. Zaïmis directly was not implicated in the dissolution of that Chamber which marked the beginning of the degradation of Greece: indirectly he certainly was. Had he stood at his post and refused to dissolve the Chamber, he would have stayed the hand of Constantine; Fort Rupel would not have been surrendered, and later Kavalla and Drama. Directly, Mr. Zaïmis's hands are clean. Indirectly, there is no man in Greece so guilty as he, because he was the only man in Old Greece who could have saved the country. No man in Old Greece had such a following as he, and the King and his creatures would hardly have dared defy him, in spite of the Prussian lady and her Dr. Streit.

That is why Mr. Zaïmis's guilt is greater than

that of the others. The King is a Dane; the Queen is a Prussian; Dr. Streit is a German; Dousmanis hates democracy and was ever fighting to establish autocracy; Metaxas, also a lover of autocracy and an admirer of Germany, was really sacrificing Greece because he had been slighted by the Entente. Mr. Zaïmis had none of these excuses. He was a Greek, and of the best. He had nothing to lose, except the favor of the Court, for which he cared little; had he done his duty, he would have become an immortal.

"By resigning, Mr. Zaïmis, did you not fail Greece in her hour of need?" I asked.

"I could not have stayed," he replied. "When a Prime Minister and a King disagree, the Prime Minister must resign. Mr. Venizelos had to resign twice."

"Yet had you fought the King," I put in vehemently, "it would have made a profound impression upon the Greek people. You could have done what no other could. You had no political opponents, and you are universally loved."

"But I could not stay, since the King was determined to dissolve the Chamber."

"Why was he so determined?"

"It was a Chamber whose majority was Venizelist. The Royalists felt that it was like a plank across a stream. Any time Venizelos wished to turn over the plank, the Royalists would be thrown into the water."

"Yet it had been elected fairly and squarely."

"Yes."

"Was it not unconstitutional, then, to dissolve it for no other reason than that it represented Venizelos's policy?"

"It could not be called unconstitutional, in a way. My resignation, however, gave France, England, and Russia every right to interfere — if they wished to support Venizelos's policy. Apparently they did not wish to do it."

"Had you stayed and fought, do you think that the King would have insisted on the dissolution of the Chamber?"

"I could not stay and fight, because I was not an elected Prime Minister. The King had called me to serve him: the minute I could no longer serve him, I had to go."

"After your resignation, Mr. Skouloudis came to power?"

"Yes."

"Did you approve of his course?"

"I am not a politician. I am the president of the National Bank."

"Above all you are a Greek. Was it not your duty to watch over the interests of Greece? When the Skouloudis Cabinet permitted the Bulgaro-Germans to occupy the Rupel forts, ought you not to have cried out against it?"

"I was told that we could not have defended them."

"Then why did Greece mobilize, if she could not defend a single one of her forts?"

"The King was determined not to go out of his neutrality. Had he defended Fort Rupel, it would have meant war."

"But did he not mobilize in order to defend his neutrality by force of arms?"

"Yes."

"Then why did he not do so? Don't you see, Mr. Zaïmis, how badly Greece is placed before the world? The Swiss mobilized, and the Dutch mobilized, and neither of these was attacked, because the combatants knew that they *would* defend their neutrality. Is it not possible that Greece had some secret understanding with Germany? Both General Dousmanis and Colonel Metaxas, as well as Dr. Streit and Mr. Gounaris,

speak of Germany's 'guarantees' to Greece. What were these guarantees, and in return for what were they given?"

"I don't know any of these things. My Cabinet was a *cabinet de service.* I had no right to probe into the actions of the King."

"But as a Greek, and as a force in your country's welfare, you certainly had. I am questioning every one of these things because my heart aches for the dishonor of Greece. How can you refrain from questioning?"

We had reached an *impasse.* Mr. Zaïmis's greatest fault is his lack of courage to face disagreeable facts. He who had been at the head of his country's government three times since the beginning of the war continually answered my questions with "I don't know," when he should have known.

"After Skouloudis's fall, you again succeeded to the premiership?"

"Yes; the King asked me to form a cabinet to demobilize and to hold new elections. I assumed the premiership merely to perform those two acts. The Entente had demanded this demobilization."

"You were still Premier when the Drama-

Kavalla districts were abandoned, undefended, to the Bulgaro-Germans?"

"Yes; but we did not abandon them to the Bulgaro-Germans. The Entente had forced us to demobilize, and our army was in the Peloponnesos. The General Staff told me that they had an idea the Bulgaro-Germans might seize those districts, and that I had better inform General Sarrail, so that he could take them first. You see how fair the General Staff was," said honest Mr. Zaïmis. "They wanted General Sarrail to have them, and they let him know beforehand. Why did he not take them? Why did he let the Bulgaro-Germans have the chance?"

Mr. Zaïmis's words were convincing, and like him I felt that the General Staff had acted very fairly in the matter. When we were in Salonica we asked General Sarrail why it was he had disregarded the friendly hint of Mr. Zaïmis, and instead had sent back a decidedly rude message.

General Sarrail laughed. "That Greek General Staff has its own peculiar humor. They had spies all over Salonica, and they knew as well as I that had I occupied Drama-Kavalla at that time I should have been so weakened here that I should have been an easy prey to the enemy. That is the

only reason they sent me word; but Mr. Zaïmis believed they acted favorably and magnanimously to me."

General Sarrail did not add, as was the fact, that the Greek General Staff was all the time behaving in the most treacherous way to him, and, while throwing dust in the eyes of Mr. Zaïmis and the rest of the loyal Greeks, was trying to get him into a trap from which there should be no escape. Fortunately, General Sarrail, having already had many examples of their treachery, was on his guard.

"Why did you resign again?" I asked Mr. Zaïmis. "Did you not feel that it was your duty to stay in the Government, since the Entente had trust in you and in no one else in Athens?"

"I could not have stayed. It was impossible for me to stay," Mr. Zaïmis replied, without giving any reason.

"Your going was a crime," I said vehemently; "because your going brought Professor Lambros into power, and you know that the premiership of Lambros is as dark as that of Skouloudis."

"I could not have stayed," Mr. Zaïmis repeated.

The reasons which Mr. Zaïmis did not give us

we learned in Salonica from Mr. Politis, Mr. Venizelos's Minister of Foreign Affairs. He said that Zaïmis could not stay because he realized that his position at the head of the Government was a mockery, and that his orders were not being carried out. While he was the responsible head, it was the "Occult Government" which really ruled. Once more Mr. Zaïmis preferred to guard his own good name rather than fight for that of Greece. To be fair to him, I don't believe he sees it this way. He merely felt that there was no use in his remaining Premier when there was a hidden force which worked against him behind his back. Moreover, he and M. Guillemin, the French Minister, did not get along together, and being harassed on all sides, and not being a fighter, he saw no alternative except to resign.

It is odd that during our stay in Athens and Salonica, I found myself in strong sympathy with three men of widely divergent personalities: the infernal Dousmanis, the quiet and lovable Zaïmis, and the great Repoulis, in Salonica. With Dousmanis the link was the conviction that the Great Powers were not to be trusted: the past had taught us that they would sacrifice little nations without remorse. With Zaïmis it was the

conviction that Germans, Bulgars, and citizens of one of the Entente Powers underhandedly did many acts — supposedly done by the Greeks — in order to embroil Greece with the Allies and place her in an unfavorable light before them. Mr. Zaïmis gave me instance after instance which happened while he was Prime Minister, only, as he asked me not to make use of them during the war, I cannot give them here, much as I should like to. They would shed a light on the Greek situation that is much needed. My other link of sympathy with Mr. Zaïmis was the fear we shared for the integrity of Greece; for I must confess that under the influence of General Dousmanis I had become afraid — and how could I help it when Englishmen and Frenchmen in Greece who ought to know told me that the Entente was not sure of giving Salonica back to Greece? A French personage of great importance gave me the excuse that King Constantine had told him that he could not defend it against Bulgaria.

I might have replied that France alone could not defend herself against Germany; yet would that be any excuse for England or America to take a slice of France? The reason I did not say

this to him was because I could not make even a slight detrimental remark against a nation that has shown herself, in this war, *sans peur et sans reproche*. The world is now discovering the sublimity of France. Most Greek children are born with that discovery in their hearts, and although I was sorely tried by the French in Greece, France was still my beloved. I could not speak unkindly of her even for the sake of Greece, and I was rewarded; for on our return to Paris we had the supreme happiness of listening to M. Painlevé, who was kind enough to receive us twice in the Ministry of War. There he spoke of Greece with justice, with appreciation, even with love.

"What other nation," he cried, "would have split in two for the sake of an ideal, and have followed a man who was anathematized by his Church, disgraced and persecuted by his King, and to whom we must acknowledge that we, his friends, failed to render adequate support? What other nation of its size could have raised eighty thousand soldiers for a proscribed and forbidden cause? Those who speak against Greece are ignorant and misguided people."

M. Painlevé said much more along the same

line. He knew the situation in Greece as well as we, who had just spent so many months studying it. But in Athens, before having seen M. Painlevé, M. Ribot, M. Briand, and M. Clémenceau, before having spoken with many other great Frenchmen, and influenced by General Dousmanis, Dr. Streit, and others, I was afraid that France was aiming at the independence of Greece.

That same fear for his country ought to have inspired Mr. Zaïmis with added force to act. Instead he accepted the version of affairs given by the King and the "Occult Government," and sat with hands folded while the honor and the interests of Greece were being dragged to the depths of degradation.

Chapter V

WAS CONSTANTINE A COWARD?

The Prime Ministers who succeeded Venizelos either lacked the strength to oppose King Constantine and had to resign, or became his dupes, or willingly became his instruments in order to curry favor with him.

When Mr. Zaïmis resigned rather than dissolve the Chamber, the King found himself in difficulties. His pal, Gounaris, would most heartily have come to his assistance, but the Entente would have none of him. One or two other political men to whom the King made overtures let him see clearly that under their premiership the Chamber could not be dissolved, and the King had no alternative but to turn to a man like Skouloudis, who, to gratify his ambition to become Prime Minister, was willing to do anything the King should require of him.

When the time came for us to work with Skouloudis, we wrote him a note and asked for an interview. The reply came that although this

would give him a great deal of pleasure, he exceedingly regretted that his age — he is over eighty years old — and his bad health would prevent him from giving himself that pleasure. His excuse appeared to us ridiculous, because, from our hotel next door to his house, we could see him every day going for his walks, always accompanied by two or three politicians, with whom he talked with the greatest animation, presumably on the topic which all Athens always talked about — politics.

Having succeeded in everything we had set out to do thus far on our trip, we did not give up Skouloudis without a struggle. We asked Mr. Zaïmis, without success, to obtain an interview for us; and also addressed ourselves to Streit, Dousmanis, and Metaxas. The three of the "Occult Government" assured us solemnly that Skouloudis was too feeble to be interviewed, and that in his place Mr. Gounaris and Mr. Rallis, both of whom had been members of his Cabinet, would be at our disposal to cover the period during which Skouloudis had been in power.

That Mr. Skouloudis was too feeble to be interviewed we very shortly found out to be entirely true — only the feebleness which precluded the

aged ex-Prime Minister from seeing us was not of the body.

Once more we found ourselves in Mr. Gounaris's pleasant sitting-room, with suave Mr. Gounaris prepared to resolve all our doubts. He at once set out to explain away the surrender of Fort Rupel as a mere nothing.

"The Anglo-French could have taken it just as well as the Germano-Bulgars. If it had been of any importance they would have done so. Why did they not? We told them that we would not fight the Germano-Bulgars."

This brought me back to my eternal question: "Why, then, did you mobilize?"

"General Dousmanis explained that fully, did he not, when you asked him that question?"

They must have had a good understanding among themselves; for this was not the first time that one of them had shown complete knowledge of what another of them had told us. Their team-play thus far had been excellent.

"Mr. Gounaris," I said candidly, "you are the man who is supposed to have told Bulgaria that Greece would not attack her if she fell upon Serbia."

Mr. Gounaris smiled upon us. I wish it were

in my power to describe Gounaris's smile adequately. The smile was the man: so benevolent, so holy. There was nothing vulgarly crafty or cunning about it. It was charitable, a little resigned, yet always hopeful that we should see and believe the truth as he presented it to us. Let him guard that smile as his most precious attribute. Gounaris without his smile — what would he be? A Teddy without teeth, a Kaiser without uniform!

As cocaine is injected into the tooth about to be pulled, so Gounaris smiled upon our suspicion as he prepared to extract it.

"The absurdity of that, I can easily prove to you. Mr. Venizelos had been elected; he was to succeed me — and all the world knew that he was for the Entente. Supposing that I *had* told Bulgaria that Greece would not attack her, why should she believe me, since I was leaving office and Venizelos was coming in?"

"Because you were the *King's* Prime Minister, and not the nation's. What you said represented the intentions of the King."

"Do you wish to infer, madame, that the *King* sent word to Bulgaria, through me?" Horror at the bare idea suffused his voice.

"I do not wish to infer anything. I am merely asking the question that a hostile world is asking."

"Surely you don't believe it?"

"It is of very little importance what I believe. It is what the world believes that matters. It is to that world that you and I must make an answer. The Bulgarian newspapers announced — before Bulgaria attacked Serbia — that they were confident Greece would not fight. The whole world knows that."

"They wished to place us in a bad light."

"Then you *did* mean to fight Bulgaria as soon as she attacked Serbia?"

"We mobilized as soon as she mobilized."

"And you attacked her as soon as she attacked Serbia?"

Once more Gounaris evaded: "General Dousmanis and Colonel Metaxas have both explained to you the grave reasons why Greece remained neutral. I cannot answer as well as they did."

"Yet the question which you *could* answer remains unanswered. Who told Bulgaria, and when, that Greece would not fight her, and that she was at liberty to attack Serbia?"

"I do not know, madame."

Over his head a large photograph of Queen Sophie was hanging on the wall. I pointed to it:—

"Did *she* tell it? There are those who say she did."

Mr. Gounaris turned, and his languid eyes caressed the picture of Prussia's daughter.

"Our dear Queen is a model wife and mother. She cares little for politics, I assure you."

During the two more days we spent with Mr. Gounaris on the Skouloudis Cabinet we gleaned nothing to shed any light on that disgraceful period. It was simply evasion of real issues, and repetition of the various excuses we had already heard.

The next person to see was Mr. Rallis. It was at this time that Kenneth Brown announced — much to the scandal of the Greeks, to whom politics is the breath of life — that he was so "fed-up" on politics that he wanted to milk a cow. A nanny-goat was the best that offered itself, so he went off to rest his nerves by playing tennis. As regards politics I am a true Greek: they are to me what Huyler's are to many women. When I was only ten years old I knew my Berlin Treaty as American children know their Mother Goose. So I went to see Mr. Rallis alone.

I was rather glad to do this. The Royalists always became more confiding when they were alone with me. My husband's silence disconcerted them, and his non-committal, New England countenance inspired them with the mistrust that they were failing to convince him of the righteousness of their cause.

Mr. Rallis, to whom I came unannounced, received me with apparent pleasure. His handclasp was long and warm. He fluttered about like a débutante, and since he is as careless a talker as King Constantine, my visit was well worth while. Had the "Occult Government" known how much he was going to tell me, they would surely have put him in quarantine along with Skouloudis. It was also fortunate that I went to see him without making an appointment, for he told me that Dr. Streit had intended bringing me himself, and had we been so chaperoned I am sure that Rallis would have been much more discreet.

While still shaking my hand he told me that I had the reputation of being the sharpest person that had come to Greece, that all said I was constantly trying to trip them up, and that I did manage to worm things out of them which they

did not wish me to know. Then the room filled with a young, joyous laugh, for although Rallis is over seventy, he has the laugh of a boy.

"Do you know why you have not seen Skouloudis?" he went merrily on. "Because you'd have made him talk too much. He cannot open his mouth, anyway, without making a *gaffe*, and they decided not to let him pass under the battery of your questions."

He led me to a sofa, made me sit down, and rang for a servant.

"Bring quince preserve, coffee, and *koulourakia*."

"How did you know that I liked all those things?"

"I know heaps about you. Why have n't you come to me before? I have been waiting for you for a whole month."

"I am here now, and I want particularly to know whether Mr. Skouloudis actually told the Allies that he would disarm them and the Serbian army if they retreated into Greek territory."

Mr. Rallis's neat figure executed a few steps of *pas seul*, his bright eyes sparkled, and he rubbed his hands together. He laughed heartily,

and his laugh was so infectious, and he looked so funny, that I laughed with him, without knowing why he was amused. The manservant appeared with the sweets and coffee and placed them on a table near my chair. Mr. Rallis turned to him severely: —

"I am not in to any one, do you understand?"

The man nodded and laughed, with the pretty familiarity between masters and servants which one finds in Greece.

"Now that I have you here, I am going to keep you for hours," he said to me.

"You may, provided you tell me something during those hours."

"Did n't the others tell you anything?"

"Heaps! But since you are a lawyer, Mr. Rallis, you must know that most of the evidence is against you. The pathetic part is that you had a pretty good case if you had only stuck to the main road. If you would take me more into your confidence, perhaps I could help you more."

"We made mistakes all along the line," he replied sadly. "Where would you like me to begin?"

"With the Skouloudis Cabinet, of course, since you were in it."

The name of Skouloudis occasioned a fresh access of mirth to Mr. Rallis.

"I wish they had let you see him. Would n't you have bowled him over, though! Let me tell you!" He pulled up a chair, and sat down close to me. "After Skouloudis became a millionaire, he had but one ambition, to become Prime Minister. Under normal conditions he would never have achieved this, but he got it, and it went to his head."

"Did he actually tell M. Guillemin that he would disarm the Allies if they retreated into Greece?"

"It was worse than that. The German Minister came to him and asked him what Greece would do in the event of an Allied retreat into her territory. Skouloudis did n't know. Then the German Minister told him that according to The Hague Convention, Greece ought to disarm them. Skouloudis agreed, whereupon the German Minister left him, and spread the report all over Athens that Skouloudis had told him that should the Allied armies retreat into Greece, Greece would disarm them. M. Guillemin heard it, became excited, and rushed to Skouloudis to know if it were true. Skouloudis,

thinking he had got hold of a grand phrase said to him, 'M. Guillemin, I regret it, but according to the Hague Convention, Greece ought to disarm you.'

"An hour later, fortunately, we happened to have a Cabinet Council, and Skouloudis mentioned to us what the German Minister had told him, and what he had said to the French Minister. We became frantic: 'You said that, you madman?' we cried. 'You made such a *gaffe!*' At once we rushed to the telephone, called up the head operator at the telegraph office, and ordered him to hold up any telegrams sent by the Allied Ministers. We were just in time; for M. Guillemin was already wiring to his Government. Then we sent old Skouloudis post-haste to M. Guillemin to tell him that although, according to the Hague Convention, Greece *ought* to disarm the Allies, she would not do it, because we had a benevolent neutrality toward them."

Mr. Rallis sprang to his feet, and walked up and down the long room, gesticulating and looking younger than the fifty years he generally looks. He came and stood in front of me, and burst forth: —

"I am over seventy years old, and I have seen

many funny things, but Skouloudis as Prime Minister was the funniest. He had no political sense whatsoever, and yet to hear him talk you would think he was the first Prime Minister who had happened in the history of the world. He thought himself so important that he actually took it into his head to withhold from the Cabinet the conversations he had with the foreign ministers. One day I got mad at him and said, 'Skouloudis, you think you are the head of the Government — why, you are nothing but the umbrella for the real power.'"

"Who was the real power, Mr. Rallis?"

"The Palace, of course."

Mr. Rallis and I had got on so famously together that I ventured the great question, the answer to which I had been seeking ever since coming to Greece: —

"Mr. Rallis, why did Greece remain neutral in this world war?"

"Would you like to know the truth?"

"Yes, and I feel that you are the man to tell it to me."

"It is the truth from my personal point of view, remember."

I nodded.

"Constantine is a coward. He is afraid of Germany."

To utter a single word after this seemed impossible. I quietly ate some cake, though I was afraid Mr. Rallis would hear the thumping of my heart.

He watched me attentively. "I don't think you believe me. I see now why all the others say that you don't believe a word we say to you, and why no one can make you out. The King said some time ago that your Government had sent you over; Dr. Streit is certain that you are a Venizelos agent; while Gounaris and the General Staff are convinced that England sent you here."

"Yet to every one we have told exactly the truth, and because it is the truth you don't believe it. Is it because you never tell the truth yourselves, Mr. Rallis?"

"I made up my mind that when you came to me, I should tell you the truth. I have told you nothing but the truth this morning."

"I believe every word you have said to me, Mr. Rallis."

"You believe what I said about Constantine being a coward?"

"That I am trying to grasp. He is reputed to be a good soldier and a great general."

"What is the power General Dousmanis and Colonel Metaxas have over him?" he asked.

I shook my head.

"I don't know for certain myself," he went on. "Perhaps it is the knowledge that they *do* know that he is not a great general."

"Still, between not being a great general and being a coward there is a great distance. Why do you think he is a coward?"

"He is so by temperament. All autocrats are cowards, and Constantine is an autocrat of the worst type."

"Mr. Rallis, since you have made this disclosure to me, I may tell you that for the last ten years, Constantine has been telling his American friends — and they have told me — that constitutional government was bad for Greece, and that he could do nothing for the country so long as he was obliged to be a constitutional king."

Mr. Rallis scratched his head. "Constantine's mother was a Russian grand duchess. It comes out in the son."

"Did you know that he hated the constitution?"

"Of course! I also knew that his father before him hated it. But whereas George was adroit, Constantine is bull-headed. King George ruled over this country for fifty years, and during those fifty years he ruined every big man who rose on the horizon of the country. Trikoupis died of a broken heart, and King George killed that great man as surely as if he had put a knife into his heart. He pretended to love him, too. Whenever there arose a great Greek, King George placed a creature of his own in his Cabinet, and through that creature he ruined him."

Something that Dr. Streit had told us, and to which we had paid little attention at the time, now recurred to me.

"When I was Minister in Vienna," Dr. Streit had said to us, "King George, passing through, came to see me, and said: 'Streit, I want you to come back to Athens. I want you to be in Venizelos's Cabinet. I don't trust Venizelos. I want a man there who can watch him for me.' That was why I came back from Vienna. King George was killed shortly afterwards, but King Constantine, knowing how his father felt, insisted on my going into the Cabinet of Venizelos, where I became Minister of Foreign Affairs."

These reflections I did not impart to Rallis. I only remarked: "I thought King George was a good king, and loved Greece."

"Loved Greece! He only loved himself and his children. Could he have done what he liked, he would have divided Greece into five parts, and partitioned it among his sons. Why should he have loved Greece, anyway? He had never heard of Greece: he was an officer on a ship, somewhere near Malta, when the Powers picked him up and saddled us with him. We wanted and voted for one of Queen Victoria's sons, but the jealousies of the other Powers would not permit us to have a decent king. As Denmark was of no account, the son of the King of Denmark was the proper person for Greece. Loved Greece?" he sneered once more; "Lord! what a farce! I was Prime Minister when his son, Prince George, as Governor of Crete, had his fight with Venizelos and was forced to get out of the island. I did my best for Prince George. The King and Queen were in Europe, and when they returned and I went to receive them, neither one of them would shake hands with me, and Queen Olga did n't speak to me for a long time, because she thought I had not protected *her child* against

Venizelos. And what do you think Prince George did to me after he came back? The first time he met me in the palace, he addressed me with the vilest phrase that exists in the Greek language — he a Prince, and I the Prime Minister!"

I had encountered other Royalists of the inner circle of the Court who spoke as bitterly as Rallis of the Danish dynasty which governed Greece. Mr. Rallis, however, was the first politician of the Royalist Party who had given vent to his feelings so openly.

"You were always in favor of Mr. Venizelos's policy, were you not?" I asked.

Rallis, besides being a delightful host and humorist, was a patriot, and as such had supported Venizelos's policy as the only one that Greece ought to follow. Personally, however, he hated the Cretan, and my question was unfortunate. When Rallis begins to talk about Venizelos, he becomes insane. He now began to abuse him as thoroughly and as volubly as had Prince Nicholas.

He was sitting near me, and I put my hand on his shoulder. "I have heard all this abuse before, from Prince Nicholas down to an insignificant youth who wrote a book about him. It is

unworthy of you to be classed with them. You are a good Greek and a clever one, and you love your country. Why do you hate the only man who can lift Greece from the mire?"

"I have a right to hate him. For over forty years I have never once missed being elected deputy — and Venizelos defeated me."

"And you wish to punish Greece for that?"

"I wish to punish that man. You know he is from a low origin. He is not any relation to the great family of Venizelos."

I could not help laughing. "My dear Mr. Rallis, I should say that was so much the worse for the 'great' family of Venizelos. You are talking now to an American. Our greatest men come from nowhere; and let me tell you that even in Greece the day is coming when people will be intelligent enough to look at the man and not at his pedigree."

"I dare say," Mr. Rallis agreed; "only just now families do count, and Venizelos — let me explain to you about this family."

I rose. "Good-bye, Mr. Rallis. I like you ever so much, but I have never been interested in family trees. Why should I now? Venizelos is a great man, and that is sufficient for me."

"But you don't know him. You have never seen him. How do you know he is great?"

"The hate which you all have for him proves his greatness. One does not hate a small man the way you do."

"Do sit down," he begged, and pulling out his watch looked at the time. "You have only been here two hours, and I have so much to tell you. Do sit down. It is not lunch-time yet."

"No, there is yet an hour before lunch-time, and I will stay if you will leave Venizelos out, and talk like a rational human being."

"How you do speak to me!" he said, quite surprised. "I am much older than you. I could be your grandfather."

"I should be ashamed of my grandfather if he hated a great Greek as you hate Mr. Venizelos."

"He has hurt me," he said, almost like a child.

As Rallis is a patriot, and very sane when he is not mad, I should not be surprised if, managed by Mr. Venizelos, he would once more become one of his supporters — that is, if he is able to withstand the feminine influence of his household, which is extremely Royalist in the unintelligent way some people have of worshiping a king.

I stayed an hour more with Mr. Rallis, and saw him several other times, and he told me much that helped me, later, to understand better the workings of the "Occult Government."

During the five weeks that we were in Athens I made a point of talking not only with the political men, but also with all sorts of people, from the little *lustros* in the streets up — and your Athenian bootblack discusses politics as glibly as an American bootblack would talk about baseball. Since there was a great scarcity of bread, even in the best hotels and the richest homes, — and what there was hardly was digestible, — I made the search for *galata* (a delicious kind of hard biscuit) my pretext for entering all sorts of little shops and conversing with the shopkeepers. Nearly all of them knew who we were, and in one embroidery shop the man wanted to make me a present "because we were working for the union." They all spoke to me with great freedom, and on an average this is what they said: —

"We like the King, but we are for the other one. We want him back. He knows how to govern us. While he was here, graft and dis-

honesty had to lie low. Now they are up again."

Over and over again we were told that the epistrates came into the shops and forced the proprietors to hang up the King's picture. "Not that we don't want to have Constantine's picture, but they make us get one if we don't have one."

"Is all the army on the side of the King?"

"Certainly not, madame, but those who are for the other one are quite aware that they are being spied upon, so they say nothing. Just let England and France go into the barracks and say, 'All those who are for the other one, stand up!' and you will see how many there are."

Another day a small shopkeeper pointed to a group of epistrates standing at the street-corner. "Look at them," he said. "Do you know what they are doing? They are spying on us. It is for us they have formed their reservists' leagues. They come to us and tell us they will break our bones and destroy our goods, if they hear us pronounce his name. So we don't. What can we do? We are terrorized."

It was the same sort of story with the bigger shops and with the banks. As for the army, I can only give my own experience: whenever I



POSTCARD PICTURE OF CONSTANTINE AND THE KAISER
All copies were confiscated and destroyed a few days after this one was bought

was going anywhere alone, and saw an officer, I would ask him the way. Invariably he would offer to show me how to get there, and thus we would begin talking. Every one of those with whom I spoke was bitter against the General Staff, the Queen, and Dr. Streit, whom they called "Sophie's gramophone." With the exception of one, all liked King Constantine, and regretted that he was a tool in the hands of Germany. One officer spoke disparagingly of him, both as a man and as a soldier, and said that Greece would be a free country only when he was kicked out. "We officers stand no chance of promotion unless we bootlick the King and speak in favor of Germany. That is what our German Queen has brought us to," he said. (This last assertion was also made to my husband by other officers.)

"You are speaking very freely to me," I remarked. "How do you know that I shall not report you?"

"I read every word you say to the newspapers," he replied, "and I know that you are here to work for the union."

"Still I am a Royalist, in a way, and I might report you."

"I don't think so, for I know Colonel Goussis, and you are great friends with him and his family."

"Since you feel the way you do, why don't you join Venizelos?" I inquired.

"Because I am poor. I have a wife and two children, and they depend on my pay, which is now doubled by the King. If I were to try to join Venizelos in Salonica, it might take me two months; you have no idea what difficulties the French and the English place in our way. And if I leave here, I do not know what the Royalists will do to my wife. The Ministers of France and England are still scared to death, and live down at Karetsine on their warships. If we go, who is left to protect our women? You don't know what is going on here in Athens. It is terrorism, I tell you."

"How is the feeling in the army?" I asked.

"It is pretty well poisoned. They have been corrupted by double pay and lies. The Queen, as you doubtless know, has had all the charitable organizations of Athens merged into one — which she controls absolutely. Its revenues are chiefly spent on the soup kitchens, and these are run largely for the epistrates whom you see

prowling about the streets. They have an easy time, those reservist-league chaps. They receive double pay and are fed by the soup kitchens, and all they have to do is to see that no word is ever spoken in favor of Venizelos and that his picture is shown nowhere. They also go about and solicit contributions for charity — especially from Venizelists. The more pronounced Venizelist a man is, the larger donation do they demand for 'charity' from him."

"But why does n't he refuse to pay it?" I asked.

"If he does — well, there are other ways. Should he happen to be a merchant, it is very simple. The prices of everything have gone up a hundred to two hundred per cent; but if this Venizelist has raised his prices even thirty per cent from pre-war prices, he is haled to court and fined ten thousand francs or so for profiteering — and everybody from the King down laughs. One more Venizelist taught to take his medicine."

"But can't he appeal?"

"There is no appeal in an autocracy — and we are now an autocracy."

The accuracy of the above assertions we afterwards verified from the very highest authority,

but one whose identity, in the interests of international harmony, I cannot even hint at.

We were walking along the Leophoros Amelia, and at that moment the royal limousine passed at thirty miles an hour, with the King inside. From nowhere sprang up an ill-clad group of men, and began to shout at the tops of their lungs: —

"*Zito Basileus!*"

"Look at that rabble," the officer went on. "They are not respectable Greek citizens. Gounaris had them brought from the prisons of Patras. They are fed at the soup kitchens and paid a drachme a day. They are posted about in various parts of the city to shout 'Long live the King!' whenever he passes by. Never before in the history of modern Greece has such a thing happened. We salute the King when we meet him, but this servile shouting is new to us."

Two Royalist ladies and a Royalist man afterwards confirmed this statement that the shouting rabble was hired. To this I replied: —

"Does n't that prove that the King is not in their plots, since they have to resort to these deceptions?"

The Royalist answered: "King Constantine and I are of the same age, and I have known him

well since he was a little boy. He is an obstinate man and weak at the same time. Now and then, in this war, his courage has failed him. He has even talked of abdicating, and the Queen and the 'Occult Government' have fabricated this apparent popularity to keep him going. If he knew he was losing his popularity, his courage would be gone."

"Are you not a Royalist?" I asked.

"Certainly I am," he replied.

"And you don't think the King is popular?"

"Do you?" he inquired.

"I am not here to have any opinions," I said. "I want to learn yours."

"Apart from opinions, don't you see things?"

"I do, but at the present moment I prefer to see them through your eyes."

"Of course he is not popular. The upper middle class, the middle class, and the shopkeepers are all for Venizelos."

"Why are you a Royalist?" I asked.

"I am a Royalist because my family is, and because I belong to the Royalist crowd, and especially because I am against Venizelos."

"Why are you against Venizelos?"

"Because if we had remained neutral, and he had not split the country in two, we should have

made money hand over fist, like the other neutrals. As it is, we are poverty-stricken, we are catching it from both belligerents, and at the end of the war the Entente will cheat us."

"But if you had gone into the war on the side of the Entente at the beginning, you would have come out of it splendidly."

"Ah! That's another story. Of course we ought to have gone with them in the beginning; but since the King managed to hoodwink everybody, Venizelos ought to have kept quiet and at least have let the country grow rich."

"If Venizelos thought it the duty of Greece to go into the war, would you think him honest if he sat still and let the King act as if he owned Greece?"

"And whose fault is it that he does so?" he cried, veering around on another tack. "When we had our revolution in 1909, we kicked out Constantine and his brothers. Why did Venizelos bring them back? Why did n't he declare a republic then — he had the whole nation with him? I heard Stephen Dragoumis say to Venizelos: 'If you bring Constantine back, you will live to regret it.' Dragoumis is now an ardent Royalist — but Venizelos *has* lived to regret it."

"I suppose Venizelos considered a kingdom safer than a republic."

"Then why did n't he take the youngest boy of the dynasty? By the time he would have grown up, all kings would have been dethroned, and ours would have gone with the rest."

"Do you hate Venizelos?" I asked.

"I do. He has cheated us out of the opportunity of making as much money in a year as ordinarily we could make in twenty-five."

This particular Greek had not the majority with him, I am glad to say; but neither was he alone. He had many followers who thought with bitter anger of the golden opportunity of becoming rich, like the other neutrals, which had been lost to them by the upright character of the great Cretan.

One afternoon we took tea with another Royalist family, and there met Mr. Matzas (I believe that is the way he spells his name), and amid the desperate seriousness of all the political men of Greece, it was a relief to meet one so frankly and cynically humorous. He was a ray of sunshine athwart a leaden sky.

"These are the most glorious days in our his-

tory," he said with the utmost cheerfulness. "We are keeping four Great Powers guessing. They are helpless before us. They blockade us; they demobilize us; they seize our arms — and yet they are scared to death of us. Sarrail does not dare take Constantinople because we might attack him in the rear. Their ambassadors look at us through their telescopes from their warships, and do not know what to do. Never in the history of the world has so small a power flabbergasted four such large Powers. I should not have said that Greece had it in her."

We laughed; then I said seriously — one could not long remain anything but serious in Athens at this time: —

"The thing I cannot understand is why you place yourselves in such horrible positions by not telling the truth. Take the question of the Corinth Canal. When the Entente discovered that you had made holes in the banks, which looked as if you were preparing to mine the canal, you gave them four different and contradictory explanations."

"Yes," Mr. Matzas laughed, "that was unfortunate. I *told* Lambros it would be better to tell the truth."

"What was the truth?"

"After they forced our army to retire into the Peloponnesos, our General Staff was afraid they might blow up the bridge across the canal, which would cut off our army, then surround Athens and dethrone the King. We made those holes so that if they did destroy the bridge, we could blow in the sides of the canal, and so make a way for our army to get back into Attica. I had the holes dug myself. Unfortunately, the Entente discovered them and demanded an explanation. The first person they demanded it of was a petty official on the spot. If you ask a Greek petty official anything, he will always give you an answer, whether he knows or not. This one was no exception, and he said the holes were very old and had been cut to make a well, or for archæological research, or what not — which manifestly they were not. Then France wrote to Lambros and called his attention to the matter. Lambros sent for me, and I advised that it would be better to tell the truth, and add that we had had fears of their good intentions, but that now we were reassured. Lambros, however, would have none of this and ordered me to make up a plausible explanation; so I set to work, and" — he

burst out laughing again — "it was *such* a plausible story that I ended by believing it myself."

"Why did n't the Entente believe it?" I asked.

"That was a mistake. The General Staff also sent in an explanation, and mine, — a quite different one, — coming on top of it, reacted unfavorably on them. In the end," he observed meditatively, "we had to tell the truth."

On the following day we took tea at the house of Mr. Rallis. General Hadjopoulo, the Minister of War, was present. He is a man of over seventy, and because of him and Premier Lambros and ex-Premier Skouloudis, the King was sometimes called "Constantine, the Ghoul," by Venizelists in Athens. And, indeed, General Hadjopoulo, well-meaning and nice as he was, did seem as if he had died and been buried — mentally, I mean.

After he had anathematized Venizelos to his heart's content, and had begged all the saints to abandon the traitor, he gave his attention to the Entente. He wound up with: —

"And of all the injustices perpetrated upon us the most galling is that when we tell them the truth, they will not believe us."

"But you have given them cause for not believing you, general. Take, for instance, that affair of the Corinth Canal."

In his most courteous way, and he was courtliness personified, the general exclaimed: —

"Thank you, madame, thank you for reminding me of that. It is the very best example of what I have just said. I sent them myself an explanation of the excavations — and they would not believe me!"

"Pardon me, general, which one of the explanations do you refer to?"

"The real one! They said we intended to blow in the sides of the canal. The idea is preposterous! Why, it would have required seven hundred tons of dynamite to do that, and we had not so much as that in the whole country."

Kenneth Brown had been talking with an Americanized Greek from Honolulu, on the other side of the tea-table, and to him he remarked that though he was not an engineer, he would make a fair bet that it would require far less than seven hundred tons of dynamite to blow in the steep sides of the Corinth Canal. The Honolulu Greek repeated this to General Hadjopoulo, who immediately lost his ruffled-up appearance

of outraged innocence, and hastily amended his assertion by saying that perhaps it was seventy, and not seven hundred tons that were required; and my husband told me afterwards that from the celerity with which the general climbed down he believed he could have brought him down to seven tons with another bluff.

"Then, general, you did not make those holes in order to be able to blow up the canal?" I persisted.

"No, madame, I assure you we did n't. As I have told you, we had not sufficient dynamite. We never even thought of such a thing."

"And you wrote that officially to the French."

"We did — and they would not believe it."

"Now, general, yesterday we met Mr. Matzas — the man who had the holes made — and he told us that they were made exactly for the purpose of blowing up the canal, in case of necessity."

The old general looked aggrieved. "I assure you, madame, that we did not."

"You did, general. Mr. Matzas acknowledges it. He made one of the false explanations to the French, at the order of Professor Lambros; but finally they had to admit the truth."

Stiffly General Hadjopoulo drew himself up.

"Mr. Matzas is a civilian — I am a military man! I don't know what the civilians believe, but I assure you that the General Staff told me that we never intended to blow up the canal."

King Constantine's policy of choosing his Ministers for their subserviency did not obtain the happiest results. We could fill a volume with similar incidents — humorous or depressing, according to the point of view. Greece and Constantine were tangled up in a snarl of fabrications and misrepresentations, from which they wrathfully or mournfully asked to be delivered, and every effort they made only entangled them the deeper.

We had been in Athens over a month, and yet not a word came to us from the King concerning the union. We began to fear that the invisible forces against us were proving too strong. To see if anything could be done about it, I went alone to see Mr. Zaïmis, who desired the union as fervently as we did, although he had said to us: "If I am to help, I must not appear to be on either side. In that way I can do more."

He received me in his cool library, as usual, and we spoke of the union.

"Is there no chance of our succeeding, Mr. Zaïmis?" I asked.

"You have already accomplished one thing which we did not consider possible at present. You have spoken the word, 'union'; you have openly pronounced the name of Mr. Venizelos, both in the houses where it was taboo and in the newspapers. Now the union is being discussed in all circles, and that in itself is a good omen. You have made enemies, but you have made followers also."

"I know one of my enemies," I said laughingly, "and that is Princess Nicholas. Whenever we meet in the street, she lets her eyes rest on mine for a long second, so that there may be no mistake about her having seen me, then abruptly she turns her head away. She cannot forgive me for speaking of the union and for pronouncing the name of Venizelos under her roof."

Mr. Zaïmis was quite grieved that a princess should be lacking in manners. Incapable himself of rudeness, and with the best traditions of *noblesse oblige*, he resented it that one who ought to know better should fail. He returned to the question of the union.

"There is a possible chance of it, provided

those in Salonica would accept an amnesty. I know His Majesty would forgive them; but, of course, in that case they would have to give up their revolutionary movement. They cannot be forgiven and yet continue in rebellion. Get an audience with the King and talk it over with him."

We wrote to Count Mercati that same day. The reply came on the day following that His Majesty was very busy just then and could not see us, but would be pleased to receive us on our return from Salonica.

"They don't want us to see him, but we are going to *make* them," I said to my husband, and we at once went to see Dr. Streit.

"Neutrals and Venizelists have said to us that after it was known we were working for the union, the 'Occult Government' would never let us see the King again. Now, Dr. Streit, you, General Dousmanis, and Colonel Metaxas are supposed to be the 'Occult Government,' and between you and the Queen, the King is said to have no chance."

Dr. Streit became as red as a tomato, and protested: "But I have no influence over His Majesty. I don't even see him nowadays. I never go to the palace."

"Just the same you had better bring your influence to bear, and we are going to General Dousmanis and Colonel Metaxas to ask them to do the same."

Colonel Metaxas said that he would do what he could, while General Dousmanis advised me to write a personal letter to the King, in Greek. Instead we went to see kind and patient Count Mercati once more.

"If he does n't see us, Count Mercati," I urged, "we shall have to let the newspapers know of it, and the tale will go around that the union is prevented from Athens. I don't want that burden to fall on the shoulders of the King."

"I think he ought to see you," Count Mercati replied. "I 'll see what I can do."

On the following day we took tea with Dr. Streit, and during it he took me aside and told me that if His Majesty received us we must remember that after all he *was* the King, and could not be made to answer questions as his Ministers could. "*We* can answer anything that you want to know," he added.

At home I jubilantly told Kenneth Brown that the King was going to see us.

"How do you know?"

"Because Dr. Streit was giving me a lesson on what I ought not to ask the King."

And indeed on the following day the envelope with the blue crown came to tell us that His Majesty would be pleased to receive us at a quarter past ten the next morning.

Promptly on time we found ourselves facing the German tablecloth in the little anteroom, and now that we had learned so much more of what Germany had done to Greece, it seemed more ominous than ever. Fortunately, as before, we did not have to wait long. Count Mercati and the martial A.D.C. appeared, and with the same simplicity we were ushered into the long, pleasant room, dominated by the King.

Everything was as it had been at the first interview, except His Hellenic Majesty. Courteous he was, but not friendly. He treated us like enemies, and was so wrought up that his speech was incoherent and indistinct. For a moment the oft-repeated tale that at times he is under the influence of liquor seemed the explanation, but his clear, bright eyes denied this. No, he was merely angry. Something was upsetting him. Was it the knowledge that the door between his library and the next room stood half open — a

swift glance had assured me of that — or was it that he did not wish to see us and had been made to do so? Or, could it be possible that he was chafing under orders not to say that which he wanted to say?

I did not see how he could consider us his enemies, since I had always proclaimed myself his best friend — indeed, I used to say in Athens that I was the only Constantinist there, my dominant thought being to save him and his dynasty. During the last week, to three Royalist families I had said that they were asleep on a bed of roses, beneath which raged a volcano of forces which would surely upset the King and his dynasty unless something were done to save him. How, in view of all this, could he consider me his enemy?

Under his obvious hostility, my husband, after having shaken hands with him, remained silent, but I talked on as if quite unconscious of his manner, and at the end of ten minutes, like the passing of a quick storm, his anger died out, and once more he became his smiling, lovable self.

"You have been playing a lot of tennis, have n't you?" he said to Kenneth Brown, and my husband commented on the excellence of the

courts, on the beauty of the magnificent ruins that serve as background, and on the high average of skill that obtained among the Greek players, especially the ladies.

"Don't you play?" the King asked me.

"I have been too busy working in Your Majesty's service."

"Well, and what have you found?"

"Your men have not given me their confidence."

"Why, they have given you hours and hours, — all the time you wished, — especially Mr. Gounaris."

"Mr. Gounaris has done you more harm than any other man in Greece, Your Majesty. He has taken you from your throne and made of you a party leader. And unfortunately Mr. Gounaris does not know what principles are."

The curious, bewildered light that once, during our first interview, had shone in the eyes of King Constantine, was there again, and his smile died, and he looked sad. I was so sorry for him — so infinitely sorry! I did not dare to speak. I could only look at him and wonder why he had chosen the unscrupulous gang which surrounded him, instead of having done the right thing at the right

time. So partial was I to King Constantine that I wished at that moment that the Prussian lady to whom fate had united him might die, and that some Greeks with pluck would hang Dr. Streit to a lamp-post, and kidnap General Dousmanis and Colonel Metaxas, — and then see if poor King Constantine could not have a chance. All these thoughts passed rapidly through my mind while the King was probably trying to fathom whether I was his friend or his enemy; for he was gazing intently into my eyes. It is a pity that human beings cannot read each other aright more easily.

"What have you found in all the hours you have studied with my men?" he asked at length.

"Your Majesty, if I may be permitted, I will say that you have done four things wrong, which have placed Greece where she is to-day."

He became interested. "What are they?"

"Why did you not make it clear to the world, as soon as the war broke out, that your treaty with Serbia was a Balkan treaty, and that it was 'only against one power?'"

"I could not. Venizelos was too strong. I could not go against him."

"Still, the truth is the truth, and your people,

as well as the world, ought to have known what that treaty really was."

"But, you see, Venizelos gave it a different interpretation, and the Greek people were behind *him*. You have no idea how strong Venizelos was in the beginning of the war. I had to be very careful. What is the next wrong thing?"

"The placing of Greece unreservedly on the side of the Allies in August, 1914. That action gave them the right afterwards to call upon your support."

"Yes, that was very wrong — and I never even knew about it. Venizelos did it without telling me, and I only found it out in February, 1915, when he was forced to resign."

More than ever did he look like an ill-used child, so appealing was his smile, so frank and honest were his eyes. He went on: —

"Venizelos did n't tell anybody. Even Dr. Streit, who was Minister of Foreign Affairs, never heard of it."

"But you are mistaken, Your Majesty," I cried. "Dr. Streit told us all the particulars himself, and how he had made a memorandum about the conditions Venizelos ought to ask, and that Venizelos had brushed them aside with the words:

'These are tradesmen's bills. I will have nothing to do with them. Greece will go in with the Allies, *unconditionally*.'"

King Constantine's quick anger flared up. "Dr. Streit did *not* know about it — no one knew about it. I know better than any one else. What is the third question?"

"Why did you have a benevolent neutrality toward any of the belligerents? That is always conducive to misunderstandings. Why not an absolute neutrality?"

"Because our treaty with Serbia demanded that we *should* have a benevolent neutrality toward her. What is the fourth?"

"Since Your Majesty, personally, considered it wiser for Greece to remain absolutely neutral, why did you make so many offers to the Entente to come out of your neutrality with them?"

"I had to," he replied vexedly. "The sympathies of the Greek people were with the Entente. The great majority wanted to fight on their side. I had to make a showing as if I, too, were on their side, — that I was willing to do what they wanted, — but every time I made an offer, I can tell you I trembled in my boots for fear that they might accept it."

Because I liked the King so much, I would have given a few years of my life for him not to have said these words — especially since he was manifestly unconscious of their fundamental dishonesty. Is it possible that kings are born without the sense of honor — for he spoke with such apparent honesty and sincerity? My voice trembled when I addressed him again: —

"Since the Greek people wanted to fight with the Entente, and since the interests of Greece were on the side of France and England, why did n't you go openly" — I almost said, honestly — "with the Entente?"

"I never meant to go with the Entente," he said resolutely. "I never meant to come out of my neutrality. I said as much to Venizelos, in October, 1915. He was sitting where you are sitting, and talked to me for two hours. When he finished, I said to him: 'I am not going to fight on the side of the Allies. I shall remain neutral to the very end.' And he said to me: 'You have no right. The people have elected me, and I am their representative.' I said: 'What do I care whether I have the right or not? The people don't know what is good for them. Suppose you had not the right, yet knew that by your action

you would save the people from destruction — would n't you take the right into your own hands?' He talked some more, trying to convince me, but it was to no purpose."

King Constantine pointed to the window to his right and continued: "Venizelos rose and stood there for a long time, looking out into the garden. Then he turned to me and said: 'I don't see anything else for me to do except to resign.' What else could he do? We could n't work together, and I did n't have to resign, so he had to."

"And you are still determined to remain neutral?"

"Of course! Neither side is going to win. I tell you the war is going to end in a draw. Why should Greece go in and get smashed?"

"Then you don't desire the union with Mr. Venizelos?"

"Oh, yes, I do," he replied positively. "The country ought to be united. I am willing to grant Venizelos and his party amnesty, provided they give up their doings in Salonica and come back to Athens and behave themselves. I will promise not to punish anybody, but you understand that after the pardon they cannot con-

tinue in rebellion. If Venizelos comes back there will be no excuse for that foreign interference which only the Venizelos movement makes possible. I want the French and the English to get out of Greece."

"But do you think that Mr. Venizelos will come back under such conditions?"

"I believe he will. His movement has proved a failure. The French induced him to revolt, but they did not support him afterwards; and because he revolted, he lost the support of the people here. The Greeks are now for me! Venizelism is no longer a political party — it is a religion."

The last sentence was delivered as if it had popped into his head at the moment; yet Doumanis had said it to me several days before. I was also surprised at the manner in which it was uttered: to King Constantine the fact that Venizelism had become a religion was the same as saying that it had become dead; yet when a political party becomes a religion, it is most to be feared. Since we were not in the palace to discuss ethics, however, I only replied to him: —

"You are deceived, Your Majesty, as to the weakness of the Venizelist Party. All our letters

of introduction were to Royalists, and we have certainly been surrounded by your adherents; yet here in Athens we have met more Venizelists than Royalists."

Once again that troubled, sad look clouded his face for an instant. Then he shook it off, and said decidedly: —

"No! I am very popular. The people care for me and not for Venizelos. I have saved them from destruction."

"Yet don't you think at present, with the large force the Allies have in Salonica, and with the waning power of Germany, that Greece could go in and not be destroyed?"

"Not under any conditions will Greece fight, and Venizelos must understand that. I have to consider my friends — Turkey, Bulgaria, Austria, and Germany."

I could not help retorting: "Since when, Your Majesty, have Bulgaria and Turkey become the friends of Greece?"

He was thoroughly angry once more. "They are *my* friends, and *I* have to consider them. You don't understand: I do. I am a soldier, and as a soldier I know that England and France have demonstrated that they cannot fight. They

will never be able to defeat Germany — never! The war will end in a draw. I tell you this as a soldier. Why should Greece make an enemy of Germany?"

"She is making an enemy of the whole world, Your Majesty, which is far worse — and what has she gained?"

"She has not been crushed. I saved her from becoming a second Belgium and another Serbia. They would not have helped us any more than they were able to help Serbia and Belgium. And look at Roumania!" He laughed derisively. "Why did n't they help her? What was Sarrail's army doing while Germany was crushing Roumania? When she went in, I told my people that in less than a month she would be crushed — and she is. A lady came here from Roumania the other day, and she told me that the King of Roumania was as good as dethroned. I tell you there is no head among the Entente. Why should I go in and ruin myself, when I know that they don't even know how to fight?" And he poured forth more of the same arguments we had already heard from General Dousmanis and Colonel Metaxas; and yet he talked, not as a man who repeats, but as one who has thought

things out himself. I have never quite satisfied myself who was the originator and who the repeater in all this.

The King complained greatly of Venizelos and of the Entente. "Venizelos is a visionary. He is far too trustful. When Sir Edward Grey, in a vague way, promised him concessions in Asia Minor, he at once imagined that they were going to give him all the part inhabited by Greeks. He actually had a map made of it, and the Greek people foolishly believed him. But I knew better. Sir Francis Elliot came to this very room, and laughed, and said: 'You will have to be more moderate in your demands.' And I said to him: 'Why do you come here and laugh in my face? Why don't you go out to my people and tell them that Venizelos is deceiving them, in promising them so much of Asia Minor?' That is the treatment I have always received at their hands. They have been unfair and unjust all the way through."

To hear him talk all idea of a union between him and the revolted Greeks appeared hopeless; yet we entreated and argued with him for an hour and a half. Sometimes he listened, more often he talked, sometimes angrily, sometimes

in his sweet, lovable way, but always certain that France and England did not know how to fight. At parting he was very friendly, indeed.

"Come and see me on your return from Salonica," he urged. "Of course Venizelos will take you in. He has a way of his own of convincing. He would convince even me, who knew everything, and only after he would be gone, and I thought things over, would I see how wrong he was; but while he was talking to me I could never withstand him."

(I did not remind him that he had recently told us that Venizelos had spent a vain two hours trying to persuade him to fight on the side of the Entente.)

Where had gone the willingness for the union with Venizelos which he had shown at our first interview? Had he been sincere then, or was he sincere now? And if he had been sincere then, what had turned him now? That was the mystery we still had to solve.

Chapter VI

In Salonica with Mr. Venizelos

Once more we were to be the guests of the French Government, from Athens to Salonica, on one of the tiny dispatch boats so appropriately named after little birds. We knew the date of the Fauvette's sailing: the time not yet. Times of sailing were precious knowledge, shared with as few as possible, lest they might reach the ears of the Hun submarines. We spent the evening before our departure with Mr. Droppers, the American Minister, and his wife. About ten o'clock a plain envelope, directed to my husband, was brought in by the servant. It contained an unsigned sheet, informing passengers who intended sailing that they must be on board the French *croiseur cuirassé* Bruix at six o'clock the next morning.

My husband rushed over to the hotel to see about engaging a taxi to take us to the Piræus. When he learned the charge (petrol being in the neighborhood of sixty francs a gallon, and a mixture of ether and turpentine being generally

employed — which had to be used before the ether had a chance to evaporate and leave only turpentine), he compromised on a carriage, although that meant our getting up at a quarter before three o'clock.

It was still pitch dark when we left the Grande Bretagne, and even when we reached the Piræus the refugees camped without shelter all along the quays could only be seen stirring like uneasy ghosts of the night. Our coachman hailed the Bruix with little regard for the slumbers of the poor refugees, and presently she sent in a boat for us. We were on board well ahead of time, and only then learned that there had been a mixing-up of the Fauvette and the dispatch boat which was going to Corfu, and that we were not to sail until two in the afternoon.

It was annoying; but travelers in the Balkans in war-times cannot be choosers. We rowed ashore again, and wandered about among the not very inviting hotels of the Piræus till by the process of elimination we decided on the King Constantine, where we went to bed to catch up with some of the sleep we had lost the night before.

There was compensation for the delay, for by

it we met Commandant de Vaisseau Castelneau, a bluff, hearty Frenchman, speaking excellent English, and of such a friendly disposition that he kept the tug waiting a few minutes while we had a glass of wine together.

The Fauvette lay at Keratsine, and the tug which took us there was manned by cheery young sailors who had already been twice torpedoed.

"Oh, it is n't so bad," they reassured us. "On s'habitue" (one becomes accustomed to it).

The Fauvette itself might have shocked us had we been expecting an ocean liner; but we had n't, and we found the captain in command, and the second captain under him as friendly and nice as possible. They invited us up on the bridge, and the second captain, seeing that my feet did not reach the floor from the chair they gave me, had a footstool made for me which added tremendously to my comfort. It was delightful to sit up there and watch the superb scenery unfold itself before our eyes, even though it was not new to me. What was new was the swift little destroyer, dashing from right to left in front of us, like a playful dog ranging in front of his master, on the lookout for mines and submarines.

It gave me a sense of security I had not felt on the water since leaving America. Our captain, however, seemed to feel his dignity injured, and grumbled that he was quite capable of bringing his boat safely to Salonica, even — as we afterwards learned — with the millions of gold in her hold, which had been the reason for sending along the destroyer.

As usual with all these little dispatch boats, the Fauvette carried a good many more than her normal supply of passengers. Among them were two Greek officers, and a Greek doctor, from Constantinople, who had served with the Greek army during the two Balkan wars. All three told us of the difficulties they had had to overcome in order to reach Salonica. It had taken the doctor a whole month, and the officers two, to get from Athens to Salonica.

"Who made these difficulties for you?" I asked.

"The French and the English."

Subsequently, Mr. Alexandri, the Venizelist representative in Rome, named to us an Englishman who had told him that when the Greek army was forced by the Entente to go to the Peloponnesos, three hundred officers and men

appealed to him for help to get to Salonica, and he had to refuse because his Government had provided no means of sending them there. These three hundred, therefore, were forced to stay with the Royalist army.

The Greek officers and the doctor on our steamer assured us that if we were going to Salonica to work for the union between the King and Venizelos, we were wasting our time. "We have no faith in Constantine any longer. He is proved beyond doubt a traitor to the interests of Greece. We wish no union with him."

As an instance of the bad faith with which the Royalist Government had fulfilled its agreements with the Entente, one of the officers told us how — under orders — he had filled packing-boxes with stones and placed a layer of rifles on top. These had then been sent to the Peloponnesos as cases of rifles. "It is such dishonorable things as this, madame, that the King has made us do. And shall we desire a union with that man at the head? He must go, so that Greece may breathe again the air of honor."

With much talk of a similar tenor the waking hours of our voyage passed until we came opposite the wondrous mountains, Olympus and

Ossa, on our left. Here a dirigible balloon came out to help escort us, and thus doubly protected we approached the much coveted city of Salonica, which according to Colonel Metaxas was nothing but a trap, where the Allied army was starving to death, and where a hundred and fifty-two vessels were moored, not daring to venture forth. I counted fully thirty leaving as we were entering; and since Hotel Splendid, where we stayed, was right on the quay, I used to go out on the balcony and amuse myself by counting the sails which always dotted the bay as far as I could see. The amount of traffic was incredible to me, who had last seen the town and the bay when it seemed to have been left over, asleep, from the Middle Ages. It was now a new city in which I was completely lost, and in which nothing looked familiar.

We arrived at five o'clock in the afternoon. No carriage was to be had, and with the help of one porter we struggled through the crowded streets from hotel to hotel, trying to find a spare nook. Tables and chairs overflowed the streets, at which sat the fighting men of twenty different tribes, from three continents, in their various uniforms, talking their own languages and drinking

their accustomed drinks. There were French, English, Scotch, Serbs, Italians, Greeks, Cretans, Indo-Chinese, and Senegalese; and of civilians, Turks, Jews, Greeks, and a sprinkling of almost every other nationality. It was the most marvelous show we had yet seen.

The promenade along the quay, which I remembered as given over to fashionable sauntering in the late afternoon, now had a railroad laid down on its sidewalk, and the quay itself was lined with boats packed tightly side by side. All had come laden with provisions for this town of a hundred and fifty thousand, which held a half a million visitors in its lap, not counting the army of General Sarrail which, in a vast semicircle fifty miles in diameter, was fighting among the hills.

Early the next morning we went to Mr. Venizelos's house, which is the one the Greek nation thought of buying and presenting to King Constantine. Mr. Venizelos sent down word that he was working, and, moreover, that he had to go out in half an hour, and since he wished to see us at length, he asked that we should return to him at five in the afternoon.

At the appointed hour we received the salute



THE HOUSE OF MR. VENIZELOS IN SALONICA



CRETAN SENTRY AT ENTRANCE TO THE HOUSE OF MR. VENIZELOS

of the Cretan guard at the gate and of the many Cretan gendarmes and officers inside the beautiful garden, and then entered Mr. Venizelos's abode and were ushered into a large bachelor-looking room. We had only to wait a minute before a man opened a door and came in. His hair was white, but his step was alert and young, almost boyish. He came up and shook hands with us as if he had known us before. "Oh, we know all about you," he said.

I stood staring at him.

"Are you Mr. Venizelos?"

"Yes, madame. Will you be seated?"

We sat side by side on a sofa, Kenneth Brown facing us. I could not believe that it was Mr. Venizelos. In spite of his white hair, he was a much younger and better-looking man than any of his pictures, and of a simplicity of manner that was almost unnatural.

"Are you sure you are Mr. Venizelos?" I asked again. "Are n't you a man who looks a little like him, and whom Mr. Venizelos uses to receive lesser people?"

He laughed. "I really am Mr. Venizelos, and we don't think that 'the couple Brown' are lesser people."

We all fell to laughing, because it was as "the couple Brown" that the Athenian newspapers always spoke of us.

We at once began to talk of Greece. To him — as I had to the Royalists — I explained the reason of our coming over. Then I began recapitulating the situation as we had learned it from Dr. Streit and the other Royalists. He listened attentively until we came to their version of the treaty with Serbia.

"That is false!" he interrupted impetuously.

"Mr. Venizelos, will you please tell us why you maintained from the very first that it was the duty of Greece to go to the help of Serbia?" I asked.

"We were allies, madame."

"But the treaty was only a Balkan treaty, was it not?"

"Whom did you see in Athens?"

"All the ex-Prime Ministers, the General Staff, and the King."

"Did they all tell you that it was a Balkan treaty?"

"Yes; and Mr. Zaïmis explained to us that it was against a third power, and one power only."

"Mr. Zaïmis did not mean to tell you an

untruth. He was told by others that the treaty applied only to the Balkans, and he believed it. But I made that treaty, madame, and I know whether it was a Balkan treaty or not. We made that treaty while we were still fighting the Turks, because we realized that Bulgaria meant to turn against us, after we took Salonica. She meant to take more territory than any of us, and believing herself the strongest, she was planning to attack first Greece and then Serbia, and reduce us both to vassaldom, holding the hegemony of the Balkans herself. We saw that, and approached Serbia, who was also afraid that Bulgaria would attack her, but, considering her danger less imminent than ours, would only conclude a treaty which should also safeguard her against her great enemy, Austria. It is true that neither the King nor I wished to sign this treaty. We wanted it to be only a Balkan treaty, but Serbia insisted that unless it were made against Austria also, she would not help us against Bulgaria. We debated the question for six weeks, and then, since Bulgaria was massing her army on our frontier, the danger became too great for us to hesitate any longer.

"The argument I used with the King was this:

'If Austria were to attack Serbia, the latter would not be alone. Russia could never permit Serbia to be overrun by Austria, and if Russia came in, France and England would surely come in, too, and it would become a world war. In that case the place of Greece would be on the side of France and England. Therefore why should we hesitate? Bulgaria would attack us in a few days. The world war might not come for ten or fifteen years, if it came at all.' After that we signed the treaty; so you see, madame, that although Austria is not mentioned in the treaty, it was clearly understood between Greece and Serbia that it meant Austria as well as Bulgaria and Turkey."

No one had given us these details before. They made it clear to us why the Royalists, after maintaining that the treaty did not oblige them to go to the help of Serbia, were always trying to find new excuses to explain away their not having done so. The situation was not entirely cleared up for me, however, and I asked Mr. Venizelos:—

"Since the treaty was against Austria, too, why did you not go to the help of Serbia at the outbreak of the war? You were Prime Minister then, and we saw your dispatches to Mr. Pachitch."

"I wrote to Mr. Pachitch that it would be better, even for Serbia, to have Greece remain neutral, for the time being, to keep open her supply line to Salonica and to keep Bulgaria from attacking her in the rear. Mr. Pachitch realized the necessity of this himself, and Bulgaria — so long as Greece honestly threatened her — did not dare join the Central Powers."

"According to you, then, Greece did finally hint to Bulgaria that she was free to act, without danger of Greek interference?"

"Yes. That is the great treason of the King and his party," Mr. Venizelos replied.

"The Royalists told us that you were a near-sighted statesman, and did not see that a strong Serbia would be a constant menace to Greece," I went on.

"I would prefer a strong and powerful Serbia, who was a friend, to a weak Serbia, who was an enemy," replied Mr. Venizelos, and in that reply showed himself a statesman of a totally different order from many who aspire to that name. He went on to elucidate this idea further: "After the two Balkan wars, when Serbia was again denied a seaport, I offered her free access to the sea through Salonica, without any expense for the

land or buildings she required, for fifty years. We want Serbia to be the friend of Greece. It is through friendship and confidence in one another that nations, like individuals, can prosper."

The Royalists had all told us that Mr. Venizelos was a dangerous man who possessed a sinister power of fascination which clouded one's judgment, while one was with him, so that one could no longer perceive the truth. "I forewarn you that you will not be able to withstand him," King Constantine had said to us. "Even I, who knew things perfectly, used to fall under his spell and agree to everything he said, while he was with me. Only after he left me, and I thought things over, did I realize how wrong he was."

So far as physical charm went, King Constantine was too modest: he possessed more of it than his former Prime Minister did. The charm one saw in Mr. Venizelos was that of a convincingly far-seeing and honest man, who told the truth simply and without evasion. With the Royalists I was constantly tripping them up on points which they had the greatest difficulty in explaining or which they altogether evaded. Not in a single instance did I have this experience with Mr. Venizelos.

When we left him at seven o'clock, after making an engagement for ten o'clock the next morning, and had passed out into the garden, my husband drew a long breath.

"I feel," he said, "exactly as I used to when I got out of the hot, stuffy, Swiss train at Caux, and stood in the clear frosty air of the Alps, looking far out over Lake Geneva toward Mont Gramont. It's the first time I have been able to breathe since coming to Greece."

This impression was not lessened the next morning when we returned at the appointed hour to the large bare room, where we had to wait a little while, since Lord Granville, Great Britain's representative, was with Mr. Venizelos. He apologized for the delay when he came in, and resumed his narrative, taking us step by step over the same ground Dr. Streit had taken us. Then it was that the limitless differences between the two men became apparent.

"Why did you offer Greece to the Entente so early in the war?" I asked, having still two grievances against Mr. Venizelos: that he had split Greece; and that he had offered Greece to the Entente unconditionally.

"Because, madame," he replied, "Greece is

little: it would have been a great honor for her to offer what she had to France at a moment when France seemed overwhelmed. I thought that if I waited until France pushed back the Germans, as I knew she would, it would not be the same thing. Besides, there was another reason: the safety of Greece. Suppose that Turkey and Bulgaria, seeing Serbia occupied elsewhere, were to unite and attack Greece, we could not withstand those two nations together. But as the ally of the Great Powers, neither Bulgaria nor Turkey could harm us."

"But suppose that France and England were defeated in this war, would it not be better for Greece to have remained neutral?"

"To begin with, France and England cannot be beaten. Even if they lose for five or seven years, in the end they will win."

"But suppose that you are wrong?"

"In that case, madame, I make the same answer to you that I made to King Constantine when he insisted that France and England would be beaten: 'Even if those two nations are beaten, it is better for Greece to be beaten on their side than to win on the side of Germany.'"

I don't know whether it was his diabolical

powers of fascination beginning to work, but he certainly knew how to thrill one. A man who preferred to be beaten on the side of the right, rather than win on the side of the wrong!

"Still," I argued, "it does not seem to me fair that you should have placed Greece on the side of the Allies without telling the King."

"What makes you think I did not tell the King?"

"King Constantine told us so. That is one of his great grudges against you."

Mr. Venizelos looked at me with incredulity. "You must be mistaken," he said. "His Majesty could never have told that to you." He turned to my husband for corroboration.

"Not only did he tell us that," Kenneth Brown put in, "but that he only found it out in February, after you resigned."

That Mr. Venizelos was very much pained we could see from the expression in his kind eyes. "Surely you must be making a mistake," he repeated, "because, as you remember, after I had offered Greece to the Allies, King George of England sent a personal telegram to King Constantine thanking him for the offer." He considered a minute, then rose and rang a bell, and to the

Cretan who appeared said: "Will you please ask Mr. Markantonakis to give you the files for August, 1914."

In a few minutes the files were brought down, and from them Mr. Venizelos took a letter, glanced over it, and after some hesitation, placed it in my hands. It was an autograph letter from King Constantine, eleven pages long, written in Greek, and dated in August, 1914. I read it carefully. In it he discussed at length all the reasons his Prime Minister had given him for offering to place Greece on the side of the Entente and gave his royal assent.

When I had finished the last word, there recurred to me the scene in the King's library, when his eyes had looked straight into mine, and I could almost hear him say: "I never knew about it. Venizelos did it without letting me know."

I did not wish to look up at Mr. Venizelos. I was ill at the thought that King Constantine, so lovable, so charming, with those appealing eyes of his, could have actually lied to me. When I handed back the letter to Mr. Venizelos, his eyes did not meet mine, nor did he refer to the subject again. He went on with his narrative, explaining every point, and making it all as clear

as daylight, where before it had been a dark tangle. They had told us over and over again in Athens, that he was hysterical, that he did things on the impulse of the moment, and that he never stopped to think of the outcome of his actions. As he talked to us now we began to realize that not only did he never act on the spur of the moment, but that every action of his was taken only after considering not only the past and present, but years and years to come. And what was still more wonderful, although Greek interests naturally came first with him, whenever the interests of the greater humanity were opposed to those of Greece, he would sacrifice the latter for the greater benefit. As Kenneth Brown put it to me afterwards, he was the only man we had met in the Balkans who had a comprehension of the motto, "Live, and let live."

I did not interrupt Mr. Venizelos again. There was no need. We merely listened to his simple exposition of the whole situation, and if we were falling under the "diabolical spell" of the man, it was the spell of his soul, which was clear and pure as the air of his Cretan mountains. For three days we worked with him, and the third day being Saturday, as we rose to go, he said: —

"To-morrow is Sunday. Come at twelve; we can work for an hour, and then we should be glad to have you take luncheon with us, when you can meet Admiral Coundouriotis and General Danglis." (These two, who, with Mr. Venizelos, formed the triumvirate of the Provisional Government at Salonica, lived in the same house together.)

We accepted, honored and pleased at being asked to luncheon with these three men. Yet, while walking home over the long, dusty road by the quay side, I must confess that deep down in my heart I did not entirely share the great enthusiasm my husband felt for Mr. Venizelos. Undoubtedly my intelligence was on his side, but I still clung to my old idea of clearing my country of the mud with which she was covered, and he was taking from me every excuse I could make for her. To become a Venizelist was to admit that Greece had treated her treaty with Serbia as a scrap of paper, was to admit that she was dishonest, and that King Constantine, whom I had so enthusiastically defended, was no better than the Huns. While listening to Mr. Venizelos, although unable to controvert him, I was conscious that I was always looking for



ADMIRAL COUNDOURIOTIS



GENERAL DANGLIS

flaws, both in his narrative and in his personality, and I was vexed on that third day, while walking back to our hotel, because I had been unable to find a shadow of one, either in his reasoning or in his principles. How quickly, how willingly, would I have sacrificed Venizelos and his party for Greece and the King; how eagerly would I have proclaimed the Cretan a demagogue, if by doing so I could prove that Greece had had no treaty with Serbia which bound her to go to her rescue. Alas, for the cause of the Royalists, the more I saw of him, the more I became convinced that the self-seeking was all on the other side.

While working with Mr. Venizelos in the mornings, we worked with Mr. Politis in the afternoons. Mr. Politis is more of a Frenchman than a Greek. He went to Paris as a little boy, was educated there, and subsequently became Professor of International Law at the Collège de France, I believe. Both Mr. Venizelos and King Constantine urged him to give up his position and return to Greece, telling him that he ought to serve his own country. Finally he decided to do so, and he was made Director of Foreign Affairs,

at which post he remained until the late fall of 1916, when he left Athens. He went to Salonica and there Mr. Venizelos offered him the position of Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Mr. Politis is of rather small stature, with dark hair and a pair of large, hazel eyes which seem to dominate his entire personality. We went to see him at the Foreign Office of the Provisional Government, and subsequently spent two or three hours at a time with him. By him, too, we were taken, step by step, from the beginning of the war down to the time when he left Athens. As he had been at the Foreign Office during the first two years of the war, and since he was the man who had charge of all the documents, he made disclosures to us which up to that time had not been touched upon by any one else.

On the afternoon of the Saturday when I left Mr. Venizelos in such a gloomy mood, because he was taking away from me every means of defending the attitude of the King, Mr. Politis told us that which gave the *coup de grâce* to my last hope of helping Constantine. Referring to the abandonment of Fort Rupel, he said: —

"On the day of the fall of Rupel, General Dousmanis and Colonel Metaxas came rushing into

my office with every appearance of excitement and dismay. 'Fort Rupel,' they cried, 'has been forced to surrender to the Bulgars and Germans. Confronted by a superior force, it essayed to resist; then realizing that this would only mean useless slaughter, it capitulated.'

"Skouloudis was Prime Minister at that time, and contrary to all usage, he was in the habit of carrying important state papers to his own house, instead of handing them over to me for safe-keeping. When he was forced to resign, I said to him: 'You have a number of public documents in your keeping, which must be returned to the Foreign Office.' At first he appeared unwilling to give up the documents. Finally, however, he said, 'If you will come up to my house to-night, I will get them out of the safe and give them to you!' In his house he handed me a sealed envelope. As I was Director of Foreign Affairs, it was my business to go over the documents and file them in their proper places. In that envelope I found the official agreement for the surrender of Fort Rupel — signed by the Greek Government on one side and by the Bulgars and the Germans on the other — *and it ante-dated the actual surrender by four days.* So you see," Mr.

Politis ended sadly, "that Dousmanis and Metaxas had play-acted on that day when, all pale and excited, they had come to my office to tell about the surrender. And they had done it so well that I had entirely believed them — although I had caught them in lies before."

Kenneth Brown and I could hardly believe that Mr. Politis was telling us the truth; the treachery of the Royalist Government was so great as to be unbelievable at first. I must confess that I tried to trip Mr. Politis that day.

"Mr. Zaïmis succeeded Mr. Skouloudis as Prime Minister, did he not?"

"Yes."

"Does he know of what you told us?"

"Yes."

"He said nothing whatever about it to us."

"As a member of the Government he could not, of course. I could not tell you now, except that I am a revolutionist."

On our return to Athens we sought for corroboration from Mr. Zaïmis himself.

"Mr. Politis told us that there were documents proving beyond controversy that the Royalist Government had agreed with the Bulgarian and German Ministers to give up Fort Rupel, four

days before the army surrendered it, and that you knew it. Is that so?"

"Politis told me that there was that document — but I did not wish to see it. My Cabinet was formed to perform a service — not to examine into the actions of my predecessors."

Here is where Alexander Zaïmis had not the force to rise to a great action. Had he had the courage to examine that document, and had he then made it public, saying to the Greek people that they had been betrayed, what a different standing would he have to-day, both in Greece and before the world. He would have been the greatest Greek in Old Greece. Possibly the Royalists would have assassinated him. To few of us is given the chance to die an immortal death. Mr. Zaïmis preferred to turn a blind eye on the actions of his predecessors, and the result was that a few months later, while he was still Premier, Kavalla and Drama, like Fort Rupel, were abandoned to the Bulgaro-Germans. A whole army corps surrendered, and is now, no one knows where; and vast quantities of ammunition and gold were handed over to the bitterest enemy of Greece. Those are the dishonors through which an honorable, loved, and respected man

like Mr. Zaïmis passed, because to his good qualities he could not add the courage to look facts in the face, the force to do the daring deed.

That Drama and Kavalla were surrendered by the connivance of the Palace I have no direct proof. However, the experience of a Royalist lady, wife of one of the deputies of the betrayed districts, is significant. She, like many other Greeks, fled before the Bulgaro-Germans, and came to Athens. When the Kaiser's sister, the Queen of Greece, — who knew her, — saw her in Greece, she seemed displeased.

"Why have you left your home?" she asked.

"Because, Your Majesty, I cannot live where there are Bulgars."

"But the Germans are there, too," replied the Queen of Greece, "and they will govern the provinces well. Please go back to your home."

And the Prussian lady's efforts did not stop with this. Every time she met this Greek refugee she did her best to induce her to return and live under the government of her beloved Germans, in spite of the fact that daily reports reached Athens that murder and rapine were the lot of the Greeks in the Drama-Kavalla-Seres districts.

The disclosures about Fort Rupel were not the only ones which Mr. Politis made to us.

"When I became convinced that the King was not acting fairly toward the Allies, and was not observing the benevolent neutrality which he had promised, I tried to talk to him alone about the matter. I was granted a few audiences, but no sooner was I with him than Dr. Streit or General Dousmanis would appear, and after that the King would never grant me another audience."

"How did you become convinced that the Royalist Government was acting treacherously toward the Allies?"

"By a great many incidents, some large and some small. I will give you a typical one: General Sarrail had made numerous complaints that he was being hampered as regards the use of the rolling-stock of the railway. A large number of cars, he said, had been removed from Salonica simply to make difficulties for him to move troops and ammunition. I took the matter up with the Government to find out the truth. General Dousmanis ought to have had nothing whatever to do with this matter, but in the end it was always he to whom I had to apply. On

this occasion he told me that General Sarrail was a liar; that none of the things he complained of had happened; and that he was merely finding new excuses every day to worry the Greeks. 'I will give you the proof at once,' he said. 'I will put you in direct communication with the official in charge in Salonica, and you can ask him yourself.'

"He took me to the telegraph office; I made my inquiries through the telegraph clerk; and the reply was wired back from Salonica that the story of rolling-stock having been removed from Salonica was not true; that General Sarrail did not know what he was talking about; and that he was deceived by his own men.

"Reassured by this, I sent a rather sharp note to the French, declaring that they were entirely mistaken in their charges, and that I happened to know positively that none of the rolling-stock had been sent away from Salonica, and that everything possible had been done to facilitate the operations of the Allies.

"Some time afterwards," continued Mr. Politis, "when I was in Salonica on another matter, I saw my brother, who was practically at the head of the railway system there, and an

inspiration came to me to ask him about this matter of which General Sarrail had complained.

"'Did you by any chance send away any of the rolling-stock from Salonica?' I asked.

"'Yes,' he replied, 'we sent away two hundred cars.'

"'By whose order?'

"'By the order of the General Staff in Athens. If you will wait a minute, I can lay my hand on the order now.'

"Naturally I was very indignant, and as soon as I returned to Athens I went to see General Dousmanis about the matter. The general stared me straight in the face. 'No such order was ever sent,' he declared. 'Your brother lied.'

"That is the sort of thing we had to live through," concluded Mr. Politis. "Mr. Zaïmis did his very best to comply with the demands of the Allies, and sincerely believed that his orders were being carried out. As a matter of fact, the General Staff and the Palace carried on their treacherous work just the same, behind his back."

On this Saturday afternoon I was forced to bury all my hopes of saving King Constantine's reputation; for as incident after incident was

related to us by Mr. Politis, we realized beyond doubt that the conspiracy against the Entente was headed by the Palace. It is true that I still believe many a deed was done by the Queen, rather than by the King, with the help of her right-hand man, Dr. Streit. And all the while she would say to every Englishman who would listen to her: —

"I have nothing whatever to do with politics. I hope after the war the English people will still like me, and will let me come back to Eastbourne."

She did not have to wait until after the war to know that some of the English still loved her, in spite of the proof that she is directly responsible for the deaths of thousands of Englishmen. From England great pressure was exercised in Athens to keep Sophie and her husband on the throne. Three weeks before their abdication an English general openly declared that his mission in Greece was to see that King Constantine was not dethroned.

Whom did that general represent? Who had sent him to Athens to see that King Constantine was not dethroned? It certainly was not the Kaiser.

On the Sunday that we were to take luncheon with Mr. Venizelos, we passed the groups of Cretans, in their baggy black trousers and little caps, hovering around the entrance to the garden, and without any ceremony or preamble entered the large central hall of the house of the triumvirate. There we met General Danglis and Admiral Coundouriotis. The latter at once said teasingly: —

"And how are you going to bring about the reconciliation? What are the terms you have brought us from Athens?"

In the previous three days, during which we had talked with Mr. Venizelos and Mr. Politis, we had not mentioned the word reconciliation, realizing, after meeting the former, that to speak to him of the terms the King had given us was to insult him. The two groups of men, the Royalists and the Venizelists, stood for such diametrically opposed ideas that the gulf between them was uncrossable. Now that Admiral Coundouriotis, with a twinkle in his eyes, was inquiring about the terms for the reconciliation, I answered: —

"The King is willing to forgive you, and proclaim an amnesty, provided you give up your movement, and return penitently to Athens."

Mr. Venizelos, Admiral Coundouriotis, and gentle General Danglis did not believe I was telling the truth. They thought that, led away by the mischief in the admiral's eyes, I was joking with them.

"If we go up to the palace, are we to be allowed to kiss the royal hand, and having done that shall we be reinstated in our former positions?" questioned the admiral.

"He did not go into all that," I answered. "He only said to us that, although he was willing to grant you an amnesty, you, of course, could not persist in your movement after that."

"Did he really say that to you?" General Danglis asked.

"Yes, those are the terms he gave us, really and truly."

Mr. Venizelos could not believe it, and Kenneth Brown had to corroborate my words to convince them that I was not joking. I believe Mr. Venizelos was rather vexed; General Danglis was making up his mind how to take it; but Admiral Coundouriotis chuckled with glee. I think he had not been so merry for months as the terms made him. None of them cared for King Constantine's amnesty. These men in Salonica were

fighting for what they knew to be right. It did not matter what became of them: all they cared for was to rehabilitate Greece in the eyes of the world and in her own conscience.

When luncheon was announced we passed into the dining-room, whose huge window, taking in the whole end of the room, looked out over the bay. Mr. Venizelos sat at the head of the table, and placed my husband and me on either side of him. Next to me was Admiral Coundouriotis. He is tall and spare, a sailorman in profession and in mind. As a rule he is silent, but possesses an exquisite gift of humor, which is so rare among the Greeks. The sense of the ridiculous is not uncommon among them, but humor is.

Opposite me was General Danglis. He is small, very well-proportioned, and of such a kindly disposition that one can hardly imagine him with warfare as his profession. Yet he is said to be adored by his soldiers, as the admiral is by the sailors.

At this first luncheon were also Mr. Politis and Emanuel Repoulis, the Greek of Albanian origin, who speaks no other European language, but whose Greek is such as the Gods of Olympus must have spoken. Repoulis is the greatest of

the men around Venizelos. For years he dreamed a wonderful dream for Greece — a dream of her regeneration and honest governing, when all was corruption and base politics, under King George. To realize that dream he was ever seeking for the man who could become the leader and who could take into his strong hands the destinies of the feeble little nation, and guide it by a good administration to its own best development. With this object he formed a club of seven men, called "the Japanese" — a club which did not last very long, owing, perhaps, to the fact that Gounaris was one of the seven.

The dream of Repoulis seemed destined to remain a vision only, until he met Venizelos, and it became a reality. Repoulis then became the watchdog of the Venizelist Party, the storm pilot of the Venizelist ship, the guardian of the Venizelist sacred fire that must be kindled in every Greek heart. If Venizelism is a religion, as King Constantine so lightly put it, then Repoulis is its high priest. There are other men in Salonica, in Greece, all over the world, who love Venizelos, but none like Repoulis.

When the time came for me to go and study with him, I anticipated a great deal of pleasure.

What I found was a treasure far more precious than gold and gems in a great man's loyalty to a greater, uttered in the most perfect Greek and with the delivery of a marvelous orator. He spoke, now seated, now on his feet, his tall, straight figure towering over my little one huddled in an armchair. Repoulis has a magnificently shaped head, his thick hair turning gray on the temples, from anxiety rather than from age, and his eyes having that strong light in them that one sees in seafaring men.

The hours I spent with Repoulis were many, yet they never became work. It was not my memory and judgment which were busy remembering and understanding: something higher was exalted by the spiritual greatness of the man. I never forgot what a privilege was mine to have this man who was accustomed to sway big audiences speak to a morsel of a woman whose only right to the great honor was that she loved the same land that Repoulis loved. Unlike all the others, he did not tell me the story in a continuous narrative. He was an artist in his delivery. He would begin with the central figure of the canvas, then leave it to sketch in one corner of the picture, bringing in what at first

sight appeared like trivial incidents, but which, in his masterful presentation, all bore directly on the central figure. Through his recital, which he gave me in the course of many hours, on many days, he lived over with me every incident, every phase of those terrible two years in which, for the first time in his life, he saw a chance to lift Greece from insignificance and place her on a footing with the nations which command respect — and then saw it all slip away from him.

When England sent her soldiers to Egypt, it was Repoulis who longed to send an army corps of Greeks to fight by the side of the English — to perish by their side, if need be. "If not a single one of them returns, the honor of having died with the English would be the making of Greece," he urged. Instead of being able to grasp the opportunity, Repoulis had to see a Danish King and a Prussian Queen sacrifice not only the interests of the country, but its very honor; and he who for years had dreamed of the regeneration of Greece had to witness her uttermost degradation. As he spoke of these terrible times, it was easy for me to see that were Repoulis to live for a hundred years, the pain would be as poignant for him, whenever he remembered those de-

graded years of Greece, — he would feel the loss of his country's great opportunity, the loss of her honor, with the same torturing force, — as when he was speaking to me.

During that first luncheon at the house of the triumvirate, however, Repoulis spoke little. I am afraid that I took up most of the time, and kept the tableful of men in a roar of laughter, telling them all the funny incidents that had befallen us among the Royalists of Athens. It was a bit of relief for these tired men, who were still passing through the greatest of anxieties, because the Allies were composed of four nations, not all of them friendly to the Venizelists. France, to be sure, was the spiritual and intellectual sister of Greece. In England, however, there still remained many men who believed that to touch any king was to threaten theirs, not appreciating that, on the contrary, to *protect* a king who had betrayed his trust was to weaken all kingry. To this day, also, there remains in England an obstinate party of Bulgarophiles, who, even after she turned against England, still keep on thinking how they may save Bulgaria. Yet it was interesting to observe the adoration the Venizelists had for England. Mr. Repoulis had never

known English people, his lack of knowledge of foreign languages keeping him from contact with all except the few foreigners who knew Greek. In Salonica, however, he had seen the English *en masse*, and the love he had conceived for England was strengthened by the conduct of their troops and the courtesy of their officers. The most laudatory article on the English as a race which I have ever heard of was one which he wrote for the Greek newspapers.

These, then, were two of the Allies: France, the beloved, and England, the admired. But with these two there were Russia and Italy. Russia coveted a great city, now under the domination of the Turk, but which had been Greek for hundreds of years, where yet the Greek language predominated and the Greek influence was greater than any other except the Turkish, and which every Greek considered his birthright.

As for Italy — my poor Italy is dominated at present by a group of men who may bring ruin on that beautiful country; for that group is as imperialistic and unscrupulous as the Junkers who let loose Hundom on the world. That group of men in Italy aspires not only to North Epirus, now under the Greek flag, not only to Smyrna

and her hinterland with seven hundred and fifty thousand Greek inhabitants, but Prussia-like aspires to the hegemony of the Mediterranean; and she was making most malignant efforts to keep Greece divided, by encouraging King Constantine. Above all else she wished to prevent Greece's coming into the war, in order that there might be no danger of anything in the Eastern Mediterranean falling to her portion. Unlike Mr. Venizelos, who wished for a strong Serbia and a friendly one, Italy wished only weak neighbors in the Balkans, even though she earned the undying enmity of them all. It is the old system of diplomacy, and it is one which all well-wishers of humanity must hope will die with this war.

No, those were not happy days for that group of men around Mr. Venizelos's table, whose only weapon was the love they had for their country and the love they had for an ideal. They were anxious days, yet hopeful days, too; for they had gone to Salonica to show that the spirit of duty and honor was still alive among the Greeks; and their army of volunteers, in spite of all obstacles, was daily growing. Men poured in from every part of free and enslaved Greece — men

who had felt the shame of Greece, and who came to give their blood, their lives, their very all that their country might be purified.

Anxiety and hope were the daily portion of these leaders of the national movement, and I was happy that I could for a minute make them laugh. After that first luncheon it became the habit for us all to eat together every Sunday and holiday, at the manor of the triumvirate, with little me seated between the great Cretan and the mighty Albanian; for Admiral Coundouriotis, like Mr. Repoulis and many other noble Greeks, comes from that part of Albania which has always been Greek, and which always will remain Greek in spite of the Italian flags, the Italian soldiers, and the Italian intrigues. And opposite me I could see the sparkling eyes of General Danglis, and next to him Mr. Markantonakis, a Cretan, of whom I have not yet spoken. He is Mr. Venizelos's secretary, but he is much more than that: he seems to me like mother, sister, wife, housekeeper, and general supervisor for his friend. How many things run smoothly because of Mr. Markantonakis's watchful care, which without him would tangle and fret Mr. Venizelos, I can hardly imagine.



MR. MARKANTONAKIS
SECRETARY TO MR. VENIZELOS

These two men were childhood friends; they went to school and studied law together; but when the genius of the one man carried him ahead of his friend, and made him first, leader of the Cretan Revolution, then leader and Prime Minister of Greece, and now leader of a movement which was convulsing Greece in order to save her, — when the genius of the one man had made an international figure of him, the other had felt no envy, but had consecrated all that he had to the service of his friend, never feeling a tinge of jealousy. When I talked with Mr. Markantonakis, he spoke not of himself, but of Venizelos, with the pride of a mother for the beloved son who has gratified her beyond her wildest expectations.

During luncheon Mr. Markantonakis spoke very little: he only saw that we had all we needed, and that everything went on perfectly. We sat down to table at one, and generally stayed around the table till three, talking — talking in our own Greek language, of Greece and her terrible present. From the vast one-paneled window we could look across the Bay of Salonica to Olympus and Ossa, our two great mountains, who, according to the laic poetry, are always

quarreling between themselves as to which is most truly Greek and has done most for the Greek race. And within sight of these great mountains, and in the presence of these great men, speaking the language of Jupiter and Athena, I gradually became a Venizelist, suffering no less for the degradation of Greece, but beginning to share their hope that by splitting Greece in two, we could save her as a whole. Far from the poisoned air of Athens, this hope became stronger and stronger within me. What if Constantine, the Dane, had betrayed us! What if a gang of Germanophile courtiers and politicians, led by a Prussian Queen, had sold us to the Huns! We belonged to the race that had laid the foundations of the thought of civilization, and we could not perish. Perhaps the anguish and suffering of our betrayal, perhaps the scorn and hatred heaped upon us by the whole world, instead of crushing us, would wrench from our souls the stigma of our four centuries of slavery under the Asiatic Turk. The power which Venizelos's great personality exercises over all brains not made in Germany became stronger and stronger within me. My poor King Constantine was right; Venizelism was no longer a

political party: it was a religion in the hearts and minds of all those Greeks and Philhellenes who suffered for the shame and betrayal of Greece.

There was an atmosphere of love in that household of the triumvirate, from the dark, blue-eyed sentry at the gate of the garden, in his most attractive baggy blue uniform, to the men around the table, and the Cretans who served them. It was the atmosphere of a love whose aim was the noblest that exists: the rehabilitation and uplift of one's race — especially when that race is despised the world over.

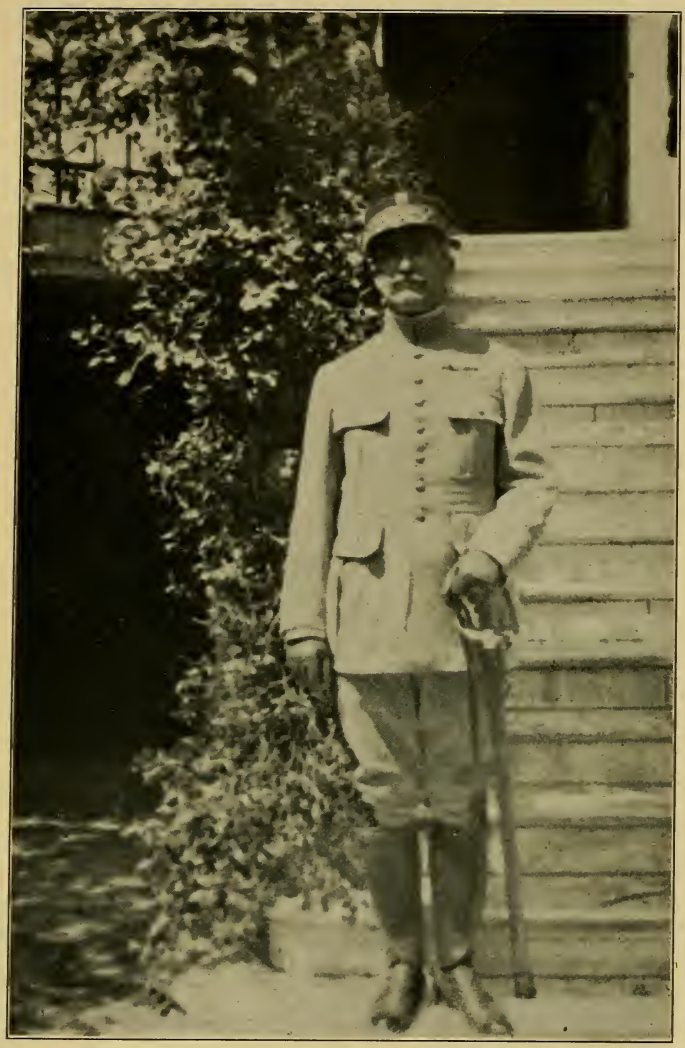
The time of those luncheons passed all too rapidly for me. I could have envied the men who lived in that house were it not that its atmosphere forbade envy — even of noble descent.

Chapter VII

THE CRY OF THE GREEK SOLDIERY

The Greek Easter (thirteen days behind the European Easter) fell while we were in Salonica. Mr. Venizelos invited us to accompany him to his military encampment, outside the town, where over twenty-five thousand of his volunteers were in training. There were rows and rows of tents, and permanent, primitive barracks, A-shaped, which latter had been presented to the Provisional Government by the Greek shipowner, Embericos; and a huge open field, on three sides of which were now drawn up the ranks of the soldiers.

General Sarrail, looking more than ever like a handsome lion, accompanied by his staff, and General Milner, very grandiose, and surrounded by his staff, and the dearest of all the fighters, the brave Serbians, many of them old and battered but very martial, — all arrived in due time, and were received by the triumvirate, and that most dear of all foreigners, kind, fatherly General



GENERAL GÉNIN

Génin, who served as liaison officer between the army of the Allies and the "Army of National Defense," as the Venizelist army was called.

When the soldiers had been inspected, had cheered Venizelos, and had been dismissed, we all trooped through the barracks and on to the various mess tents and mess halls. These were decorated with the Allied flags and with garlands of laurel. In each was spread the Easter table with the proverbial roasted lamb and heaps of colored eggs. General Sarrail and Mr. Venizelos were the first to break eggs together, and then followed general egg-breaking between the Greek officers and their guests.

On that day for the first time I heard the terrible cry of the soldiers — a cry full of bitterness — a cry which unmistakably came from the heart: —

"Down with Constantine! Down with the traitor! Long live Venizelos, the father of our country — the savior of our honor!"

They were of all ages, these volunteers of the National Defense, from seventeen to forty. They looked sturdy and healthy and well-trained. They had been ready to go to the front for some time, but again there had been intrigues and

misunderstandings — and their equipment had not yet arrived for them.

Mr. Venizelos said a few words at each mess hall or tent. In clear, precise sentences he insisted on the fact that Greece had not kept her word to Serbia, and that each soldier must fight to restore the honor of his country. His words were received with wild enthusiasm, and, again for the first time, I heard the cry: "*Long live the Greek Republic!*" and for once Mr. Venizelos did not challenge the cry.

When we came to the marine barracks the sailors went mad with shouting: "*Here is our admiral! Here is our Coundouriotis! Here is our man, boys, — look at him!*"

Poor Admiral Coundouriotis, only his sense of humor saved him from perishing from shyness.

"Speak, Coundouriotis, speak!" the sailors demanded.

"No, boys, I cannot make speeches," he replied, blushing to the very whites of his eyes.

In his short address, Mr. Venizelos said that he knew the sailors felt very sad at not having their boats, and added that he knew that they would have some of them in a short time. Indeed, the following week the French and English

turned over two of the Greek destroyers to the Provisional Government, though they still retained the rest of the fleet. In this connection I may say that several naval officers in Athens told me that had the Allies given the Greek fleet to Venizelos in the beginning, the popularity of Admiral Coundouriotis would have brought practically the whole personnel of the Greek navy to the revolutionary movement. However, the big men of France and England are only too ready to admit the many blunders they committed in every phase of the Near-Eastern question. Indeed, one of the characteristics of this war has been the number of blunders committed on all sides. The only fortunate thing is that Germany has had a stronger "will to blunder" than her adversaries.

As we went from one tent and one barracks to another, scores of officers came up and asked if I were not "Madame Kennit Mpraoun," who wished to bring about the union. All assured me that were the union accomplished, they would refuse to fight under the leadership of Constantine. "He would betray us on the battlefield. He would hand us over to the Germans — as he has already handed over one division — we feel certain of that."

On that Easter Sunday, during dinner, Mr. Venizelos took a paper from his pocket and showed it to us. It was the official list of the number of volunteers in the Army of National Defense, and numbered 36,765, including the thirteen thousand already fighting on the Vardar front. On the islands over forty thousand more were ready to come, as soon as the Allies would let them have two of the Greek destroyers to convoy the ships placed at Mr. Venizelos's disposal by the Embericos brothers. These soldiers were almost entirely from the parts of Greece in revolution.

Had not the Allies — from a feeling which may have done credit to their sportsmanship, but which certainly seemed to justify General Dousmanis's assertion that they did not know how to make war — had not the Allies denied to Venizelos permission to extend his revolutionary movement to other parts of Greece, there would have been one hundred thousand Greek soldiers in Salonica, and had that hundred thousand been equipped, as the Allies promised, they would have been at the front, fighting beside the French and British, instead of the thirteen thousand actually there.

A few days previously we had been granted permission to go up to the Greek front. On the same train with us a fresh batch of a hundred volunteers were also going, and the officer commanding them sat in our compartment. His job was no sinecure. At every station he had to get out and look after "his boys," and remonstrate with them when they were naughty. Often I had to laugh at the altercations between them. There was no trace of "militarism" in his attitude toward them, and on their side, while recognizing that he was in command, they felt perfectly entitled to discuss any point about which they considered their judgment better than his. There was also much joking and bantering between them — and these were the men General Dousmanis meant to Prussianize! Even if the chance had been given him, he could not have done it in a thousand years. Democracy was born in the heart and brain of the Greek race; it was a Greek king who dreamed of democracy, and gave it to his people. How can such a race accept the barbarous and soul-stifling régime of Prussia?

We arrived in Boemica, in the Vardar Valley, late in the afternoon. The French aviators met

us in their motor cars and drove us to their *paupotte*, a huge old farmhouse, with bare beams, — the Middle Ages, with an electric light, — where we had a most jolly dinner. We spent the night in an earth-floored best room of a Balkan house. The rural population of these parts have a belief that fleas are wholesome because they "stir the blood." Whether wholesome or not, they certainly stirred more than the blood that night. The least distressing part between dinner and breakfast was a bombardment of our "archies" against a wandering Hun aeroplane at daybreak.

Early the next morning we all went down to the railroad station to meet General Sarrail, who had just arrived. He got out of his car to greet us, while overhead flew all our hosts of the night before, some in giddy little Nieuports corkscrewing down from the sun; others in staid Farmans swooping so low that they waved their hands to us.

Owing to a mistake we were not taken into the frontline trenches, but so close that we could plainly see the bombs bursting, so close that a French officer came out of his dugout and requested us not to step out of the shade, because if we did the Bulgars would shell us — and he



GENERAL SARRAIL, GENERAL RENAUD, AND MR. AND MRS. KENNETH-BROWN A FEW MILES BEHIND THE FIRING LINE IN SALONICA

pointed to a hole in the earth, near by, some six feet in diameter, to reinforce his request.

From there, behind the shelter of a hill, we went a half-mile still nearer, to a little church hidden among the trees on the top of the hill. Its little graveyard was full of new graves — graves of the sons of Greece and France, who had died side by side so that the right might triumph over the mailed fist. They were very close together, these graves, and we came up just as the last shovelful of earth was being thrown on a newly filled grave.

"Who was he?" I asked.

"A young Greek from the islands. He was just twenty, and had already fought in the two Balkan wars. He had been decorated twice for bravery, but he is dead now. He was merry and loved company. That is why we made his grave so close to this other Greek, that he may not be lonely at night."

I stood by the grave of the once merry Greek, and thought of the woman who bore him and worked to make a man of him, and who was waiting to welcome him back once more, to see his new medals and to hear the new tales he had to tell. Was she still waiting, or had her mother's

intuition already told her that she would never see him again on this side of the sky, and that an unknown woman was standing over her boy's grave and thinking of her? It is said that thoughts can travel through the ether; I hope she felt mine that day, and that she knew. It is kinder to know as soon as possible, so that all-healing time can start healing the wound.

We spent some time in that little cemetery, among those rows of newly dug graves, with their heart-breaking inscriptions. How many women's hopes and dreams were buried there with that battalion of the dead? Only those women know whose dear ones are resting on the far-off hill. On one cross was a wreath of artificial flowers, come all the way from France, with these simple words: —

"*To my beloved. His Fiancée.*"

"Why did n't you marry her, boy, before you went away?" I asked. "You have given your life for the cause. She might have given a life from yours to France, and France is in dire need of new lives."

He made no answer. His grave was facing the range upon range of superb mountains, over

which floated observation balloons, and on whose sides we ever and again saw the white puff of a bursting shell. Perhaps the young Frenchman was still seeing all this and listening to the never-ending boom of the cannon; or he may have gone beyond, where there is no greed, no national ambitions, no diplomatic intrigues, which make one man become the enemy of another, which make one nation arm to down another, to gain supremacy in this or in that. Yet standing there over those graves, knowing all I knew, and reading the inscription of that daughter of France, widowed before she was wedded, I could not help believing that the youth who had gone must be glad that he had laid down his life for a cause which might bring about a better understanding among nations and make new slaughters such as this impossible. Men were born to be brothers — rivals, if you will, but not enemies; and if the present devastation were to drive this truth into the consciousness of those at the heads of governments, then those who die in this great war will be the Galahads of the new era.

The Greek headquarters were a few miles behind the firing line. They were little huts like cheap box-stalls, and their corrugated iron roofs

were covered with branches from shrubs to make them invisible to the enemies of the air. There with the officers we had our midday meal, and had the pleasure of meeting General Christodoulo, the Greek who had refused to obey the orders from Athens to surrender to the Germans in the Kavalla district, and who instead came over to the Cretan. After dinner, he inspected the hundred new soldiers who had come to replace the dead. After the inspection, he asked: —

"Have any of you any complaints to make?"

"I have," and a youth stepped forward.

"What is it, my boy?"

"They have put me in the infantry. I served with the artillery before, and I wish to be with them again."

"Very well, my boy, you shall go with the artillery. Has any one else anything to say?"

A resounding "No!" was the answer.

The general confided to me that as yet no artillery had been given to the Greeks, and that Venizelos's son, an artillery officer, was serving in the infantry.

"What will the youth do when he gets up there and finds no artillery?"



MR. VENIZELOS AND GENERAL SARRAIL



MRS. KENNETH-BROWN AT THE GREEK HEADQUARTERS BEHIND THE FIRING LINE

"He will fight by the side of young Venizelos, as the rest of them do."

"May I speak with the soldiers, general?"

"Indeed, you may."

I spoke to every one of the hundred, and they all said that they were anxious to fight for the honor of Greece.

There was one so young that I asked him his age.

"Seventeen," he grinned. "There was a mistake about me, but I did n't mind."

"Where do you come from?"

"Same as *he*."

"He," of course, meant Venizelos. There were also a considerable number from Cyprus, which is under the English flag.

"You don't belong to the Greek army," I said. "You are Englishmen."

"I don't see that," answered one, and the rest protested in chorus: "Our blood is Greek, no matter to whom the island belongs."

One impetuous youth, in very cultivated Greek, put in: "In this war England is fighting for her life, as Greece is fighting for her honor. What does it matter in which army we fight, so long as we fight on the same side?"

Late that night, after a wild, black ride in a motor ambulance over roads that I have not seen equaled for roughness in thirteen American States, we got back to Boemica and had tea in General Sarrail's private car with several of his officers and a number of Greek ladies who had come up to start a hospital.

We slept that night in a different house. It was one which some Greek officers' wives had given up as impossible, but it was so much better than ours of the night before that we considered ourselves in comparative luxury. Even the night before, however, we had not felt like complaining. Those poor villagers had given us the best they had, and wished to give it to us for nothing. We had to press money upon them in payment. And their village had been a periodic battlefield for ten times as long as the whole life of America. And since 1878 there were few years that they had not had to fear the descent upon them of Bulgarian regulars or irregulars. What manner of men these Bulgarians are you may judge by something an American ambulance driver with the Serbian army told us. He had been in the country just evacuated by the Bulgarians, and had seen numbers of children's heads lying about.



GREEK VOLUNTEERS IN TRAINING



THE HUNDRED SOLDIERS DIRECTLY BEHIND THE FIRING LINE WITH WHOM THE AUTHOR TALKED

These the Bulgarians had used for playing bowls. I felt a greater sorrow for the poor villagers of Boemica than for the dead up in the little cemetery on the front; for those buried up there have passed beyond human injustice, while these poor Greek villagers were still alive and were bringing children into the world to share in their misery, their persecution, and their squalor.

On our last Sunday in Salonica, we went up to the triumvirate's mansion to be present at the wedding of General Danglis's daughter, and to see Mr. Venizelos perform the duties of best man. General Génin was standing next to me during the ceremony, and told me that with the two boat-loads of soldiers, who had arrived from the islands on the previous day, the Army of National Defense exceeded forty thousand; and that when those waiting to be shipped from the islands should arrive, there would be eighty thousand Greeks fighting under General Sarrail.

Later, Mr. Venizelos corroborated these figures, and taking me aside, instructed me, on reaching Athens, to go to Sir Francis Elliot, the English Minister, and tell him that Thessaly must not be forced to remain under King Constantine. It was anxious to come over to the new

movement, and its harvest must not be permitted to remain under control of the King, who would deliver half of it to the Bulgarians, as he had done in 1916. The new movement must also be allowed to take in certain territory opposite Patras, in order that those in the army in the Peloponnesos who wished to get to Salonica would have an opportunity of doing so. He wrote down the names of the places that must be permitted to come over to the new movement; and then we bade good-bye to each other, since we were leaving Salonica in a few hours. To my husband he expressed warm thanks for his coming over to Greece and giving his time, in an effort to set Greece right before the world.

At the last minute Colonel Zimbrakakis took me aside and earnestly begged me to explain to the French and English Ministers in Athens that if they would permit *him* to land at the Piræus with his fifteen thousand Cretans, he would soon operate successfully on the cancer spot of Greece. "We cannot afford another summer like the last. General Sarrail's army will again be a hospital — the Greek troops can stand this climate much better than the French and still better than the English. And his army is too cramped here; it



COLONEL ZIMBRAKAKI IN THE GARDEN OF THE HOUSE OF MR. VENIZELOS IN SALONICA

must have all Greece to move in. The Allies must be made to understand that."

It seemed like returning to an old friend to board the Fauvette again and greet her two hospitable captains, whom we had not expected to see again, since we had intended returning to Athens by train. When we learned what a very hard journey that was, however, we decided to risk seasickness and submarines instead.

We left Salonica in considerable excitement, because a few days previously the disreputable Lambros Cabinet had fallen, and rumors were rife in Salonica that Mr. Zaïmis had been brought post-haste from Æghina, where he was fishing, to resume the reins of government. None of the Venizelists wished Mr. Zaïmis to form a cabinet, because he would manage to keep things smouldering a while more, and Greece could not afford to remain in that state any longer. They all hoped that his patriotism would prevent his accepting the premiership.

The matter was still undecided when we reached Athens, and I at once went to his bank and asked to see him. There were scores and scores of people waiting to see him — rows and rows of them, all wishing him to accept the

premiership, with the hope that he would bring some light out of the darkness. I did not have to wait long, but was admitted ahead of all the waiting men. I found Mr. Zaïmis, in his spacious room of the president of the bank, harassed and preoccupied in the extreme.

"What is it?" he asked.

"We have just landed from Salonica, and I have come to beg you not to accept the premiership. Things are in a bad way, Mr. Zaïmis. Your acceptance could not help them, unless you would go up to the palace and tell the King that the only service he can now render to this unfortunate country is to depart from it, with his wife and children."

Conservative Mr. Zaïmis stared at me in amazement. "I could not tell him that!" he exclaimed. "Besides, the King has a strong party in back of him."

"He has not, Mr. Zaïmis. He has no one except a small Royalist clique and certain disreputable politicians. And please don't accept. Let things rip. It is the best thing you can do."

"I have not accepted yet. I am asking for guarantees. Come and see me at half-past two,

in my house. We can talk better there. All these people outside are waiting to see me."

Before leaving him, once more I asked: "Mr. Zaïmis, could n't you really go up to the palace and induce Constantine to leave Athens?"

"No, that would be impossible."

Yet a few weeks later, Mr. Zaïmis had to go to the palace, not as a patriotic Greek of his own volition and for the good of Greece, but because he was forced by outside pressure, to tell King Constantine that he must go. And King Constantine went away without a struggle, though not out of repentance, nor in performing a last act of reparation to the kingdom he had ruined. Having sacrificed his country's honor and integrity, he made one last bargain — a money bargain — and then sneaked out of a side door of his palace, moved partly by menace, partly by bribe. Even in his abdication he could not rise out of the ignoble.

My husband met me outside the Banque Nationale, and together we went to the British Legation. The British, French, and Russian Ministers had by now left the warships at Keratsine, whither they had fled on the 2d of December, and had returned to Athens, although the

blockade was still on, the King not yet having complied with all the demands of the Allies. We had not met the British Minister, Sir Francis Elliot, before, and he could only see us for a few minutes, since he was due at a council of the Allied Ministers shortly.

I had the temerity to attract his attention to the fact that whatever was discussed at these meetings of the Allied Ministers would find its way straight to the palace through the offices of one of his colleagues. This I could assure him because the Royalists had told it to me. Then I unfolded the piece of paper I had brought away from the marriage of General Danglis's daughter, and told him that Mr. Venizelos strongly desired to be allowed to take the parts named on the paper, and also Thessaly, since Thessaly was entirely Venizelist, and it was of the utmost importance that its harvest should not go to feed enemies of the Entente again.

Sir Francis was most disturbed. "Does Mr. Venizelos realize that if he takes Thessaly there will be massacres in Athens?" he asked.

"And what of it?" I cried. "There is such a lot of killing going on in this world just now that a few Greeks more do not matter. Besides, the

mothers, sisters, wives, and children of most of the Venizelists are here, and the Venizelists are willing to take the risk."

"But we have given our promise to the King that Thessaly should not go to Mr. Venizelos."

"For God's sake," I cried at the end of my patience, "who is your ally, the King, or Venizelos?"

"Oh! we have our money on Venizelos; but a promise is a promise."

I was thoroughly vexed. "Why are you keeping up this unjust blockade and starving the poor Greek people? Is it not because you maintain that the King is tricking you, and is not keeping his promises to you? Then why are you so anxious to keep your promise to him?"

"Come to see me this evening at six. Then we shall have more time to talk. I must go now; the Ministers are waiting."

At half-past two we were in dear Mr. Zaïmis's library. We had never seen him so harassed looking.

"If I don't accept the premiership, it may turn out to be the worst thing for Greece," he said.

"What do you hope to gain by accepting?"

"To bring about some understanding between the Entente and Greece."

"The Royalist clique will be thwarting you behind your back, and everything will be as it was before."

Mr. Zaïmis squared his drooping shoulders. "I shall see that my orders are carried out," he declared. "The King is begging me to accept, but I do not know the feelings of Sir Francis. Does England want me to form a cabinet?"

"We shall see Sir Francis at six this evening, and we could find out and let you know."

"Do! Do! And then come back and tell me. Is there any hope of a reconciliation with Venizelos?"

"None whatever from Salonica. They have no longer the slightest confidence in Constantine, and one cannot make a pact with a man in whom one has lost confidence. But I have hopes on the King's side. I believe there would still be a chance if he would send out of the country all the men the Entente mistrusts, and do all the things the Entente wishes done. Tell the King to send Gounaris and Streit, Dousmanis and Metaxas, as ministers and attachés to Germany and Austria. Can't you do it?"

"It would not be easy for me to do that — but tell that to the King yourself. Impress upon him the absolute necessity of doing the right thing now."

"I wish Sophie could be sent out of the country, too," I suggested, "since she is at the bottom of everything."

On that point Mr. Zaïmis was non-committal. From Mr. Zaïmis we went to our own legation. We always found that a good talk with Mr. Droppers helped to clarify the situation for us. What a comfort that man was! He and Mr. Thomas Nelson Page in Rome and Mr. Sharpe in Paris convinced us that our method of choosing our ambassadors is better than that of any European country. Before this war, all foreigners ridiculed our diplomats because they did not know the ways of diplomacy. Thank Heaven that they don't! They remain human beings who can think and act like men, who tell the truth, go straight to the point, and forget about their own advancement — none of which things a true diplomat would dream of doing. Ours are ministers and ambassadors to-day, for a lark, so to speak, and to-morrow they will return to their normal occupations. They are not afraid to

do what seems to them right, for fear of making a mistake, and in consequence they make fewer than the professional diplomats of other countries. This, however, is a large question into which I really had no intention of entering in this narrative.

When we saw Sir Francis, at six o'clock, we had quite a long talk with him. Sir Francis is a representative of a good type of cultivated English gentleman, and since he has been in Athens for almost fourteen years, and has been in close relations with the whole royal family, he was naturally averse to putting unpleasant pressure on the King — or else he was acting under instruction from the Foreign Office. Moreover, being of the same gentle type of man as Mr. Zaïmis, — with whom he got on famously, — violent measures such as were needed in Greece were abhorrent to him.

"Greece is ill," I urged, "and she needs the old-fashioned remedy of blood-letting. Nothing else will do her so much good. The apathy and atrophy of the last two years is sapping the vitality of this part of Greece."

Poor, gentle Sir Francis! He must have thought that a true daughter of the Balkans had married

a wild American. Incidentally we found out his thoughts about Mr. Zaïmis's premiership, and on leaving him went straight to our harassed friend.

"As far as we can see, Mr. Zaïmis, Sir Francis Elliot would like to have you accept. On the other hand, he fears that you will be hoodwinked as you were before."

"I shall not, this time," said Mr. Zaïmis, very firmly. "The King has promised to do all I ask."

A day or two later Mr. Zaïmis agreed to form a new cabinet. One of his first acts was to order a number of lesser officers, who were leaders of epistrate leagues and of other trouble-giving societies, to leave Athens within forty-eight hours. Some of these obeyed. Some did not. One of the officers was publicly riding with the King's daughter several mornings later.

On the day that Mr. Zaïmis gave his order, Dr. Streit, in the "Nea Himera," a notoriously pro-German paper, — his organ and that of the Queen, — violently attacked the new Premier. It happened that we went to see Dr. Streit the same afternoon, and I declared it to be unpardonable for a Greek newspaper to attack Mr. Zaïmis

now, when he was probably the last Constantinist Premier there would be, and when every one ought to help him as much as possible. Dr. Streit agreed with me, probably not suspecting that I knew him to be the author of the very attack in question. Then he turned the conversation quickly to Salonica, and wanted to know all about Venizelos.

"Mr. Venizelos told me to tell you all that he was doing his duty, and that you only have to do yours."

"Ah!" He rubbed his hands together in great apparent satisfaction. "That is good! I am very glad he feels that way — that is already some progress. Tell me more about your impressions of Salonica."

Naturally I spoke with enthusiasm of the army and how at the present moment it exceeded forty thousand, with as many more in the islands, waiting for transports.

At that Dr. Streit acted like a man who had been stung by a wasp. He jumped up, and sat down, and jumped up again, crying: —

"It is a lie! I tell you it is a lie."

"Am I lying?" I asked.

"No! No! No! They have lied to you, I

mean." He rushed into the inner room next his library and reappeared in a minute with a copy of an old Venizelist newspaper, which he spread open before me. "Here, read that! *Altogether* the army is not forty thousand. They have lied to you."

"But I have seen the official list. I heard what I told you from the lips of Mr. Venizelos and General Génin. I have no reason to doubt the word of those two men."

Dr. Streit became so angry that even the whites of his eyes were reddish — and how German he did look! He was more excited than before he had dashed into the other little room.

"You must not repeat such things," he cried. "You will do a great deal of harm if you do."

I believe the reason the Royalists disliked me was because the madder they got, the calmer I became.

"Now, Dr. Streit, will you kindly explain to me whom I should harm by telling the truth about the Venizelist army? Even if you are against Venizelos, since you are all on the side of the Entente, you must be very pleased that forty thousand Greeks are already in Salonica." (I don't know whether I have mentioned that

Dr. Streit never let slip an opportunity to protest his entire loyalty to the Entente. Indeed, one of the stock jokes in Athens was "Dr. Streit — Ententist.")

My jocular tone did not quiet him in the least. "It is a lie, I tell you!" he almost shouted, "and I won't have it repeated."

Then I became serious: "Dr. Streit, Greece is in a very bad way. Rightly or wrongly they suspect you. Why don't you leave Athens for a little while — go to Switzerland, say for a few months?"

"And leave my King — who needs my advice daily, I may say hourly?"

He forgot that a few weeks previously he had told us that he rarely saw the King, and that he never went to the palace.

"It is exactly your advice that they *don't* want, Dr. Streit. Suppose you stop giving it — for the sake of the King and for the sake of Greece."

"You don't understand," Dr. Streit exclaimed eagerly. "You have been to Salonica, and you believe that the Entente is entirely on the side of Venizelos. Well, England is not. She has turned to our side. We can do more for England than Venizelos can, because the army

is with us — and England understands on which side her bread is buttered."

Although it is painful to me, I must record that that was the prevailing impression in Athens, on our return from Salonica. The "Occult Government" was plainly elated, and spread the report everywhere that England was abandoning Venizelos. As for the Venizelists, they were in gloom. The women of the upper classes dared not express their opinions above a whisper. "They tell us now that if we do anything to displease the Royalists, they will cut off our ears and noses," said one of them to me, and they absolutely believed this threat. I assured the very charming lady who told me this that the first nose cut from the face of a Venizelist woman would precipitate Constantine from his throne. Turning to another young and pretty Venizelist, I asked: "Would n't you give your nose for that?"

Pourparlers were being held between the British Legation and the Palace all the time, and the Venizelists generally believed that England had turned against them. And this was largely helped by the English general in the Hôtel d'Angleterre with his announcement to any one who cared to listen that his business in Athens

was to see that King Constantine was kept on the throne. On the whole, the atmosphere of Athens was more poisonous than ever. To add to the general confusion, the newspapers were doing their bit. A number of the Greek Venizelist papers, as well as the French "Messager d'Athens," which had been smashed on the 2d of December, were mended now and in full swing, and their editorial articles gave food for thought and food for argument to the Royalists. The pro-German papers, the Gounaris organ, and Dr. Streit's, were menacing the King in a half-veiled way for any support he gave Zaïmis.

Even people of mediocre intelligence could not help seeing that, under the strain, something was going to break. Would it be the King or Venizelos? That was the riddle. Dr. Streit, in telling us that the English had turned to the Royalist side, was but voicing the general belief. As he said good-bye to us, on that day, he took my husband on one side and said most confidentially: —

"Don't you believe a word of what they told you in Salonica. Venizelos has n't more than forty thousand men even including all those on the islands. Don't you believe that there are any more."

General Dousmanis actually received us with pleasure. The warmth of his reception, however, was dampened for us when we happened to refer to the recent victories of the Allies in the west, in the first great spring push of 1917.

"What victories?" he inquired, in a surprised tone of voice.

"Why, the big offensive on the western front."

"Oh, that!" exclaimed the general. "Ah, yes. They tried to break through. The Germans retreated in absolute order, leaving behind a devastated area, and having taken a toll of one hundred and fifty thousand casualties from the Allies. Where was the victory?"

"That is not the way our papers speak of it."

"They are whistling to keep up their courage. The Allies have failed again, that is all. And the next thing the Germans will do is either to throw General Sarrail into the sea or conquer Italy. They will do the one or the other."

After some desultory conversation I asked: "What did Colonel Metaxas mean by writing an article in a Greek magazine over his signature saying that the coming into the war of America was only a *beau geste*, and could have no military effect at all?"

"It is the truth, is n't it?" the general asked. "What more can America do for the Allies than she is already doing? As for her creating an army it is absurd. The question is perfectly simple: to drill soldiers, one needs officers; and to train officers, one needs soldiers, does n't one? Well, America has neither officers nor soldiers, therefore it is impossible for her to create an army."

As a logician General Dousmanis was irresistible. Still we persisted: —

"Did you not say the same thing about England, in the beginning of the war?"

"We did, and we were right. England has no generals, no leaders, — and she had an infinitely bigger start than America has."

"We don't believe that you are right; but even admitting that you are, do you consider it wise — in view of the tension that exists between Greece and the Entente — for Colonel Metaxas to write an article which cannot fail further to widen the breach?"

"It has pleased Austria and Germany," he replied laconically.

"For God's sake, general, are you, even at the present moment, trying to please Austria and Germany? What will you gain by it?"

Disregarding the presence of my husband, General Dousmanis began to speak to me in Greek: —

"We have everything to gain by pleasing Germany."

"Won't you explain to me how?"

"Yes, I believe I had better do so. We know that you have gone over to the side of Venizelos. You have not been able to withstand him; therefore we must make you see the man as he is."

"I have gone over to the side of Venizelos merely because now I understand the treaty with Serbia."

"And would you still believe in the integrity and in the disinterestedness of Venizelos were I to put proofs of his treason into your hands?"

"It would depend on the proofs."

General Dousmanis talked with me in Greek for more than an hour. At the end he opened a drawer in his desk, brought forth two typewritten letters, and handed them to me.

The first was addressed to M. Guillemin, the French Minister, and to Sir Francis Elliot, the British Minister. The second letter was addressed to M. Guillemin alone. These letters

were apparently written by Mr. Venizelos. The style, the wording, the clear phrasing were all his. They discussed the best method for kidnaping the King and his family and carrying them off on a warship; they planned the arrest and execution of Dousmanis, Metaxas, and Gounaris; they sketched out the way for starting a revolution in Athens under guise of a strike; and other similar matters.

While reading them I did not doubt that they were Venizelos's, and seeing them in the hands of his arch-enemy, I turned pale.

General Dousmanis had his eyes fixed on me.

"Do you now believe in his treason?" he asked. "They make you sick, don't they?"

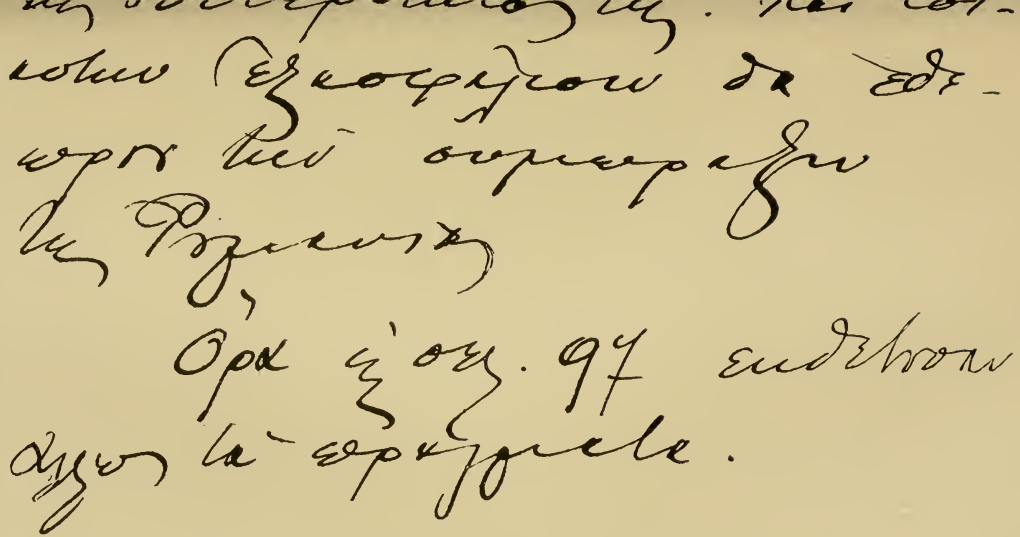
I nodded. In truth I was sick, but for an entirely different reason from the one attributed to me by General Dousmanis. There was treason enough in every line — had Venizelos not been an open and avowed revolutionist. Moreover, knowing as I now did how King Constantine had betrayed both the interests and the honor of Greece, I did not care how much treason there existed against a man who had not deserved loyalty. What caused my emotion was the cer-



Ritz Hotel,
Piccadilly,
London. W.

σελ. 75.

[illegible]



ONE OF MR. VENIZELOS'S CORRECTIONS FOR THE MANUSCRIPT OF THIS BOOK

tainty that there must be a traitor in the inmost circles of the Venizelists for copies of such letters to be in the hands of his enemies.

Yet my naturally skeptical nature made me ask him one question: "Why were these letters to foreign ministers written in Greek?" (Venizelos wrote French, the language of diplomacy, with fluency.)

"The originals were not in Greek. The man who stole them and copied them, translated them into Greek."

General Dousmanis would have done better had he told me that the letters had been written in Greek because, when Mr. Venizelos was very much moved, he could only write in his native language, and that he knew there were men in the French and British Legations who could translate his letters. That a spy, translating a French letter of Mr. Venizelos, should so perfectly attain to his Greek style, gave me my first hopeful suspicion that these letters might after all be manufactured, and not stolen.

"What do you think of them?" the general asked.

"You are sure of their authenticity?"

"We have not the slightest doubt."

"M. Guillemin and Sir Francis have the originals?"

"They have."

"It is terrible! terrible!" And once more General Dousmanis misinterpreted my exclamation.

We went away from his house, I still white and shaken.

"What was in those papers?" my husband asked.

"I can't tell you here — some one may overhear. Let us go straight to Mr. Droppers."

We shall never be able to express our gratitude to our Minister in Athens. His sympathy, his advice, and his kindness were always ready for us. Only when we were within closed doors, with him, did I disclose all the contents of the two letters I had read.

"Now, Mr. Droppers, since America has come into this war, you are the ally of Mr. Venizelos, and the Royalists here are your enemies. Will you help me to help Mr. Venizelos? He must be told that his letters reach the hands of his enemies, and I have come to a point where I can trust no one here but you. Can you notify Mr. Venizelos of the facts — or will you send a letter straight to him, if I write it? To-morrow we are

lunching with Sir Francis and Lady Elliot, and I shall tell him of those letters — but you know what they say here in Athens about the English."

Mr. Droppers knew, of course. "You'd better let me think about it," he said, "and I will let you know to-morrow."

I was still in bed, the next morning, when Lady Elliot sent me a note, asking us to postpone lunching with her for two days. At once I wrote a reply saying that it was of the greatest importance for me to see Sir Francis that same day, and asking when it would be possible for us to see him. I was barely dressed when Sir Francis was announced.

I went downstairs and told him of the two letters. "The one to you was dated March 11, 1917, and I can tell you paragraph by paragraph what it contained."

Sir Francis listened attentively, and made me repeat the contents twice.

"Those letters are false," said Sir Francis quietly. "I have known of their existence, but until now I have never spoken with any one who had actually seen them. Do you mind telling me their contents again?"

I did so.

"False! False!" he exclaimed.

"I don't mind them if they *are* true," I said. "What I mind is that the Royalists should have got hold of them."

"They are manufactured, I assure you. I believe they were made to influence the King and keep him from considering any compromise with Venizelos."

We always found Sir Francis inclined to take the most lenient view of King Constantine's conduct. He had known him for fourteen years, and seemed to be really fond of him, and always would rather consider him a dupe of others than the head of the Germanophile party in Athens.

"The King is receiving us again to-morrow," I said. "And although I don't believe there is the slightest chance of a reconciliation with Salonica, I, personally, still hope that he may be induced to come out on our side."

"Do you think so?"

"I don't think so — I only hope so."

"When do you see him, did you say?"

"To-morrow morning." And, indeed, the next morning at a quarter past ten, we were, for the third time, shaking hands with the monarch

whom I could not help liking, although I had turned against him and his policy completely. He was most cordial this time, and under the influence of his charm and his lovableness, the frank glance of his eyes, and the apparent sincerity of his speech, the hope was strengthened that the situation might still be saved.

"Well, what news did you bring from Salonica, and what did Venizelos say?"

"He said, Your Majesty, that you need not trouble to unite with him. All you would have to do would be to declare yourself on the side of the Entente, come out with your army, and automatically Greece would unite on the battlefield."

An enigmatic expression hovered over the small mouth of the King.

"Your Majesty," I continued, "I never thought I should be sorry for a king, but I was terribly sorry for you, when I was in Salonica."

"Why?"

"Because it was a wonderful military pageant there, with soldiers from every one of the Allied Powers — and you ought to have been head of it all, commander-in-chief of that magnificent force, instead of being here, practically a prisoner in your own palace."

Because his eyes encouraged me, and because once again that light of regret came over his young, handsome face, I continued: —

"Even the eleventh hour has rung for you — yet you can still save yourself and Greece. Send away Dr. Streit from Athens. Don't follow his advice any longer."

"Why? Don't you think he is an intelligent man?" the King queried.

It was Kenneth Brown who answered him.

"Oh, Streit is a nice chap, and has lots of book-learning; but he is stupid, and he is the most perniciously optimistic man I have ever met."

"Yes, he is optimistic, I know, but why do you think he is stupid?"

"Because he is utterly incapable of reasoning."

We cannot help thinking that near the door ajar, behind the screen in the King's study, Dr. Streit must have been lurking, because when we met him on the street a few hours later, his face turned red as a carrot, and instead of coming up and shaking hands with us in his German way, and saying friendly things, he pretended not to see us.

I did not stop at Streit, with the King: "Do send away Gounaris and Metaxas and Dous-

manis, since the Entente suspects them, and be a sportsman and admit that you made a mistake."

My husband added: "Nothing makes Englishmen and Americans respect a man more than for him to come out and admit that he has been in the wrong. Do that and the past would soon be forgotten."

"One of your big ship-owners told me," I put in, "that if you were a real *pallikari*, you would come out on your balcony and admit that your policy had been a mistake."

"I don't believe I have made a mistake," the King repeated obstinately.

"Do you still honestly believe that Germany will win?" Kenneth Brown asked.

"I don't believe she can be beaten. She knows how to fight: the others don't. Why, then, should I go in and get smashed for them?"

"From your point of view I suppose you are right," my husband replied. "Mind you, I think you are wrong, but *from your point of view* you are right."

"I tell you I am not wrong," the King retorted. "Look at what is happening now in Russia. The Allies led you to believe that the revolution was

for their benefit. I can tell you that the whole thing is for the good of Germany. England and France can hope for no more from that quarter. My cousin Nicholas was the ally of the Entente. Now he is dethroned, and England and France stand by the revolution. Is that fair to their ally?"

I expressed the hope that now that the German Tsarina had gone Russia would do better.

"You can wait and see whether she will; but *I* can tell you that Russia is finished. As for my sending the men you mentioned out of Greece, it is out of the question. Gounaris is the head of a strong political party and the others are my friends."

"You are always thinking of your friends; but they do not think of you. General Dousmanis told me that if the Entente won you would be lost. Why should you be lost — no matter who wins or loses?"

"Why should I be lost?" he repeated. "You are quite right."

"Count Bosdari, the Italian Minister, told us that your party was 'finished — done for,' and that your only salvation lay with Venizelos."

Curiously enough, this seemed to make little

impression on the King. I even detected a laugh in the depth of his blue-gray eyes. And then, because this was probably the last time we should ever see King Constantine, I made a final appeal to him to come out with the Entente and carry along the army with him. I implored him as I never have implored another human being, and as I hope I shall never have to again. I told him once more where Greece stood in the estimation of the world, and how the temper of all the nations was so much against her that if she were cut to pieces, no one would care.

He listened very kindly, and for once did not even interrupt every second. Only when I had finished he said: "Oh, I may have to send all those men away from here, but I shan't do it till they have me with my back to the wall."

"What object is there in waiting till then?" Kenneth Brown asked.

"To show them that there is still fight in me."

"They will dethrone you," I said sadly, conscious that I still wished to save him, in spite of all I knew about his conduct. There is something about him that inspires affection even after every vestige of respect has gone. And he was so nice that day: we were talking to him precisely as if

he were an obstinate small boy, and he took it all nicely and good-naturedly.

"I shall not give up my throne as easily as the King of Portugal did. I shall fight for it." Then vexedly he exclaimed: "Look here now, don't you suppose I know better than you do — better than anybody else — what is good for me? I let everybody come and talk to me; I listen to all they have to say, but don't you think I can judge for myself? I know what I am about. See what is happening just now, here in Athens: Zaïmis ordered seven officers to leave the city. They did n't want to go: they were arranging a mutiny. I sent my brother Andrew to quiet them and tell them to go without a fuss, for my sake."

"Why don't you ask the 'Occult Government' to go out of Athens for your sake?" I asked. "If they love you, and if by going away they benefit you, and give Mr. Zaïmis a chance, why don't they go?"

"No, I shan't send them out," he said with irritation, — "not till I have to. Besides, you are mistaken. England is now on my side. She will stand by me. They are very dissatisfied with Venizelos. He is costing them no end of money. Crackanthorpe, the counselor of the English

Legation, has gone to Salonica to tell Venizelos that he can't have any more money."

(It was true that Mr. Crackanthorpe was in Salonica. He had arrived on the day before we came away. On his return, we asked him if the King's report of the object of his visit was correct. "Poor things! they have n't any money to spend," he replied. "Far from going to tell Mr. Venizelos that he was spending too much, I went to see what we could do for him.")

But on that day the King was quite certain that the English had had enough of Venizelos, and that there were serious dissensions between them and the French.

"Sir Francis has told Mr. Zaïmis," he said, "that for a long time the English have wished to raise the blockade, but that the French are unwilling to — and yet I have done more than they asked of me. I am sick of France. She is a petty, miserable nation, and bullying *me* is the only victory she can brag about in this war. I'll give you one instance: up in the neutral zone they found some Senegalese outposts shot, and they accuse *my* men of killing them. I happen to know that it was the Germans who did it. You see up in the neutral zone my bands and

the Bulgarian and German and Austrian bands all meet to talk things over."

I could not believe my own ears. First of all he had said, "my bands," and yet he had repeatedly declared that he knew nothing of those bands. Again, the Royalists had asserted over and over again that they had no means of communication with Germany, and that General Sarrail had maligned them when he declared that information concerning his movements passed from Greece to Germany. And here the King himself was telling us that *his* bands were in the habit of consorting with bands of the Central Powers. Alas, this neutral zone, created by the Entente Powers themselves, served not only for this, but — as we were to learn later — afforded the way for bringing into Greece vast sums of German gold, to be used against France and England.

We stayed with King Constantine for an hour and a quarter, and I remembered his telling us how once Venizelos had pleaded with him for two hours, and how at the end of that time he had said: "It's no use. I am not going out on the side of the Entente." And then how Venizelos had got up and gone to the window and had

stood looking out into the garden for a long time. I could picture the thoughts of Venizelos while he gazed from that window — Venizelos, a man whose mind was Greek, whose soul was Greek, who loved Greece with that unfathomable love which is the love of one's race — thwarted by a man who was a foreigner, a man who could never be thrilled by a Greek poem, or by a glorious passage in Greek history. Venizelos fought for Greece because Greece was the highest in him. King Constantine fought because his throne was his material asset, and he favored whatever would make that asset pay bigger dividends, regardless of right, regardless of honor.

Those who offer excuses for King Constantine, and those who believe that he was the victim of the men around him must not forget that King Constantine could have chosen men like Venizelos and Repoulis in place of Streit and Gounaris. My husband had argued on this line from the first. "Were the King the man to turn to the right course now, he would never have got into the wrong ways he did," he maintained.

And now, seated in the King's study, and in the King's presence, I had sadly to admit failure to myself. Was this failure our fault, or could we

in some way have managed better? The question might have remained unanswered all the rest of my life had we left Athens immediately after our last interview with King Constantine.

Chapter VIII

THE AMAZING REVELATION

THERE comes now the most memorable day of all those we spent on the soil of Greece — and that after we had considered our work done and nothing left to us except to bid good-bye to the friends and acquaintances we had made, and to pack up our suitcases. On that day we were to learn more important things about the Royalist Party than all we had previously learned during the months we had studied it.

Our meager breakfast of a cup of coffee and a tiny slice of black, unsavory bread — to which the blockade had reduced us — was hardly finished when a letter was brought to me written on the hotel paper. It was from a Royalist lady. It might hurt her if I mentioned her name. Her letter contained these words: —

"I am downstairs, and terribly anxious to see you. I wish you could see me at once."

Although this lady and I had met several times, I knew her only slightly. I liked her because she was moderate in her views, and far wiser in her

speech than her politician husband, who chose to appear more Germanophile than the German Queen. Both she and her husband belonged to the Court circle, and I naturally distrusted them.

I found her downstairs in a small, inner sitting-room. She greeted me with some constraint, as if she was on an errand not to her liking. "I have not seen you since you came back from Salonica. How are things there?" she said.

As enthusiastically as I had done to the King and to his Ministers, I described to her the progress of the Venizelist efforts in Salonica. From the light in her eyes it seemed as if my description pleased her. When I finished, she said, with even greater embarrassment: —

"I have come to tell you things so that you may help Greece." She paused for some little time, as if not knowing how to go on, then stammered out: "I — I don't agree with my husband on the policy of Greece. He is not on the honorable side." Her eyes filled with tears, yet bravely she continued: "The men on the Royalist side are not patriots. They are not thinking of the country; and the King — the King — I can no longer go to their parties. Oh! it is terrible! He has no thought at all for Greece. Two weeks ago

— before the English seemed to change their attitude toward him — he was dispirited and downcast. He said he felt like chucking the whole thing and sending for Venizelos — that Venizelos was the only man who could get him out of the hole he was in. Then Dousmanis jumped up and talked, and worked so on the King that he regained his courage, and declared he would fight to the very end."

My visitor gradually began to speak with more confidence.

"I feel that you should know they are beginning to be afraid that Germany may not win; and a few nights ago my husband said that Gounaris was fast losing ground in the country. He never had any real party. His followers were misled, terrorized, or bought. You have no idea how they have misled the people — the lies they have told them! Oh, and the way they corrupt them!"

She took her handkerchief from her pocket and wiped her eyes. The thought came to me that she had been sent for a purpose, and that she was playing this part with some ulterior end in view.

"You are betraying your husband, you know," I observed, "which is a sad thing for any woman to do."

"I am trying to help Greece." She threw back her head defiantly. "I don't care if I do betray him — I don't even care if we divorce as a result of it. I am sick of the Royalist Party. There is not a high-minded man among them. And the King — he is worse than any of them. Do you know that all the dinner parties at Prince Nicholas's, at Prince Ypsilanthy's, and elsewhere — they are nothing but opportunities for a certain number of men to meet and discuss the news that comes to them from the neutral zone, without causing attention to be drawn to their meeting. And then afterwards they carouse till three and four in the morning. Through the neutral zone, you know, they are in constant communication with Germany."

I nodded. The King himself had told us that in an unguarded moment.

"They feel that their party is disintegrating. The Greek people are sick of them — they are sick even of being bought. They will be glad to see the King go and Venizelos come back. Last week the Royalists were desperate: now they believe that England is coming over to their side, and they are planning to make trouble between her and France, all just to gain time. Tell that

to the French in Paris. Tell them that if they will show a little determination, they can clean Greece of them all."

Furtively she wiped her eyes again. "If you could see what I see, you would loathe them, and you would betray them as I am doing. I have lain awake hours and hours debating with myself. You are a Greek woman; you care for Greece; and you are going now to France. Go and see the big men there, and tell them that the King hates France and would do anything against them. Let the French come and put him out with his dishonorable family and the dishonorable party that has grown up around him. Tell the French that a very small army will clean them all out."

She rose suddenly, and, more confused than when she had come, turned to go, without even shaking hands. I followed her, and only when we were in the outer salon of the hotel did she say: —

"If they ask you what I came to talk about, say it was about the poor refugees down in the Piræus. They are being treated like dogs, just because they are Venizelists." Her eyes blazed. "Will you believe it? Those miserable, starving people, who have fled from the Turk and the

Bulgar, and who have lost everything they own, would rather sleep on the quays and go hungry — would rather flee again from the Royalists — than turn against Venizelos. There *are* decent Greeks left."

It was I who held out my hand to her, and then musingly returned to my room. What on earth was I to believe? Had she really been telling me the truth, or had she come to find out something? Then I remembered that she had talked the whole time herself, not giving me the chance to speak had I wished to. She was trying to do her bit for Greece to the best of her ability.

Early that afternoon I went to see General Dousmanis because he had asked me to see him alone once more; but I attached small importance to the coming interview, since I could not imagine what more there was to say that he had not already told me in our previous meetings. Had not the general's powerful personality interested me, I should not have gone at all.

At the appointed hour he received me in a mood which interested me at once. Ordinarily extremely reserved and cautious, he seemed from the outset bent on treating me as a friend.

"I was afraid you might not be able to see me this afternoon," he said with a warm geniality which sat oddly on his dark, austere features.

"You have seen me a great many times before. What is there so special about to-day?"

For a minute he contemplated me closely, without replying to my question.

"When you go away from here — what will you write about us, madame?"

"Everything you have told me."

"But — not from the point of view of a person in sympathy with us? You will not write as Mr. Paxton Hibben does, for example?"

"Never having read anything that Mr. Hibben has written, I can hardly say whether it will be from the same point of view."

"Mr. Hibben is entirely on our side. You do not know Mr. Hibben? He is an American."

"Mr. Hibben is unknown to me; but I can tell you what I said to our American vice-consul about Mr. Hibben, after hearing the views he held."

"Yes, what did you say?"

"That he was either stupid — or something else."

My husband had told me a few days after our

return from Salonica, and especially after we had seen the King for the last time, that Athens was not a safe place for me. "Do you think Dousmanis and his gang, who have stopped at nothing, would spare your life if they thought it stood in the way of their success? You go into Royalist houses and tell the men and women there that to dethrone the King is the only decent thing left for them to do. You never lose an opportunity to tell the Royalists that the Greek poetry of the present period will extol, not their souls, but their hides, and how they have saved them. If I don't get you out of here pretty soon, they will assassinate you. Hold your tongue for the rest of the time we are here."

Hold my tongue! And to the man before me, who was one of the few really powerful men of the King's party, I had implied that for Hibben to be on their side he must be either a fool or bought.

"You hold so low an opinion of us, madame?"

"You promised before all the world to defend Serbia against Bulgaria. But when Bulgaria attacked Serbia, King Constantine declined to fulfill his obligations to her. He not only forced Venizelos to resign, but he had the impudence

to try to induce Serbia to make a separate peace with Austria.

"How so? I don't seem to know those things."

"You will when I remind you of the details. When Mr. Venizelos resigned in October, 1915, for the second time, the Crown Prince of Serbia sent a telegram to King Constantine as follows: '*As friend to friend, seeing that Mr. Venizelos once more has resigned, I am asking you if you are going to help me?*' To this telegram King Constantine replied: '*Since you put it as friend to friend, I will advise you to conclude a separate peace with Germany, and I believe I have sufficient influence to procure you a port on the Adriatic.*'"

The general regarded me keenly. "How do you know this telegram was sent by the King? Any enemy of Greece might have sent it and signed it with his name."

"That is just the argument that Mr. Zaïmis gave me a few days ago — possibly suggested by you. But I am not so easily satisfied as Mr. Zaïmis. That very same day I telephoned to Mr. Balougdgitch, the Serbian Minister, and he came at once to see me. I asked him about the telegram, and he told me that King Constantine

himself had given it to him, to send to the Serbian Crown Prince."

Thus cornered, General Dousmanis did not argue the point further. He only remarked: "I have often said, both to His Majesty and to others, that you are the sharpest cross-examiner that ever came to Greece. Still, you cannot go behind the fact that had we been treated fairly in the beginning we should have gone with the Allies."

"You might, or you might not. I only know that the King told us that every time he made a proposal to the Allies to come out of his neutrality on their side, he trembled lest they should accept it."

My interlocutor looked as if he would like to box the King's ears for his indiscretion. He only said, however: "That was later. I am speaking of the first time, two weeks after the war broke out, when Venizelos offered Greece to the Allies. We were all in accord with him then."

"I do not see how you could have been," I retorted. And then, flinging prudence to the winds, and spurred on by the sorrow and indignation burning in my heart, I recounted one after the other all the shameful acts of the Royalist

Party — all the things they had done against the honor of Greece and the safety of the Allies. I only stopped when I had no more breath to go on.

To my amazement the man before me, instead of rising and ordering me to leave the room, instead of denying the truth of what I had said, merely replied sadly: —

"France and England forced us to commit every one of the acts you have mentioned. We did as we did because we were cornered."

Speechless, I stared at him, while he continued: "When you came to Athens, after we had met you, and you had had your first audience with His Majesty, we held a council among ourselves. Mr. Rallis and I were of the opinion that we had better take you into our confidence. Your knowledge of Eastern political affairs and your love for Greece would unquestionably have brought you to our side. Unfortunately the King did not agree with us. He said: 'You need n't take her into your confidence, because she likes *me*, and she will be on *my* side.' Dr. Streit, also, was absolutely averse to taking you into our confidence, since he mistrusted your admiration for Venizelos. The result was that we permitted you to

be influenced by the other side. Now, even at this late hour, I have decided to tell you the truth."

"Why?"

"Because we need your pen. We must give to the world our side of the question, and you can do that better for us than any one else."

"You take me into your confidence at your own risk. I make no promises."

"Your love for Greece is promise enough for me. And now, madame, I wish you to understand and to believe that when, two weeks after the World War began, Mr. Venizelos offered Greece to the Allies, every one of us was sincerely with him."

"The Queen, general?"

"The Queen was German. She naturally was on the side of Germany; but we could have taken care of her."

"And Dr. Streit?"

"Dr. Streit is also a German. He wished Greece to remain neutral rather than have her go against Germany, but Dr. Streit was not an important factor. Had he found himself alone — You understand why German troops have to go into battle in massed formation?"

I nodded, and we dismissed the subject of Dr. Streit.

"But the King — did he wish to go on the side of the Allies, and against Germany?"

My host ruminated for a moment; then replied: "You must take into consideration that King Constantine has a great admiration for everything that is German. He was educated in Germany, and he married a German wife. Bear in mind also that there were a few men, out of Germany, who knew — actually knew — what Germany's preparations were. One of these was King Constantine. For him Germany had lifted the veil. He had seen the forty-two centimeter guns, the Zeppelins over London, the poisonous gas, the liquid fire, the air raids, and the submarine warfare *à outrance*." He paused a significant minute. "Do you understand now?"

I understood, and what Mr. Rallis had told me became clear. Constantine had seen — perhaps even had known the hour when the curtain would be lifted to the rest of the world — and he had been afraid. Had he been a different man, a courageous man, an honest man, a lover of liberty, these gigantic preparations would only have nerved him the more. He would have thrown

what force he possessed against a nation which was diabolically plotting to steal from the world its freedom. But King Constantine hates democracy: he believes in the divine right of kings. To Venizelos he said one day that for his foreign policy he was responsible only to God — and his god was made in Germany. Germany lifted the veil to him, because she knew her man.

"With the King thus afraid, and the Queen and Dr. Streit making their propaganda, do you wish me to believe, general, that had the Entente accepted Mr. Venizelos's first offer, the King would have gone with the Allies?"

"He would, because Colonel Metaxas and I could have offset the influence of the others."

"Are you quite certain? Mr. Repoulis told me that one day, when Mr. Venizelos was pressing the King to go with the Entente, the latter exclaimed: 'If I do what you ask me to, I shall have a divorce on my hands.' That is to say, at the most critical moment in the history of modern Greece, he was thinking, not of the larger aspect of affairs, but only of them as they affected his personal interest and convenience."

For a moment the general looked as if he were going to tell me that Repoulis had lied — the

usual Royalist method of disposing of anything that they could not explain. Then he changed his mind and answered: —

"Oh, we could have got around all that, if the Entente had accepted Greece on an equal footing — *equal*, mind you."

"Still, you could not have asked for an equal voice with France, England, and Russia, when at the most you had only half a million men and a small navy to offer."

"It was not only the men and the ships, it was our geographical position. We are the key to the Balkans, madame, and France and England have failed to grasp it. I have already explained to you, I believe, how our entrance on the side of the Allies would have forced the hands of Bulgaria and Roumania early in the game."

"But suppose it had forced them against the Entente?"

"So much the better. With Russia pressing against Roumania, with Serbia and ourselves pressing against Bulgaria, we could have crushed those two nations before they would have had time to do anything. The Serbs and we have beaten Bulgaria before, and as for Roumania, she is the most easily disposed of nation in the

Balkans. They would have had to go with us or go under."

"And where would Germany have been all that time?"

"Germany would have been powerless, because the first thing we should have done would have been to cut her communications with her allies."

"I understand you better now than when you have argued that Germany could instantly have crushed Greece had she gone against her."

He chose to remain silent.

"General," I continued, "Colonel James Negroponti, the chief of staff of Mr. Venizelos in Salonica, explained to us lengthily how impossible it would have been for Germany to crush Greece had Greece gone to the help of Serbia. He even implied that you and Colonel Metaxas were quite aware of this fact."

The general's mouth opened to speak. Then it shut without emitting a sound. When it opened again it was to say: —

"Colonel Negroponti is an able officer. We sent him to Serbia when Serbia at last realized that she had better turn to her humble neighbor, since the great ones were failing her. Of course we knew it was too late, and that she was

doomed." He hesitated an instant before concluding: "We sent Colonel Negroponti to draw up a new military convention with Serbia."

It was not so much the words as something in his manner that sent an electric thrill through me. So able an officer as Negroponti had been dispatched into all the dangers of Serbia at a time when the "Occult Government" knew that it was too late for any practical good. Why, then, had he been sent? Certainly not for sentimental reasons.

"General, you sent James Negroponti into Serbia either to be killed or to be taken prisoner." I was looking straight into the man's eyes, and I shivered at what I read there.

"A strong party gets rid of those who oppose it in any way it can," he answered quietly.

We had seen a great deal of Colonel Negroponti in Salonica, and we had liked him very much. I felt as if I were walking on the ground intended for his grave. It took me a minute to be able to speak, and when I could I mixed my words, saying: —

"The means sanctify the end."

"The end sanctifies the means," he corrected me with unction, — "precisely!"

"Then Bulgaria *did* know that you were not going to attack her?" I said, reverting to the question I had been pursuing the Royalists with for three full months.

"We knew what she got for going with Germany," he evaded.

"When did she definitely decide to go with Germany?"

"The day she attacked Serbia."

"Do you mean to be humorous?"

"I am never humorous. She could have been bought up to the last day." He made a long pause; then added: "*We* could have bought her."

"Then she was honest when she was parleying with both parties?"

"You misuse the word, madame. She was up for sale, and she was knocked down to the highest bidder." Dismissing the subject of Bulgaria, he demanded: "But since the Entente did *not* accept us as an ally in the beginning, will you tell me what possible advantage we should have got by coming in later, as Venizelos wanted us to?"

"First of all, honor; second, friends; third, important concessions in Asia Minor. Honor and friends are necessary to great nations: they are

indispensable to little ones. The concessions in Asia Minor would have placed Greece on her feet economically: she would have had her chance at last."

"You forget that the Entente had still to buy Italy, and the price Italy demanded was that Greece should *not* be given her chance. Italy aspires to the hegemony of the Mediterranean — how could she allow Greece to have any chance? Your friends were bargaining with Italy. So was Germany. We knew what each side offered, and we know the arrangements Italy made — with both sides."

"You don't blame France and England for bidding first for Italy and only secondarily for Greece? Italy was bigger: she had more to give."

"I don't blame anybody for looking out for himself. What I ask is that when Greece was deliberately sacrificed to Italy, she should not be blamed for looking out for her own interests."

"Why do you say that Greece has been sacrificed for Italy?"

"If England beats Germany, you will see how much Greece has been sacrificed to Italy."

"Then it was when Italy went with the others that you went with Germany?"

"Not exactly. We began to talk about it when they refused Greece's alliance. We talked more about it when Constantinople was openly promised to Russia, because if Russia got that part of the world, a black cross would be written opposite Hellenic aspirations. You say that had Greece gone in on the side of the Entente, in the haphazard way Venizelos wanted, that she would have gained honor, friends, and her chance. To begin with, honor and friends belong to the strong and powerful, and Greece would have been neither at the end of this war. As for her chance, it would have been denied to her for the same reason — that she would have been weak and powerless. I tell you England is the most wonderful schemer in the world. That's why I admire her."

General Dousmanis was not alone in his admiration of England. Most of the Royalists admired her, and their admiration was the greatest insult offered to Great Britain; for their idea of her was precisely the one expressed by the Russian Prince Gortchakov to the English Ambassador, when England declined to go to the help of little Denmark in 1864, at the time Germany was despoiling her of Schleswig-Holstein. The Russian said:

"Then, milord, I can put aside the supposition that England will ever make war for a question of honor."

"We understand things better than you do, madame," the general went on. "We have lived in the making of history: you are only a student of it. We know how every treaty since the day of our independence has been made to our disadvantage, and we feel confident that matters will not change. To be respected, you must be strong. For a nation to be feared is to have friends. We have been kept weak by the big nations because it suited their interests. We decided to look after our interests ourselves — and Germany offered us our best chance. What put Italy on her feet? The Triple Alliance. Had she not been a member of that for thirty years she would have been harassed on all sides. Crispi knew what he was about. After he made the alliance, who touched Italy, touched Germany, and that made them keep off.

"Those who say that we were Germanophile from the beginning," he went on, "say so to cover up the blunders they made. Except for Theotokis there was not a single Greek who was Germanophile, and even Theotokis, when the King

summoned the Crown Council in February, 1915, candidly said: 'Your Majesty, my policy is pro-German, but it cannot be imposed upon the country, since it has no following. The interests of Greece demand Mr. Venizelos's policy.'"

"Then why were you all against it?" I asked indignantly.

"We were not against his policy — we were against the attitude of the Allies. We were asking for a fair deal, and it was denied us. And since they would not give us our chance, we listened to Germany. Afterwards, when the Allies refused even to guarantee our territorial integrity, 'because that would discourage Bulgaria,' as they explained, we started our own propaganda among the people to turn them against the Entente. What else could we do? The group of nations with whom Greece's sympathies naturally lay were willing to sacrifice us to Russia, to Italy, to Bulgaria."

What General Dousmanis said was in the main true. That is the tragedy entailed by the acts of France and England — especially England, because France was disposed to handle Greece better; but England, in the futile muddling of Downing Street, lost Greece and consequently

Constantinople, and brought about the subsequent destruction of Serbia and Roumania.

"General," I remarked, "that is exactly the difference between the King and your party, and Mr. Venizelos and his party. They know as well as you do that grave errors have been committed, that England has been incapable of grasping the importance of Greece. Yet they stand by England and France because those two nations represent the better things of civilization."

General Dousmanis pointed an accusing finger at me. "You have condemned Venizelos, madame! You have said the truth about him! He was willing to sacrifice the interests of Greece for the sake of abstract ideals. Every one of the fighting nations is fighting for his own interests. Why should Greece — Greece, surrounded and hemmed in by enemies — alone fight for ideals?"

"England and France are fighting for ideals, and Greece, whose past has shown the highest civilization in the world, ought to have ranged herself on their side."

"I am considering the matter from a practical point of view. To make you understand how we felt, I must first impart to your mind the fear that seized us when we saw that France and Eng-

land were ready to sacrifice us to Russia and Italy. We realized then that our very existence was at stake. When Sir Edward Grey offered our territory to Bulgaria, it became evident to all of us that it was the intention of the Powers to dismember Greece. The action of Italy at the present time in occupying our territory in Epirus, in closing our schools, in giving to our officials twenty-four hours to leave the country, in deporting our best citizens, in proclaiming our lands an Italian protectorate — all this proves to us that what Germany told us was true. Our dismemberment had been decided upon at the beginning of the war, and that is why they refused Venizelos's offer of Greece as an ally. Of course, in the beginning we did not suspect that they meant to dismember us; but Germany furnished us proof after proof of this intention of the Allies."

General Dousmanis leaned toward me, and in a most impressive manner continued: —

"Do you know, madame, that even when Venizelos split the country in two, — even when his army was fighting side by side with the English and French, — England and France were bargaining with Bulgaria — and what do you think

they were offering her — Salonica! Bulgaria told Germany of every offer they made, and Germany sent it directly to King Constantine."

"They lied!" I cried. "They both lied. You have fallen a victim to the lies of Bulgaria and Germany, two nations actuated by the same low motives."

"And was it a lie, madame, that Sir Edward Grey offered our territory to Bulgaria? And is it a lie that Italy is occupying our lands and proclaiming them an Italian protectorate?"

"General, I will be as frank with you as you are with me. Would you like to know what I think about Italy's actions in North and South Epirus?"

"It will interest me very much."

"I believe King Constantine is backing Italy in North and South Epirus, because she stood behind him and against Venizelos."

Had I struck the man in the face he could not have been more surprised. He appeared to me exactly like a bank clerk caught in the act of falsifying the books. When he spoke, however, he only said: —

"You have a great deal of imagination, madame. Don't allow it to mislead you."

Something warned me not to dwell on this point, so I laughed and passed it over as a silly interruption to our conversation.

"With your mistrust of the Great Powers, why do you trust Germany?" I asked. "Don't you think she would sacrifice you as quickly as England, for instance?"

"More quickly."

"Then what have you to gain by a German success?"

"You have asked this question over and over again, and we have always put you off. To-day I shall tell you. Germany's own interests will force her to look after ours. A toe may be a small part of your body, but you take care of it because it *is* a part of your body. Do you see?"

"No," I answered, "I don't see, because I don't see how Greece is the toe of Germany."

"She would be more than that if we went with Germany, and she would be free at last to develop."

"You speak in riddles: I feel as if I were lost in the labyrinth of Crete and needed an Ariadne to get me out."

"You would like, would you not, to see Greece undisturbed to develop her resources?" the general asked.

"Most certainly I would."

"Mr. Venizelos, in 1913, in London, tried his best to form an alliance between Greece and England, and England turned her down. That ought to have taught Venizelos his lesson, but he is a visionary, that man. If Germany loses, Greece will be unable to defend her own interests. On the one side Italy will be an implacable enemy, because she means to dominate the Mediterranean, and to do so she must keep the twelve Greek Islands, she must prevent our controlling the Corfu Channel, and she must keep us out of Asia Minor, our moral colonies. She also intends to keep North Epirus, since there are mines there which would be a source of income to us, and Italy wishes to keep us poor and unable to increase our navy. Bulgaria, on the other hand, in spite of her conduct to the Entente, will be protected by England, and she will try to take Salonica away from us, and as much as she can of Macedonia. Thus, instead of being free to pursue our studies and our industries, we shall be harassed on all sides, unless the war ends in a draw so that Germany may follow out her programme."

"But in Heaven's name," I cried, "how can Greece be benefited by Germany's success?"

"Wait a minute, and we shall come to that. Tell me, madame, why does Germany protect Saxony and Bavaria?"

"Because Saxony and Bavaria are Germany."

My reply did not suit him. He gave me another himself: —

"She protects Saxony and Bavaria because they are part of the German Empire. Do you see now?"

"Not yet."

"Greece will be as near Germany as Saxony and Bavaria are — after the war."

Seeing that I still did not grasp his idea, he unfolded a large map of Europe. With a red pencil he outlined each of the German kingdoms. Then he drew a mark around a part of Austria and said: "This will be the Kingdom of Austria, with a Hapsburg for a king." He encircled Bohemia: "This will be the Kingdom of Bohemia, with a king of its own — let us say, the second son of the Kaiser. This, Poland, with the third son of the Kaiser." His pencil moved to Hungary: "This, the Kingdom of Hungary, with a king of its own." Bosnia, Herzegovina, Dalmatia, and Croatia he enclosed together. "This will be the Slav Kingdom, where all the Serbs will go

to live, with, let us say, the fourth son of the Kaiser as its king." Albania, Greece, a small part of Serbia, and all the Greek islands were enclosed together. "This is our kingdom!" The greater part of Serbia he enclosed with Bulgaria. Roumania and Turkey each formed a kingdom. "You understand now? All those kingdoms will bear the same relation to Germany as do Saxony and Bavaria. They will all be disciplined according to German methods, and they will all be financed by Germany."

It was a stupendous scheme and it fairly took my breath away. I grasped like a drowning man at one little flaw: —

"But where will Germany find the necessary money? Even if she wins, England and France will be too poor to supply it."

A satisfied smile spread over the general's face at the impression he had made on me.

"Where, indeed?" he replied lightly. "Perhaps from your adopted country. America is very rich, madame."

"My adopted country is fighting now. Had she stayed out and been unprepared, Germany might have been able to extract billions from her; but she's in, and I am afraid Greece is going

to lose the chance of becoming part of a victorious German Empire."

"Your adopted country can do little, if any, more than she was doing before."

"Time will tell. Let us go on with your map. From what I understand, after the war Germany, instead of being composed only of German-speaking kingdoms, will stretch from the North Sea to the Persian Gulf."

"Precisely, only much farther than the North Sea. And under her system, each little kingdom, with an absolute monarch, will prosper according to her gifts."

"No such progress-stifling word as 'constitution' blocking the way," I suggested.

"Quite right — a constitution has been the ruin of Greece. And you must realize that every one of those kingdoms will be turned into an efficient, up-to-date military nation. In ten years Germany will have such armies as Rome never dreamed of."

I nodded, realizing for the first time the meaning of the maps and military dreams of General Dousmanis. Those Royalists had played a dangerous game, but from their lights it was a game worth playing. To secure to their little country

absolute security and the chance of fully developing its industries and natural resources, they had staked even its honor.

"It is a wonderful dream," I could not help saying. Then I added: "And you came to this understanding in March, 1914."

Startled, he raised his eyes from his map, and challenged me: —

"Who told you March, 1914?"

"Dr. Streit."

"What did he say about March, 1914?"

"Only that William of Germany came to his castle on the island of Corfu then, and inquired as to your attitude in case of a general European war."

"Is that all you know?"

"Dr. Streit said the conversation ended there. Apparently it did not."

"No, it did not; but neither did we come to a definite understanding then."

"Why did n't you?"

"Because Venizelos held the country. He is undisciplined and visionary like all the Greeks. He rejected Germany's advances, and we had to move slowly. We waited to see if France and England would offer us the same chance. We

should have taken that, because Venizelos had the nation behind him, and swinging it would have been easy."

"But you and the King and the Queen and the General Staff would have preferred Germany? She stands for the things you believe in: autocracy, discipline, and might over right?"

"Might *is* right," he declared with positive conviction, not replying to the first part of my question. "But now you can see why a draw is so important for Greece — a peace which will enable Germany to carry out her schemes."

"And have you done what Germany wanted — so that you may expect your reward? Have you not failed her?"

"No, we have not. We might have failed had the Entente stood by Venizelos. Gounaris told the Germans in the spring of 1915 that we could not possibly succeed, because France and England would support Venizelos. The Germans laughed, and replied: 'My dear friend, France and England will never agree on a policy — Italy will see to that. Venizelos will *not* be supported.' And they were right. Thus we were able to render Germany the assistance required. We might never have succeeded with the army had not

England come to our assistance by offering the Drama-Kavalla provinces to bribe Bulgaria, without even consulting us. Later, when the Allied Ministers told Mr. Gounaris that they could not guarantee the integrity of Greece 'because that would discourage Bulgaria,' we had all the arguments we needed to convert the army. And to those who needed money we could give, since Germany had been very generous."

"It was fortunate for you that the Entente created a neutral zone, was n't it?" I observed. "Otherwise you could not have received your money as easily as you did."

His face darkened.

"Who told you about that?"

"I inferred it from something the King told us."

The ill-suppressed annoyance of General Dousmanis proved I was right. I wish that Sir Francis Elliot and M. Guillemin had been as inquisitive as I. Then the reign of King Constantine might have been shorter, and poor Greece might have been spared the most ignominious period of her modern existence, and the World War might have taken a different turn.

The general must have argued that I already

knew so much that the matter of how the money came to Greece was not important. Grudgingly he admitted the truth of my deduction, and repeated that Germany had been very generous. "She has given us — millions."

"Are you quite sure of the army now?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, absolutely. But you have no idea how difficult it was. As soon as we had decided to throw in our lot with Germany we knew that we must mobilize the army, in order to get it away from the influence of the Venizelist press —"

Here, at last, was the answer to the question I had asked in vain of every Royalist in Athens from the King down. Quite casually Dousmanis was telling me *why* the army had been mobilized, since it was neither to make war nor to defend its neutrality. It had been a political, not a military move, in the interest of the King's party and of Germany. But Dousmanis was continuing placidly: —

"We had decided to mobilize at the first opportunity, and Bulgaria's mobilization gave us our chance. With the men well under our influence we explained to them methodically that Greece

had nothing to gain on the side of the Allies; that they would be treated like poor relations, and would have to be content with that. It was not easy because those fool Greeks believe that England and France are their natural allies. Then we dilated on the gigantic preparations of Germany, on her organization, and on all the surprises she had in store for the world. We showed them that this was no Balkan war, and how any little Balkan nation which opposed Germany would be utterly crushed. It took us a long time, but we finally managed to drive the fear of Germany into their very souls. It was important — it had to be done," he ended lamely, as if even he realized the magnitude of the treachery his party had committed against the bravery of his race.

To me this treachery to the morale of the Greek army was the greatest of all the tragedies in this war. It affected me to the very heart of my soul. I did not know that one could ache in spirit as I ached then. Were Constantine innocent in all other respects, the mere fact that he had systematically taught fear to the Greek soul would be reason enough to try him for high treason. But he is a king; he belongs to that influential hier-

archy which has survived from the dark ages of social struggle, and he is to go scot free — because he is a king. He has betrayed the sacred trust reposed in him; he has dragged the good name of a whole race in the mud; he has corrupted the bravery of its youth; yet he is to be free to enjoy all the pleasures that most men struggle for a lifetime without attaining — because he is a king. He has money, he has position, in a few years he will be welcomed into all the royal courts that remain — because he is a king. At the present moment he has the entrée into the social circles considered the most select and most desirable — because he is a king. Even his enemies still feel that they owe him a bountiful living — because he was born a king. To think of him as earning his own living — to think of his children as toiling — oh, such a reproach must never fall upon a world which still loves a king!

But such musings were vain. I turned again to General Dousmanis and suggested a doubt.

"Venizelos is succeeding in Salonica. Many Greeks have volunteered to fight with him. The army in the Peloponnesos may still turn against you."

"There is no danger of that, because, while

Venizelos is fighting for the Entente, England and France are trying to buy Turkey and Bulgaria — and, as I told you, to Bulgaria they have promised Salonica."

"And again I say it is impossible!" I cried.

"Oh, yes, they have. That is to say, they have told Bulgaria that they would evacuate Salonica, and since the Greek army is in the Peloponnesos and cannot defend it, Bulgaria will be able to come down and take it. To Turkey they have offered her integrity, all the Greek islands in dispute, and a tremendous sum of money. From this you can see that they recognize even now that they are unable to defeat Bulgaria and Turkey. Their only hope is to bribe them — and to bribe them with our territory. If they were real fighting nations, could you imagine their trying to *buy off* their most treacherous enemies, instead of crushing them."

"And the Greek army actually believes England and France have offered Salonica to Bulgaria, in the underhanded way you mention?"

"They certainly do. So you see no success of Venizelos can move them. They know he has been duped. And yet," he went on, his face hardening, "had it not been for Venizelos Germany

would have been victorious by now. Venizelos actually has blocked Germany and upset one of her vital plans. And the wonder of it is that, harassed on all sides, he has yet been able to split this country in two." With a hating admiration which darkened his whole countenance, General Dousmanis murmured to himself: "He is an extraordinary man!" And then, unconscious of the tribute he was paying to the character of the Cretan, he added in a voice that was blasphemy itself: "Where would we not have been by now, had Venizelos only thought of the interests of Greece, and not of principles?"

We were both silent after that. To hate the general was not worth while. He brought to my mind Cavour's saying, "If we did for ourselves what we do for Italy, what scoundrels we should be." I might have sat there tongue-tied for a quarter of an hour, had he not broken in on my unhappy thoughts by saying: —

"Now that you know, madame, you cannot help understanding with whom the interests of Greece lie."

He leaned forward over his table and made his final appeal. It was a beautiful appeal, too; and he talked to me and implored me as I had talked

to and implored the King of my race a few days before. And like the King I listened, though I was wedded to other principles.

"Lend your pen, madame, to help your little nation. Let not your coming here be in vain. Let it be known in the history to come how a Greek woman came all the way from the New World to serve the real interests of Greece. In the future prosperity and freedom of Greece you will be able to say: 'I, too, worked for it.' You admire Mr. Venizelos because you believe him to be an idealist. But has he a right, madame, to be an idealist, when every one around him is looking out for himself?"

Eloquently he enlarged on the benefits Greece would derive from being a member of the Germanic Empire. He reminded me of the natural intelligence of my race, of its gifts and talents, and how under Teutonic guidance they would be enabled to reach their highest development. "In twenty years we shall be a young and vigorous nation, respected and considered. We shall no longer be a little fellow to whom even the doors of the conferences of the Powers are closed. We shall no longer be obliged to implore the one, beg the other, and fear all. The nations

of the world will come to us as equals, asking for what we have to give; and we, as equals, shall go to them, receiving that which others have to give."

Listening to his fervent appeal, I wondered whether the Greek Royalists would have committed their treachery had the rights of the little nations been considered in the last hundred years. The man before me, and his accomplices, thought that they were amply justified in all they did, to safeguard the future of their little nation from the intrigues of strong and powerful nations. The man's principles and mine were certainly divergent, but I could quite understand, even sympathize with him, although I could neither share nor admire. What angered me with him was his assumption that when once he had shown me where Greek material interests lay, my long residence in America would surely cause me to place material interests above and beyond ethical considerations. But I knew there was no use trying to combat this unjust aspersion on my adopted country. I just let the man before me talk, admired his eloquence, and wondered how it was possible that there could be so many sides even to right and wrong.



Mr and Mrs Kenneth Brown, American
press representatives, have been cordially recommended
to me by the Press Department of the Foreign
Office as worthy of any assistance and encouragement.
They are returning from a visit to Athens and
Salonika.

Rennell Rodd

H.B.M. Ambassador at Rome.





LETTER OF THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR AT ROME

To no one in Athens, not even to my husband, did I say anything of what I had just heard, and in two days we left Greece and, after the devious ways of war-time traveling, reached Paris. There, through the kindness of our Embassy, we were able to see several members of the French Cabinet. We were received by M. Painlevé, then Minister of War. He is much like an American with his simple and direct ways. To him we told that the great mass of the Greek people were Venizelists and not Royalists, and that the people, even at this late hour, and in spite of what they had suffered, were still eager to come out on the side of the Entente.

"Will the dethronement of the King be difficult?" he asked.

"Not if for one day France and England can act together."

He smiled and told us that, although it was not yet known, M. Jonnard, High Commissioner for both France and England, was already on his way to Greece.

We saw a number of other eminent French politicians, including M. Clémenceau and M. Briand.

From M. Briand, who was Prime Minister early in the war, we learned how utterly baseless were

the fears of the Royalists — induced by German propaganda — that the French either intended to make a French protectorate of Greece or that the Allies intended dismembering her.

To M. Ribot alone, the then Prime Minister, did we disclose the full extent of the Germanic-Royalist plans in regard to Greece and the Balkans. M. Ribot listened silently, youth and energy concentrated in his remarkable eyes, which made one forget his advanced years.

We had been in Paris two weeks, when, on the afternoon of June 11, I was called to the telephone by M. Romanos, the distinguished and charming Greek Minister to France. His voice was sad and weary.

"It will be made known to-morrow, madame, but we feel that you have a right to know it now. Constantine has been forced to abdicate to-day at one o'clock. He is no longer our King." The voice grew even sadder, and the soft Greek language made it sound like a dirge. "He has gone! We raised him with so much love and so many hopes."

It was the true sound of "The King is dead!" with no second sentence accompanying it, and I

MINISTÈRE
DES
AFFAIRES ÉTRANGÈRES

CABINET DU MINISTRE

Service de l'Information Diplomatique

3, RUE FRANCOIS Ier
TÉL. PASSY 37-48

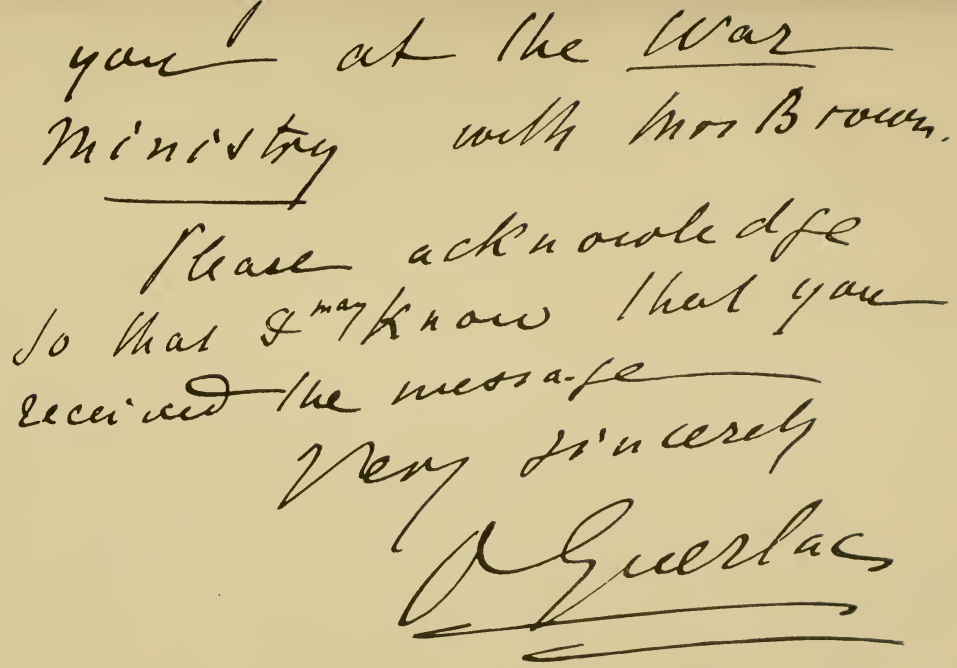
PARIS, LE 8 - 6 1917

My dear Mr Bacon:

Friday 8th of June

This evening at 7. PM

M. Painleve, ministre


you at the War
Ministry with Mr Brown.
Please acknowledge
so that I may know that you
received the message
Very sincerely
J Guerlac

LETTER MAKING THE APPOINTMENT FOR M. PAINLEVÉ, FRENCH MINISTER OF WAR

hope that for Greece, the King is, indeed, dead, in spite of the temporary occupant of the throne.

Constantine has gone, and Venizelos and his party — the man and the men who stood for principles and not for material interests — are back again in Athens and masters of the destiny of their little nation. Their first act was to declare war on the side of the Allies and against all the nations fighting with Germany.

The task before them is by no means easy. Mr. Venizelos has been a popular idol. He has held the Greek soul as no man has held it in modern Greek history. But thanks to a German propaganda as terrific and efficacious as their big guns, added to the mistakes of the Entente, his popularity is greatly lessened. The Greek people have suffered insults, privations, and hunger at the hands of those for whom they wished and tried to fight. They are dazed and bewildered. Is Venizelos the wise leader they believed him to be? And what is to be the position of their little country? Have the Great Powers accepted them as allies, or are they merely pawns, to be sacrificed when the occasion arises?

For centuries the Greek people have suffered

at the hands of friends and of foes. To-day they are poisoned with German lies and suffering from the treatment of their friends. Will Venizelos be able to fire them once more as he used to of old, or are the odds too great even for a man like him? My own opinion is that the odds are too great, and that the Allies will have to help him to free his country from the German propaganda and to purge the poison from their system. They can help him if they will, and if they can only realize that by doing so they will be undoing some of the mistakes they have made. We are fighting to-day a war which in intensity and in sincerity surpasses the wars of the Crusades. We are fighting, not only to free the world from autocracy and from militarism, but to free it from all the aggressions and wrongs which sprang from the old political and diplomatic traditions.

Let us then face facts squarely in the face. Let not the year 1918 bring about still another catastrophe on our side. Let the year 1918 be a year of redemption rather than the continuation of our blunders in the Near East thus far.

Through a blundering and hesitating policy, 1915 was signalized by the destruction of Serbia and the failure to take Constantinople.

1916 saw the defeat of Roumania, and put into the hands of Germany the wheat-fields and the oil-wells of that country.

1917 will remain memorable for the disintegration of the Russian Empire, and for Italy's *débâcle*.

America is now in the war, and we are entering a new year, a year which must be a winning year for us, and not another blundering, losing one. Let America at least prevent the destruction of Greece. Let the American people never forget that two weeks after the war began, Greece unconditionally and unreservedly offered her all to the cause for which America stands. And above all, let us remember that in spite of German gold and German intrigues, in spite of the colossal mistakes of the Allies and the fiasco of the Dardanelles, the Greek people, in June, 1915, voted for Venizelos and for war when the issue was presented to them in the most clear-cut manner — voted for war on the side of the Allies even after the Entente had refused to guarantee their territorial integrity. And had their leader been adequately supported by the Powers which had guaranteed the Greek Constitution, Serbia need never have been destroyed.

We have stood aside and seen Serbia perish. We have lost the chance of taking Constantinople. We have lost Roumania. We have lost Russia. We have seen the semi-demoralization of Italy. Let us not abandon Greece because certain monarchistic influences have worked harder to save a rotten little dynasty in Athens than to win the war.

The Greek people have been starved because their friends blockaded them for six whole months and did not allow them to replenish their stores. They have starved because the harvest of Thessaly — their harvest — was first left in the power of a pro-German King (who delivered half of it to Bulgaria), and subsequently was requisitioned for the Allied army in Salonica. They have starved because less than a dozen of their own ships were left them to provision themselves with, the rest of their large merchant fleet being requisitioned by the Allies.

Let America remember that she went into the war late, after many mistakes had been committed, and let her participation be signalized by repairing one of the earliest and most grievous errors of the Entente. All that is needed is bread, equipment, and friendliness. Greece has

not received a fair deal — not because France and England meant not to give it to her, but because they were forced by overwhelming circumstances.

If Germany feels that she needs the prestige of yet another conquest, she can overrun and subjugate Greece. The conquest of Greece would mean the destruction of the Macedonian Allied army and the prolongation of the war. Greece is not only the last stronghold of the Allies in the Balkans, she is the key to the Balkans, and her maritime position in the Mediterranean renders her of the utmost importance both to Germany and to the Allies. America is influenced by none of the reasons which caused the others to cripple Greece: it is to our interest, as well as to others, to do them justice. We have gone into this war from no other motive than to beat Germany and make democracy safe for our children and for the world. Then let us help every one of our allies, as if we were one front, one nation.

For our own sake, for democracy's sake, for God's sake, let us help Greece. Let us put her flag among the Allied flags; let us share our wheat with her; let us replenish her stores of ammunition; and above all, let us put confidence into

the hearts of her people and show them that we consider them one with us, and their chief our friend and not our pawn. In short, let us commit no more criminal blunders; let us beat Germany; let us win the war!

THE END

The Riverside Press
CAMBRIDGE . MASSACHUSETTS
U . S . A

UMASS/BOSTON LIBRARIES
1001836665
D500.B76 I6 1 GC
In the heart of German


THE VULNERABLE SPOT
GERMAN INTRIGUE


GERMAN
INTRIGUE